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New Shakspere Society.

SERIES VIII. MISCELLANIES, NO. 2.

ROBERT CHESTER'S "LOVES MARTYR, OR, ROSALINS COMPLAINT"

(1601)

WITH ITS SUPPLEMENT,

"Diverse Poeticall Essaies" on the Turtle and Phœnix

BY

SHAKSPERE, BEN JONSON, GEORGE CHAPMAN, JOHN MARSTON, ETC.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.,

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

PUBLISHT FOR

The New Shakspere Society

BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,

LONDON, E.C., 1878.

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ROBERT CHESTER'S

LOVE'S MARTYR, 1601,

WITH

SHAKSPERE'S "PHŒNIX AND TURTLE,"

ETC., ETC.

[The Editors alone, and not the Committee of the New Shakspere Society, are responsible for the opinions expresst in the Society's publications.

The Title-page of the present book differs slightly from that issued to Dr. Grosart's subscribers, and the *Contents*, *Argument* and *Index*—for none of which Dr. Grosart is responsible—are now added.]

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Series VIII. No. 2.

CLAY AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS, BUNGAY.

To

F. J. FURNIVALL, Esq.,

M.A.,

AND THE

COMMITTEE AND MEMBERS OF

"The New Shakspere Society."

TO YOU CO-WORKERS ON OUR ANCIENT BOOKS
OF TIMES ELIZABETHAN, I HERE GIVE
CHESTER'S OLD TOME. O MAY IT ONCE MORE LIVE
BENEATH YOUR EYES, THRO' INSIGHT THAT NOR BROOKS
NOR FEARS DULL FOLLY'S SUPERCILIOUS LOOKS,
WHEN FROM REMOTER DAYS, THINGS FUGITIVE
AND LONG-FORGOTTEN, WE WOULD FAIN REVIVE.
'*LOVE'S MARTYR*,' THAT I BRING FROM HIDDEN NOOKS,
A QUICK KEEN MESSAGE BEARS FOR US TO-DAY:
AS I, BY HAPPY FORTUNE, FIRST HAVE PROV'D;
FOR IT INTERPRETS '*BIRD OF LOUDEST LAY*'—
TELLING, HOW GREAT ELIZABETH, ESSEX LOV'D.
TURN THEN, GOOD FRIENDS, TO THESE LONG-SEALED PAGES:
YOUR KIND APPROVAL MORE THAN COUNTED WAGES.

ALEXANDER. B. GROSART.

*** See page xxiv. on my friend Dr. Brinsley Nicholson's independent arrival at the same conclusions. By '*give*' I mean simply furnish, as the gift is only partial, viz., permission to the Society to stereotype the book as set up for my own Occasional Issues of unique or extremely rare books (50 copies).—G.

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§ p. 125, l. 16, ?for *him*, read *her*. Will the male Turtle, left all alone, die for his female mate; or does he speak of himself as 'him' in the third person?—F. J. F.

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† That is, Turtle-Dove No. I. (male), and Phœnix No. I. (female) = Turtle-Dove No. II. (female).

THE ARGUMENT.

At a Parliament of the gods—present [? with others not mentioned] Jove, Vesta, Juno, Venus, Pallas, Bellona, and Cupid—Rosalin, in the person of Dame Nature, comes to beg assistance. She has established on earth the most perfect Phœnix* that ever existed—a maiden whose personal beauties she describes. Parenthetically, as it were, p. 5/13,† st. 3, she wishes that "Arabian Phœnix," ‡ "love's Lord," would come and take possession of this incomparable beauty. Her fear is that her Phœnix will decay and that no other will arise from her ashes, because

> "The Arabian fiers are too dull and base
> To make another spring within her place."—p. 7/15, st. 2.

She therefore begs Jove to pity her (Rosalin = Nature) and list to her laments.

The gods are somewhat startled and incredulous at her wondrous account of her Phœnix, but she confirms her statements by exhibiting a picture in which they

> "———behold
> The rich wrought Phœnix of Arabian gold."—p. 8/16, st. 3.

Jove thereupon bids Nature

> "——hie thee, get thee Phœbus chaire
> Cut through the skie, and leaue Arabia,

* Phœnix No. 1, female.
† 5/13 : 5 is the number at the top of the page; 13, that at its foot.
‡ Phœnix No 2, male.

The Argument.

Leaue that il working peece* of fruitlesse ayre
Leaue me the plaines of white Brytania,
These countries have no fire to raise that flame
That to this Phœnix bird can yeeld a name."
p. 9/17, st. 3.

and fly to Paphos Ile,

"Where in a vale like Ciparissus groue
Thou shalt behold a second Phœnix loue."—p. 9/17, st. 4.

i. e. the love or mate of another Phœnix.†—This lover of Phœnix No. 3, female, is the Turtle-dove described at p. 123/131, who is to die with Phœnix No. 1, female, and with her produce Phœnix No. 4, female.—He is the hero of the Allegory: he is "true Honors louely squire;" his name is "Liberal honor," and he keeps for Nature's Phœnix "Prometheus fire," p. 11/19, st. 3, 4.

"Give him," continues Jove, "this ointment to anoint his head
This precious balme to lay unto his feet.
These shall direct him to this Phœnix bed
Where on a high hill he this bird shall meet
And of their Ashes by my dome shall rise
Another Phœnix‡ her to equalize."—p. 12/20, st. 2.

"This said the Gods and Goddesses did applaud
The censure of this thundring Magistrate
And Nature gave him euerlasting laud
And quickly in the dayes bright coach she gate
Downe to the earth, she's whirled through the ayre;
Joue joyne these fires, thus Venus made her prayer."
p. 12/20, st. 3.

Then follows "An Introduction to the Prayer" addressed to the "great Guider of the Sunne and Moone" craving guidance and the blotting out of offences, and

"Then arm'd with thy protection and thy loue
Ile make my prayer for thy Turtle-doue."

Qy. is this introductory prayer, and the prayer proper which

* *Peece = place;* so used by Stowe, of London, and frequently by Fenton in his translation of Guiciardini's *History of Italy*, 1599.
† Phœnix No. 3, female.
‡ Phœnix No. 4, female. See Chester's "Conclusion," p. 133/141.

follows, made by Venus, or is Venus's prayer confined to the four words quoted above:—"Joue joyne these fires"? In either case the Turtle-dove here mentioned is Dame Nature's (Rosalin's) Phœnix, No. 1.

Then follows the prayer: "A Prayer made for the prosperitie of a siluer coloured Doue, applyed to the beauteous Phœnix."

This prayer is addressed to Jehova, Christ, the God of Israel, in favour of "the siluer coloured earthly Doue," "thy siluer Doue," *i. e.*, of course, the Phœnix, and ends with—

> "Let her not wither Lord without increase
> But blesse her with joyes offspring of sweet peace.
> Amen. Amen."—p. 15/23, st. 2.

This prayer certainly proceeds from the same person as the introductory petition.

The author himself now addresses three stanzas to readers of "light beleefe," claiming their indulgence.

Then follows, p. 16/24, "A meeting Dialogue-wise betweene Nature, the Phœnix, and the Turtle Doue."

The last of these three personages of the Allegory does not appear on the scene till p. 123/131.

Nature arrives in her chariot and greets the Phœnix. It is not very clear where this meeting takes place. It is a place where "gross cloudie vapours" prevail (p. 18/26, st. 5); the air is "noysome" (p. 20/28, st. 2). It is a

> "barren country,
> It is so saplesse that the very Spring
> Makes tender new-growne Plants be with'ring."
> p. 21/29, st. 4.

> "The noisome Aire is growne infectious,
> The very springs for want of moisture die,
> The glorious Sunne is here pestiferous," etc., etc.
> p. 22/30, st. 1.

Here the Phœnix has long suffered from the power of Envie = Malice; here, she says,—

> "——with Adders was I stung,
> And in a lothsome pit was often flung:

My Beautie and my Vertues captiuate
To Loue, dissembling Loue that I did hate."

p. 22/30, st. 3.

She complains of Fortune—

"That she should place me in a desart Plaine,
And send forth Enuie with a Iudas kisse
To sting me with a Scorpions poisoned hisse.
From my first birth-right for to plant me heare,
Where I haue alwaies fed on Griefe and Feare."

p. 23/31, st. 3.

And much more, more or less intelligible, to the same effect. She was about to take her flight from this horrid place when Nature met her, for, says she,—

"Upon the Arabian mountaines I must die,
And neuer with a poore yong Turtle graced."

p. 16/24, st. 3.

[Qy. what is meant by this "poore yong Turtle?" a son or a husband?]

It would seem then that the place of meeting is not in Arabia; indeed in st. 4, p. 21/29 Arabia is specially distinguished from this barren country—

"——in Arabia burnes another Light,
A dark dimme Taper that I must adore,
This barren countrey makes me to deplore," etc.

and yet in the previous parts of the Allegory (see p. 7/15, st. 2 and p. 9/17, st. 3, both quoted above) it is evident that Arabia was intended as the place of meeting; and the Phœnix herself says when she meets the Turtle-dove in Paphos (p. 125/133, st. 4) that she had left Arabia for his sake.

However, be the place where it will, Nature consoles her Phœnix; conjures up Envie and banishes him; and then Nature and the Phœnix together enter Phœbus' coach and set out on their travels.

Their course seems rather devious. We will, says Dame Nature,—

" ———ride
Ouer the Semi-circle of Europa
And bend our course where we will see the Tide,
That partes the Continent of Affrica,
Where the great Cham gouernes Tartaria
And when the starrie Curtain vales the night
In Paphos sacred Ile we meane to light."

p. 24/32, st. 4.

They behold the Pyramides and Euphrates, p. 25/33, st. 2, but in a very short time they are apparently hovering over Great Britain, several of the towns of which are described. The history of the nine female Worthies is also briefly given, and then, from p. 34/42 to p. 77/85, follows an account of the birth, life, and death of King Arthur. This done, they come in sight of the Tower of London, p. 77/85: a few more stanzas on London and its glory, and then they each indulge in a song: Nature in dispraise of Love, the Phœnix in praise of it as a holy thing. This at last brings them to Paphos, and they

" ——are set on foote neere to that Ile,
In whose deep bottome plaines Delight doth smile."

p. 81/89, st. 1.

But Nature is inexhaustible, and from this point to p. 123/131 she amuses the Phœnix with an account of the plants, trees, fishes, minerals, beasts, reptiles, insects, and birds which are the denizens of Paphos. The account of the birds naturally leads up to the introduction of the hero of the Allegory, the Turtle-dove, who at last makes his appearance, and proves to be a "sad-mournefull dooping soule,"

"Whose feathers mowt off, falling as he goes,
The perfect picture of hart pining woes."

p. 123/131, st. 3.

Nature having introduced the Phœnix to the Dove she had long'd so much to see, now takes her departure, leaving the unhappy pair together, p. 124/132, st. 3.

The Turtle-dove is stricken with admiration of the beauteous Phœnix, and soon lets her know that the cause of all his moan is

for his "Turtle that is dead," p. 125/133, st. 3. [We learned, p. 9/17, st. 4, that this lost mate of his was a "second Phœnix," Phœnix No. 3.]

To ease their pain, they share their griefs, and after mutually vowing chaste love, they prepare a pyre on which, in a manner sacrificingly, they propose to burn both their bodies in order to revive one name, p. 128/136, st. 3; and they pray to Apollo to

> "Send [his] hot kindling light into this wood
> That shall receive the Sacrifice of blood."
>
> p. 129/137, st. 1, 2, 3.

At this point the Phœnix spies a Pellican behind a bush; but the Turtle-dove tells her this bird is quite harmless.

> "Let her alone," says he, "to vew our Tragedy,
> And then report our Loue that she did see."
>
> p. 130/138, st. 1.

The Phœnix would now wish to sacrifice herself only, but the Turtle-dove will not hear of this, and sets the example of mounting the funeral pile; when he is consumed, the Phœnix also enters the fire.

> "I come sweet Turtle, and with my bright wings
> I will embrace thy burnt bones as they lye;
> I hope of these another Creature springs
> That shall possesse both our authority:
> I stay to long, ô take me to your glory,
> And thus I end the Turtle Doues true story."*
>
> Finis. R. C.

The Pellican now comments on the tragic scene she has beheld; praises the love and constancy of the two victims, and laments the degeneracy of lovers of these later times.

Chester then gives a "Conclusion" (p. 133/141), in which he describes Phœnix No. 4, foretold in p. 12/20, st. 2. He states that

> "From the sweete fire of perfumed wood
> Another princely Phœnix vpright stood:

* Is this last line supposed to be uttered by the Phœnix or by R. Chester himself?

Whose feathers purified did yeeld more light
Then her late burned mother out of sight
And in her heart restes a perpetuall loue,
Sprong from the bosome of the Turtle-Doue.
Long may the new uprising bird increase,
Some humours and some motions to release,
And thus to all I offer my devotion,
Hoping that gentle minds accept my motion."

Finis. R. C.

Then follow a series of "Cantoes Alphabet-wise to faire Phœnix made by the Paphian Doue." And after them another series of "Cantoes verbally written"—the first words of each line forming a separate series of posies—all apparently addressed to the Phœnix.

[In the second stanza of canto 13, p. 154, is, I think, a misprint. "Not my *dead* Phœnix," etc.; *dear*, or perhaps *dread*, should be substituted for *dead*.]

The book closes with the contributions of Shakespeare, Jonson, Marston, etc., all evidently "intended to celebrate precisely what *Love's Martyr* celebrated."—P. A. D.

CORRECTIONS.

[1. As a matter of interest to students of Ben Jonson, it should be noted that the changes in his "Præludium" and "Epos," p. 181-6, attributed to Gifford (p. lxi *Introduction*, and p. 245 *Notes*), were really made by Jonson himself, when he gathered these two pieces into his *Forest*, in his Folio, 1616. He apparently did not consider "The Phœnix Analysde" and the "Ode" worthy of transplantation.

2. In his "Postcript" C., p. lxxv—viii, Dr. Grosart inclines to attribute to Chester a series of poems called *The Partheniades*. It is—or should be—well known that these poems were certainly composed by the author of *The Arte of Englishe Poesie*, 1589; and George Puttenham is, I believe, universally accepted as the writer of the latter work. See Mr. Arber's *Introduction*, etc., to his reprint, 1869.—P. A. D.]

INTRODUCTION.

IN the Notes and Illustrations appended to this our reproduction, *in extenso* and in integrity, of *Love's Martyr*, everything that seemed to call for notice will be found — it is believed — noticed with less or more fulness. Thither the student-reader is referred on any point that may either interest or puzzle him. Here I wish to bring together certain wider things that could not well go into the Notes and Illustrations, so as to shew that, in the present strangely neglected book, we have a noticeable contribution to Elizabethan-Essex-Shakespeare literature.

I purpose an attempt to answer these questions:

(*a*) Who was ROBERT CHESTER?
(*b*) Who was SIR JOHN SALISBURIE?
(*c*) Who were meant by the PHŒNIX and the TURTLE-DOVE of these Poems?
(*d*) What is the message or *motif* of the Poems?
(*e*) What is the relation between the verse-contributions of SHAKESPEARE and the other "MODERNE POETS" to *Love's Martyr*?
(*f*) Was the 1611 issue only a number of copies of the original of 1601, less the preliminary matter and a new title-page?
(*g*) Is there poetical worth in the book?
(*h*) Who was TORQUATO CŒLIANO?

(*a*) WHO WAS ROBERT CHESTER? His name, it will be observed, appears in full, 'Robert Chester,' in the original title-page of 1601; as 'Ro. Chester' to the Epistle-dedicatory to Salisburie (p. 4); as 'R. Chester' to "The Authors request to the Phœnix" (p. 5); as 'R. Ch.' in address "To the kind Reader" (p. 6); as 'R. C.' to "Con-

clusion" (p. 142); and as 'R. Chester' at close of "Cantoes" (p. 167). I have sought almost in vain—and I have had capable and earnest fellow-seekers—for contemporary notices of either the man or his book. Even later, the bibliographical authorities, *e.g.*, Ritson, Brydges, Lowndes, Collier, Hazlitt, beyond giving the title-pages and other details with (on the whole) fair accuracy, yield not one scintilla of light. Neither do the county-histories, nor editors as Gifford and Cunningham in their Ben Jonson, nor Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps in his natty little reprint (in ten copies) of the "new compositions."

I was thus shut up to an examination of the genealogies of a somewhat large and widely-distributed tribe, viz., the CHESTERS. I never doubted of finding in Mr. R. E. Chester Waters's most laborious and trustworthy work on the CHESTERS,* some "certain sound" on our poet as the solitary Chester, who, in poetry at any rate, has any fame or interest for us in this late day; but even in his matterful tomes I was doomed to disappointment. Equally unexpected was my failure to obtain from my many-yeared friend Dr. Joseph Lemuel Chester of Bermondsey—than whom one rarely meets with so thoroughly-furnished, unwearied, accurate, and generous a worker—anything approaching certainty of identification. After very considerable reading and comparison of authorities, I found only one member of the known families of Chester bearing the Christian name of ROBERT, whose position, circumstances and dates fitted in with the possible authorship of *Love's Martyr*. From his dedicating his book to Sir John Salisburie, and many incidental evidences of familiarity in courtly and high circles, I fixed on him. On communicating my conclusion to Dr. Chester, he was inclined to doubt; but since, he has conceded that there is nothing in the facts of his life against the identification, and that there really is no other claimant. Accordingly he has aided me with characteristic

* *Memoirs of the Chesters of Chicheley.*

painstaking and ardour, from his abundant stores, in giving such data concerning him (*eheu!* meagre enough) as remain.

I mean a Robert Chester, who became SIR ROBERT CHESTER. The first of his family distinctly recognisable, was William Chester of Chipping Barnett, Herts; who died early in 1566. By his wife Maud (or Matilda) he was father of Leonard Chester, of Blaby, co. Leicester — whose family is embraced in the Heraldic Visitations of their County — and of Sir Robert Chester of Royston, Herts, who was the eldest son. The family is said to have descended from an ancient one in Derbyshire, where Chesters had large possessions, and members of which represented the town of Derby in Parliament, *temp.* Edward II and III. The Derbyshire estates were expended in supporting the claim of the Earl of Richmond (Henry VII) to the crown. This Sir Robert Chester was admitted to Gray's Inn in 1532, and is subsequently described in various *MSS.* as "Standard Bearer," "Gentleman Usher" and "Gentleman of the Privy Chamber" to King Henry VIII; from whom he obtained a Grant of the Monastery of Royston, with its manors and possessions, in the counties of Herts and Cambridge. He was knighted by King Edward VI at Wilton, 2nd September 1552, and was High Sheriff of Herts and Essex in 1565. He died 25th November 1574, and was buried at Royston.* By his first wife Catherine, daughter of John Throgmorton, Tortworth, co. Gloucester, Esquire, he had a numerous issue.† He was succeeded by his eldest son and heir, Edward Chester Esquire of Royston, who was about thirty years old at his father's death. Curiously enough, Sir Robert Chester married as his second wife, Magdalen, widow of Sir James Granado, Knt., on the same day and at the same place, that his son Edward Chester,

* Among the "Nativities" in Ashmole's *MSS.* in Bodleian Library, pp. 166, 176, &c., is one which states that Sir Robert Chester was born 25th November, 1510, and died on his birthday, aged 64.

† Clutterbuck, *s.n.*, describes her as daughter of Christopher Throckmorton of Coorse Court, co. Gloucester, Esq. Cf. Chauncy, *s.n.*

married Sir James Granado's only daughter and heiress, *i.e.*, father and son married respectively mother and daughter. This took place at Royston on 27th November 1564. The wife of Edward Chester survived her husband and was again married, viz., to Alexander Dyer, Esq. He was admitted to Gray's Inn in 1562, and was subsequently in service as a Colonel in the Low Countries. Besides two daughters (*a*) Mary, who married an Edward Thornburgh, or Thornborough of Shaddesden, co. Southampton, Esq. (*b*) Another, who married an Edward Roberts — Edward Chester left a son ROBERT, who was declared heir to his father by Inquisition *post mortem*, dated 15th January 1578–9, being then aged twelve years, six months and sixteen days, which fixes his birth about the last of June 1566. This Robert Chester, I indentify with the author of *Love's Martyr*. In 1596 HENRY HOLLAND dedicated his *Christian Exercise of Fasting* to him, in grave and grateful and admiring words.* He was a J.P. for Herts and Sheriff of Herts in 1599. From NICHOLS' *Progresses of King James I*, I glean the following slight notice of him :—"His Majestie being past Godmanchester, held on his waye towards Royston ; and drawing neere the Towne, the Shiriffe of Huntingtonshire [Sir John Bedell] humbly tooke his leave ; and there he was received by that worthy Knight Sir Edward Denny, High Shiriffe of Hartfordshire ... and ... in brave manner he conducted his Majestie to one Maſter Chester's house, where his Majestie lay that night on his owne Kingly charge."† On this Nichols annotates :— "Though 'Master Chester' was then owner of the Priory at Royston, and attended on the King at his entrance into the Town, it was more probably at his mansion of Cockenhatch (in the parish of Barkway, near Royston), that he had the honour of entertaining his Royal Master. A view of this house may be seen in *Chauncy*, p. 102."‡ The words that the King "lay" at "Master Chester's house" on "his

* See Postscript A to this Introduction for this golden little Epistle-dedicatory.

† Vol. i, pp. 104–5. ‡ *Ibid*, p. 105.

owne Kingly charge" does not seem to indicate lavish hospitality on the part of the host. But he must have given satisfaction to the King; for he was knighted along with a shoal of others, at Whitehall, on 23rd July 1603.* The exact date of his marriage does not appear; but his wife was Anne, daughter of Henry Capell, Esq., of Essex, by his wife, the Lady Catherine Manners, daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Rutland. She survived him not quite two years, residing at Hitchen, Herts.† They had issue at least six sons and six daughters; and their issue in turn were for a time equally numerous, but the late Mr. Harry Chester (who died in 1868) believed himself the last representative of the race.‡ He died on 3rd May 1640. On his death he was possessed of the manor and rectory of Royston, the manors of Nuthamsted, Cockenhatch, Hedley, &c., &c. His Will, dated 3rd May 1638, with codicils, 16th March and 7th April 1640, was proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury on 3rd February 1640–1, by his eldest son and heir, Edward Chester, Esq., whose age at his father's death was, according to the Inquisition, forty years and upwards.‖

On these facts I would note—(*a*) In 1601, when *Love's Martyr* was published, he was in his thirty-fifth year; but the phrase in his Epistle-dedicatory to Salisbury, '*my long expected labour*,' may carry its composition back some few years at least. (*b*) Specifically, while long portions were probably written much earlier, the 'Turtle-dove' being Essex and being in Ireland, ascertains date of composition of all referring to 'Paphos Ile' 1598–9—the period of Essex's absence. (*c*) In 1611 he was in his forty-fifth year, and no longer plain 'Robert Chester,' but Sir Robert Chester

* Vol. i, p. 218. Doubtless when the King afterwards built himself a residence at Royston there would be frequent intercourse.

† Her Will is dated 12th and was proved the 26th of March 1642.

‡ The chief line of descent of these Chesters was by this Edward, son of our Sir Robert, who was also knighted. The sons entered the various professions. I notice two of them onward. Harry Chester, above mentioned, was son of another Sir Robert Chester, well-remembered as Master of the Ceremonies during the reigns from George III to Victoria. ‖ See Postscript B for Abstract·

Knight, and husband of an Earl's daughter linked to the Sidneys. Is the explanation of the withdrawal of his name from the new title-page of 1611 that his early literary fervours had chilled with his social dignities? (*d*) At his death he was in his seventy-fourth year. One longs to know more of a man who in his prime personally acquainted with Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Chapman, Marston and other of the 'mighties,' survived them all. The "new compositions" for his own book, drawn from them, especially the fact that it stands alone in having a contribution from Shakespeare, would make any man remarkable.

(*b*) WHO WAS SIR JOHN SALISBURIE? *Love's Martyr* is dedicated to him as "To the Honourable, and (of me before all other) honored Knight" and "one of the Esquires of the bodie to the Queenes most excellent Maiestie" (p. 3), and in the title-page of the "diverse Poeticall Essaies" he is designated "the true-noble Knight" (p. 177). Even these slight descriptions guide us to the Salisburys or Salisburies of Lleweni, Denbighshire — long extinct. Dr. Thomas Nicholas, in his *Annals and Antiquities of the Counties and County Families of Wales*, commences his account of the Salusburys thus:—"The long standing and distinguished alliances of the Salusburys of Lleweni, in the Vale of Clwyd, and the high character borne by several of the line, render them a notable house, and awaken regret at their disappearance. The name is spelt differently in early writings—Salusbury, Salesbury, Salsbury; *Drwm* almost always adopting the phonetic method, spells this name "Salsberie." They were of *Lleweni* and *Machymbyd*. At what time they first came to Denbighshire, or how the surname originated, is not known, but it is believed that their origin was Welsh. John Salusbury, the third of the name known to us, was the founder of the Priory of White Friars at Denbigh, and died A.D. 1289. He must therefore have witnessed the great struggle of Llewelyn and Edward, which was very hot in those parts. His grandson, William Salusbury, was M.P.

for Leominster 1332, long before members were appointed for Wales. William's grandson, Sir Harry Salusbury (died *circa*, 1399), was a Knight of the Sepulchre, and his brother John was Master of the House for Edward III, and suffered death in 1388." (p. 392.)

He thus continues: "Sir Harry's grandson, Sir Thomas Salusbury, Knt., the first mentioned in the pedigrees as of *Lleweni*, was a man of great note as citizen and soldier. His consort was Jonet, daughter and heir of William Fychan of Caernavon. He took a distinguished part in the battle of Blackheath (1497) against Perkin Warbeck's insurrection, for which he was rewarded by Henry VII. with the order of knighthood. He died 1505, and was buried at the White Friars, Denbigh (Whitchurch). Sir Roger, his son, married a Puleston of Emral, and was followed by Sir John of Lleweni, who married a Myddleton of Chester, of the Gwaenynog line. He was constable of Denbigh Castle in 1530, and served in several parliaments for the county of Denbigh — died 1578. His son, John Salusbury, Esq., of Lleweni, was the member of this house who married the celebrated *Catherine Tudor of Berain*; and his son by Catherine, Thomas Salusbury, Esq., married Margaret, daughter of Morys Wynn, Esq., of Gwyder, but had no male issue; his second son, John, married Ursula, daughter of Henry Stanley, Earl of Derby, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Henry Salusbury, Bart., who married Hester, daughter of Sir Thomas Myddelton, Knt., of Chirk Castle. His line terminated with his grandson Sir John, whose daughter and sole heir married Sir Robert Cotton, Bart., of Combermere, Cheshire, from whom the *Combermere* family are derived. *Cotton-Hall*, named after the Cottons, was the birth-place of the great General Lord Combermere. The Lleweni estate was sold by Sir Robert Cotton to the Hon. Thomas Fitzmaurice" (p. 392).

Turning back on these names, our Sir John Salisburie was John, second son of John Salusbury — who died in his father Sir John Salusbury's life-time — by (as above)

Catherine Tudor of Berain.* He was born "about 1567" —a portrait of him having been at Lleweny, dated 1591, æt. 24.† He became heir of his brother Thomas, who was executed, in 1586, for conspiring to deliver Mary, Queen of Scots, from imprisonment. His wife was (as above) Ursula, a 'natural' daughter of Henry, fourth Earl of Derby. The record of administration of her estate, as of the town of Denbigh, is dated 9th May 1636. They had four sons and three daughters. Henry, the eldest and only surviving son, was created a baronet, as of Lleweni, 10th November 1619, and died 2nd August 1632. His only surviving son was Sir Thomas Salusbury, author of "Joseph," a poem (1636) —who died in 1643.‡ Our Sir John was surnamed "the

* Dr. Nicholas, as before, gives an interesting account of this famous "Catherine"; and I deem it well to avail myself of it, as follows:— "Catherine of Berain," the most noted of her race in this country, was of the clan or tribe of Marchwerthian, and was left sole heiress of Berain. She married four husbands, each of a high and honourable house, and had such a numerous offspring that the name was given her of *Mam Cymru*, "the mother of Wales." Her first husband was John Salisbury, Esq., of Llyweni, and her estate of Berain was inherited by her children gotten by him. The second was Sir Richard Clough of Denbigh, Knt. of the Sepulchre, who made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; the third, Morys Wynn, Esq., of Gwyder; and the fourth, Edward Thelwall of Plas-y-Ward. Catherine of Berain's father was Tudyr ap Robert ap Ievan ap Tudyr ap Gruffydd Lloyd ap Heilyn Frych, which Heilyn Frych was ninth in descent from Marchwerthian, Lord of Isaled, founder of the eleventh noble tribe." . . . "The portrait of Catherine, given in Yorke's *Royal Tribes*, marks a person of firmness and intelligence, and these qualities, added to her estate and numerous alliances and offspring, supplied her with a charm which the bardic heralds of the time knew not how to resist; they spared no pains, accordingly, to provide her with a lineage whose antiquity would comport with their idea of her merits. Tudyr was carried back to Urien Rheged, and he of course to Coel Godebog, who, although a reputed contemporary with Herod the Great, was vouched by the bards to have a full blown heraldic coat —'Arg., an eagle displayed with two heads, sable.' Coel was in the twelfth degree from Beli Mawr, King of Britain 72 B.C., who bore, they said, 'Az., three crowns Or in pale'; and he was about the fifteenth from Brutus, who, as the bards believed, came to Britain about B.C. 1136, bearing along with his father Sylvius, an escutcheon charged thus:—'Quarterly: 1, Or, a lion rampant passant Gu.; 2, Az., three crowns Or in bend'!" (p. 393.)

† Pennant's *Tour in Wales*, vol. ii, p. 145.

‡ The Bibliographers overlook that Sir John Salisbury has a longish poem prefixed to *Eromena*, 1632, folio.

strong"; and that explains Hugh Gryffith's playing on 'might'—of which anon. He was M.P. for co. Denbigh 43 Elizabeth (1600–1). All the authorities say he died in 1613; but no Will nor administration of his estate has been found. A shadow of obscurity thus lies on the memory of Chester's "true-noble Knight"—unlifted even from his (exact) death-date. Spelling of names was so arbitrary and variant then, that I should have attached no difficulty to the family-spelling of 'Salusbury' as against 'Salisburie' of *Love's Martyr*. As I write this I am called upon to annotate a Sir Stephen Poll—according to one of Nicholas Breton's Epistles-dedicatory—while he really was Sir Stephen Powle, and so is it endlessly. But I am enabled absolutely to identify Sir John Salusbury of Lleweni with Chester's Salisburie. For this is placed beyond dispute by another Epistle-dedicatory addressed to him as—be it noted—(*a*) of 'Llewen,' (*b*) as 'Esquier for the Bodie to the Queene's most excellent Maiestie,' as in Chester; and which, in the sorrowful absence of other information, is of peculiar interest. It is found in the following little volume of Verse, of which only a single exemplar (preserved at Isham) is known:

"SINETES
Paſſions vppon his fortunes,
offered for an Incenſe at the
ſhrine of the Ladies which gui-
ded his diſtempered
thoughtes.
The Patrons patheticall Po-
ſies, Sonets, Maddrigals, and
Roundelayes. Together with
Sinetes Dompe.
Plena verecundi culpa pudoris erat.
By ROBERT PARRY
Gent.
At LONDON
Printed by T. P. for William
Holme, and are to be ſould on
Ludgate hill at the ſigne of
the holy Lambe.
1597" (sm. 12mo)

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The Epistle-dedicatory shews (1) That being plain 'John Salisburie' in 1597 he must have been knighted between 1597 and 1601, (2) That he was of the Queen's household; and so could well introduce his friend Chester into court. It thus runs:

¶ "*To the right worſhipfull John*
Salisburie, of Llewen, Esquier,
for the Bodie to the Queenes
moſt excellent Maiestie.

THe Hope of theſe, and glaſſe of future times,
O Heros which eu'n enuie itſelfe admir's,
Vouchſafe to guarde, & patronize my rimes,
My humble rime, which nothing elſe desir's;
But to make knowne the greatnes of thy minde
To Honors throne that euer hath been inclyn'd.
Geue leaue a while vnto my breathing Muse,
To pause vpon the accent of her ſmarte,
From the reſpite of this ſhort-taken truce,
For to recorde the actions of my Harte:
Which vowed hath, to manifeſt thy worth,
That noble fruites to future age bringes foorth.
Eu'n thou alone, which ſtrengthn'ſt my repoſe,
And doeſt geue life vnto my dead deſire,
Which malice daunt'ſte, that did thy fame oppoſe,
Now, with reuiuing hope, my quill inſpire:
So he may write, and I may glorie ſinge,
That time, in time, may plucke out enui's ſting.
Renowned Patron, my wayling verſe,
To whoſe protect I flye for friendly ayde,
Vouchſafe to heare, while I my woes rehearſe:
Then my poore muſe, will neuer be diſmaide,
To countenance the babling Eccho's frowne,
That future age may ring of thy renowne.
I that ere-while with Pan his hindes did play,
And tun'd the note, that beſt did pleaſe my minde,
Content to ſing a ſheapheard's Round-delay;
Now by thy might, my Muſe the way did finde,
With Madrigals, to ſtore my homely ſtile,
Graced with th' applauſe, of thy well graced ſmile.
Eu'n thou I ſay, whoſe trauaile hope doth veilde,
That honours worth, may reape a due rewarde,
Which flyes with natiue plume vnto the fielde;
Whoſe paines deſerues thy cuntreys juſt regarde:

Time cannot daſhe, nor enuie blemiſh thoſe,
Whom on fam's ſtrength haue built their chiefe repoſe.
  Tis only that, which thou mayſt clayme thine owne,
Deuouring time, cannot obſcure the ſame,
In future age by this thou mayſt be knowne,
When as poſterities renue thy fame:
Then thou being dead, ſhalt lyfe a newe poſſeſſe,
When workes nor wordes, thy worthynes expreſſe:
Then ſhall my rime a fort of ſtrength remaine,
To ſhield the floriſh of thy high renowne,
That ruin's force may neu'r graces ſtaine,
Which with fame's ſound ſhall through the world bee blowne:
Yf that the ocean which includ's our ſtile,
Would paſſage graunt out of this noble Iſle.
  For ſteling tyme of muſes lowe remaine,
Will from the fountaine of her chiefe conceyte,
Still out the fame, through Lymbecke of my braine,
That glorie takes the honour to repeate:
Whoſe ſubiect though of royall accents barde,
Yet to the ſame, vouchſafe thy due rewarde:
So ſhall my ſelfe, and Pen, bequeath their toyle,
To ſing, and write prayes, which it ſelfe ſhall prayſe,
Which time with cutting Sithe, ſhall neuer ſpoyle,
That often worthy Heros fame delayes:
And I encouraged by thy applauſe,
Shall teach my muſe on higher things to pauſe." (pp. 2-4.)

ROBERT PARRY, Gent., is but a sorry poet; for, except here and there a touch of passion and a well-turned compliment, 'Sinetes' is sere and scentless. But it is clear that Salisburie's patronage was highly valued. Besides, an 'H. P.' who writes "In prayſe of the Booke" thus speaks of him:

. . . . . "thy worthie patron is thy fort
Thou needes not ſhunne t' approch into ech place,
Thy flowring bloome of wit ſhall thee report."

Still further helpful in identification is another poem in the tiny volume, signed "Hugh Gryffyth, Gent.," which is headed "Poſſe & nolle nobile." That by this our Salisburie was intended is confirmed by our Chester's placing the same motto at the head of his Epistle-dedicatory (p. 3), in addition to his name being introduced in the poem itself. I gladly make room for the lines:

" A worthie man deſerues a worthie motte,
As badge thereby his nature to declare,
Wherefore the fates of purpoſe did alot,
To this braue Squire, this ſimbole ſweete and rare:
Of might to ſpoyle, but yet of mercie ſpare,
A ſimbole ſure to Saliſberie due by right.
Who ſtill doth ioyne his mercy with his might.
Though lyon like his *Poſſe* might take place,
Yet like a Lambe he *Nolle* vſeth aye,
Right like himſelfe (the flower of Saliſberies race)
Who neuer as yet a poore man would diſmay:
But princockes finde be vſ'd to daunt alway:
And ſo doth ſtill: whereby is knowen full well
His noble minde and manhood to excell.
All crauen curres that coms of caſtrell kinde,
Are knowne full well whē they their might would ſtraine,
The poore t' oppreſſe that would there fauour finde?
Or yeilde himſelfe their freindſhip to attayne:
Then ſeruile ſottes triumphes in might a mayne,
But ſuch as coms from noble lyons race,
(Like this braue ſquire) who yeeldes receaues to grace.
Haud ficta loquor.

I suppose "Poſſe et nolle, nobile"—evidently *his* motto or impressa—gathers into itself Sir John Salisburie's name of "the strong" as over-against his gentleness = To have the power [strength] to do and yet to be unwilling to do [harm] is noble. It is just Isabella's pleading in *Measure for Measure* (act ii, sc. 2, ll. 107–9):

——" O, it is excellent
To haue a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To uſe it like a giant"

Nor is this all 'Sinetes' gives us. For before the 'Posies' —within an arched temple gate-way— is this repetition of the principal title-page:

"The
Patrone his pa-
thetical Poſies,
Sonets, Maddri-
galls, & Roun-
delayes.
Together
with SINETES
Dompe.
Plena verecū
di culpa pu-
doris erat"

This is somewhat ambiguous; for one is left in doubt whether the 'pathetical Posies, Sonets, Maddrigalls, and Roundelayes' are Salisburie's, as his productions, or by gift of Parry. The following are the contents of the division: 1. The patrones conceyte; 2. The patrones affection; 3. The patrones phantaſie; 4. The patrones pauze an ode; 5. The dittie to Sospiros (2); 6. The patrones Dilemma (2); 7. The Palmers Dittie vppon his Almes; 8. The Patrones Adieu; 9. Fides in Fortunam (2); 10. My ſorrow is ioy; 11. An Almon for a Parrat; 12. The authors muſe vpon his Conceyte; 13. Fides ad fortunam; Sonnettos 1–31. To Paris darling—Buen matina—Maddrigall—Roundelay—Sinettes Dumpe—Poſſe & nolle nobile—The Lamentation of a Malecontent, &c. I select from these verses, three, to give a taste of the quality of this other eulogist of our Chester's Salisburie, and because it is just barely possible (though I confess improbable) that Sir John Salisburie is their author. There are gleams in these selections from 'the Patrone's' division, not in the body of the poems.*

I. The Patrone's Pauze an Ode.

Dimpl's floriſh, beauties grace,
Fortune ſmileth in thy face,
Eye bewrayeth honours flower,

* These hitherto utterly unknown and unused 'poems' form part of that lucky find of my friend Mr. C. Edmonds at Isham. But he had no idea whatever of their bearing on *Love's Martyr*. I am indebted to Sir C. Isham of Lamport Hall for a leisurely loan of this, as of other of his book-treasures. Note that I have silently corrected two or three slight misprints and punctuations, as 'Whose' for 'Who,' &c. With reference to the possible Salisburie authorship of the most of the second division of the small volume, perhaps ll. 37–40 in the Epistle-dedicatory, were meant to refer to his Verses — thus:

" Tis only that, which thou mayſt clayme thine owne,
Deuouring time, cannot obſcure the ſame,
In future age by this thou mayſt be knowne,
When as poſterities renue thy fame, &c."

Then the phrase in the title, 'The Patrone his pathetical Poſies,' &c., and especially its interposition between 'Sinete's Dompe,' makes one hesitate in rejecting the Salisburie authorship. It does not add to the belief that these Verses are by the Patron that the lady addressed seems to be one 'of honour' or 'high rank'; for Parry himself was a 'Gentleman' as he tells us in his title-page.

Loue is norif'd in thy bower,
In thy bended brow doth lye,
Zeale impreſt with chaſtitie.
Loue's darling deere.
O pale lippes of coral hue,
Rarer die then cheries newe,
Arkes where reaſon cannot trie,
Beauties riches which doth lye,
Entomb'd in that fayreſt frame,
Touch of breath perfumes the ſame.
O rubie cleere.
Ripe Adon fled Venvs bower,
Ayming at thy ſweeteſt flower,
Her ardent loue forſt the ſame,
Wonted agents of his flame:
Orbe to whoſe enflamed fier,
Loue incenſ'd him to aſpire.
Hope of our time.
Oriad's of the hills drawe neere,
Nayad's come before your peere:
Flower of nature ſhining ſhoes,
Riper then the falling roſe,
Entermingled with white flower,
Stayn'd with vermilion's power.
Neſt'ld in our clime.
The ſiluer ſwann ſing in Poe,
Silent notes of new-ſpronge woe,
Tuned notes of cares I ſing,
Organ of the muſes ſpringe,
Nature's pride inforceth me,
Eu'n to rue my deſtinie.
Starre ſhew thy might.
Helen's beautie is defac'd,
Io's graces are diſgrac'd,
Reaching not the twentith part,
Of thy gloaſes true deſart,
But no maruaile thou alone,
Eu'n art Venus paragone.
Arm'd with delight
Iris coulors are to[o] baſe,
She would make Apelles gaze,
Reſting by the ſiluer ſtreame,
Toſſing nature ſeame by ſeame,
Pointing at the chriſtall skie,
Arguing her maieſtie.

II. Loues rampire ſtronge.

Hayre of Amber, freſh of hue,
Wau'd with goulden wyers newe,
Riches of the fineſt mould,
Rareſt glorie to behould,
Ympe with natures vertue graft,
Engines newe for dolors fraught, :
Eu'n there as ſpronge.
A Iem fram'd with Diamounds,
In whoſe voice true concord ſounds,
Ioy to all that ken thy ſmile,
In thee doth vertue fame beguile,
In whoſe beautie burneth fier,
Which diſgraceth Queene deſier :
Saunce all compare.
Loue it ſelfe being brought to gaze,
Learnes to treade the louers maze :
Lying vncouer'd in thy looke,
Left for to unclaſpe the Booke :
Where enroul'd thy fame remaines,
That Iuno's bluſh of glory ſtaines :
Blot out my care.
Spheare containing all in all,
Only fram'd to make men thrall :
Onix deck'd with honor's worth,
On whoſe beautie bringeth foorth ;
Smiles ou'r-clouded with diſdaine,
Which loyall hearts doth paine :
Voyde of diſgrace.
Avrora's bluſh that decks thy ſmile,
Wayting lovers to beguile :
Where curious thoughts built the neſt,
Which neu'r yeilds to louer's reſt :
Waſting ſtill the yeilding eye,
Whilſt he doth the beautie ſpie.
Read in her face.
Lampe enrich'd with honours flower,
Bloſſome gracing Venus bower :
Bearing plumes of feathers white,
Wherein Turtles doe delighte,
Senſe, would ſeeme to weake to finde,
Reaſon's depth in modeſt minde :
Yeilding deſire.
Lode-ſtarre of my happie choyſe,
In thee alone I doe reioyce :

O happie man whoſe hap is ſuch,
To be made happie by thy tutch:
Thy worth and worthynes could moue,
The ſtouteſt to incline to loue.
Enflam'd with fier.

III. Poſie xi.
An Almon for a Parrat.

Diſdainfull dames that mountaines moue in thought,
And thinke they may Iouves thunder-bolt controule,
Who paſt compare ech one doe ſet at naught,
With ſqueamiſh ſcorn's that nowe in rethorick roule:
Yer ſcorne that will be ſcorn'd of proude diſdaine,
I ſcorne to beare the ſcornes of fineſt braine.
Geſtures, nor lookes of ſimpring coy conceyts,
Shall make me moue for ſtately ladies' mocks:
Then SIRENS ceaſe to trap with your deceyts,
Leaſt that your barkes meete vnexpected rocks:
For calmeſt ebbe may yelld the rougheſt tide,
And change of time, may change in time your pride.
Leaue to conuerſe if needes you muſt inuay,
Let meaner ſort feede on their meane entent,
And ſoare on ſtill, the larke it fled awaye,
Some one in time will pay what you have lent,
Poore hungrie gnates faile not on wormes to feede,
When goſhawkes miſſe on hoped pray to ſpeede. (pp. 18-20.)

I add just one other snatch:—

Buen matina.
Sweete at this mourne I chaunced
To peepe into the chamber; loe I glaunced:
And ſawe white ſheetes, thy whyter skinne diſcloſing:
And ſofte-ſweete cheeke on pyllowe ſofte repoſing;
Then ſayde were I that pillowe,
Deere for thy love I would not weare the willowe.

As with SIR ROBERT CHESTER himself, it is to be lamented that no personal details have come down to us concerning SIR JOHN SALISBURIE. It demands infinitely more than rank and transient influence to keep a name *quick* across the centuries. How pathetically soon the small dust of oblivion settles down — not to be blown off — on once noisy and noised lives! So is it — spite of Chester and Parry and Gryffyth — with our 'true-noble-knight.'

One little after-link between a Salisbury and a Chester I like to regard as going toward the identification of our Chester along with Sir John Salisbury of Lleweni. It is this—Our Sir Robert Chester, having two sons in the church, viz., Dr. Granado Chester, Rector of Broadwater, co. Sussex, and Dr. Robert Chester, Rector of Stevenage; it is found that the former was in the gift of Sir Robert Salusbury of Llanwhern, Monmouthshire, Baronet, of the same house. One is willing to think that the ancient family friendship between the two houses led to this 'presentation' to a son of Sir John Salisburie's friend by a Salisbury. It is likewise to be recalled that the Chesters of Derbyshire—as we have seen—would be brought into relation with the Salisburys by their common opposition in the field to Perkin Warbeck, and in support of Henry VII.

(*c*) WHO WERE MEANT BY THE 'PHŒNIX' AND THE 'TURTLE-DOVE' OF THESE POEMS? Turning to the original title-page, we find that immediately succeeding the large-type words:

"LOVES MARTYR:
OR,
ROSALINS COMPLAINT."

are these other:

"*Allegorically ſhadowing the truth of Loue,*
in the conſtant Fate of the Phœnix
and Turtle."

Then below is this further or supplementary explanation:

"*To these are added some new compositions, of seuerall moderne Writers whose names are subscribed to their seuerall workes, vpon the first ſubiect: viz. the* Phœnix *and* Turtle."

Looking next at "The Authors request to the Phœnix" —which, as it is annexed to the Epistle-dedicatory to Sir John Salisburie, '*one of the Esquires of the bodie to the Queenes moſt excellent Maieſtie*,' so it is in itself a second dedication, though not so designated—I ask the student-reader to weigh the compliments in these Lines, and especially these:

"Phœnix of beautie, beauteous Bird of any"
"That feedſt all earthly ſences with thy ſauor"
——— "thy perfections paſſing beautie"

I ask also that it be noted how the 'allegory' of the birds —as Phœnix and Turtle-dove—is incidentally, though not I think accidentally, dropped even thus early, and two things indicated (*a*) That the Author's poems in so far as she, the 'Phœnix,' was concerned, sang the "home-writ praises" of her 'love':

"Accept my home-writ praiſes of thy loue"

(*b*) That he was not pleading for himself but another, viz., her 'loue' or him whom she loved. He seeks that she will accept these "home-writ praises" and her 'kind accept-ance' of him (the 'loue' of the prior line)

——— "kind acceptance of thy Turtle-doue"

Thus far the 'home-writ praises' are comparatively in "a lowly flight" (p. 6); but in the Poems-proper all is exagger-ate and hyperbolical. As pointed out in the Notes and Illustrations *frequenter*, it very soon appears that the 'Phœnix' is a person and a woman, and the 'Turtle-doue' a person and a male, and that while, as the title-page puts it, the poet is "Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love," it is a genuine story of human love and martyrdom (*Love's Martyr*). It further very evidently appears—as also shewn in the Notes and Illustrations (p. 17, st. 2) that the 'Phœnix' was not woman merely, but a queen, and queen of 'Brytaine' (st. 3, l. 4). In short, no one at all acquainted with what was the *mode* of speaking of Queen Elizabeth to the very last, will hesitate

in recognizing her as the 'Rosalin' and 'Phœnix' of Robert Chester, and the "moderne writers," of this book. Let the reader keep eye and ear and memory alert, and he will (*meo iudicio*) find throughout, that in *Love's Martyr* and the related poems, he is listening to the every-day language of the Panegyrists of the 'great Queen.' That is to say, apart from theories, he will see that all the epithets, and much of the description pointed, and could point alone, to Elizabeth. Her 'beauty' and her kind of beauty, "beauty that excelled all beauty on earth"—her 'princely eyes,' her 'majestical' appearance, her palms kissed like a saint's, her chastity—over and over celebrated—her 'deep counsels,' her fondness for and skill in music, her gift of poetry, her eloquence, the "sweet accents of her tongue," her being a 'Phœnix,' 'Earth's beauteous Phœnix' (p. 9), and a Phœnix a prey to the want of a successor—all inevitably make us think of Elizabeth, and none other possible. Let any one who may hesitate, take NICHOLS' '*Progresses of Elizabeth** and study the addresses in verse and prose or the incense of flattery of the 'Devices' and similar entertainments of her nobles. It will surprize me if he hesitate longer. There is this also to be remembered, that so peculiar, so fantastically unique, was Elizabeth's position, that no one—with his fortune to make—would have dared to write thus hyperbolically of any woman on English ground while Elizabeth was alive, he thereby putting Elizabeth in the back-ground, and infinitely below her. Even Sir Walter Raleigh in 1602, *i.e.*, subsequent to the date of *Love's Martyr*, thus closes a letter to her Majesty: "And so most humblie imbracing and admiringe the memory of *thos celestial bewtyes*, which with the people is denied mee to revew, I pray God your Majestie may be eternall in joyes and happines. Your Majesty's most humble slaue."†

* 2 vols., 4to. See Postscript to this Introduction, C, for quotations from Nichols. Even Sidney—whose fortune *was* made—did not publish 'Astrophel and Stella.' Besides, it differs *toto cælo*.

† Edwards' *Life of Sir Walter Ralegh*, vol. ii, p. 260 (2 vols., 8vo, 1868, Macmillan.)

By my Notes and Illustrations I put it in the power of anyone to confirm (or to confute if he may) this interpretation of the 'Phœnix' as intended for Elizabeth. I am not aware that anyone has ever so much as hinted at the interpretation; but neither do I know that any one before has read or studied the extremely rare book. The exceptional interest of the "new compositions" by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Chapman, Marston, and others, seems to have over-shadowed the larger portion, and thereby, likewise, left these "new compositions" without a key.*

This *internal* evidence, from *Love's Martyr*, as to Elizabeth having been meant by the 'Phœnix' is equally established by *external.* That is to say, another contemporary Poet—and only supercilious ignorance will deny the name to the author of *The Tragedie of Shores Wife*, were there no more — THOMAS CHURCHYARD — the 'Old

* I must state that, having communicated my interpretation of the 'Phœnix' and 'Turtle-dove' to my dear friend and fellow-worker in Elizabethan-Jacobean literature, Dr. Brinsley Nicholson of London, I was more than gratified to learn that, on reading the proof-sheets of *Love's Martyr* (which he had never been fortunate enough to see previously) he had come to the same conclusions. Thus wrought-out in absolute independence, the conclusions themselves may, perhaps, be deemed all the more probable. I must add, that I have had the very great advantage of Dr. Nicholson's reading of the entire proof-sheets of the text and of my Notes and Illustrations. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm and insight of my richly-furnished friend, whose restored health we are all rejoicing over. As I write this a letter reaches me from Dr. Nicholson with additional illustrations and confirmations of the 'Phœnix' being Elizabeth—as follows:

"In reading Henry Peacham, M.A., his *Minerva Britannia or Garden of Heroicall Devices*, 1612, a series of pictorial Impresas or Emblems, with verses in English and Latin, glorifying James and his family and the chief men of rank and note in England, I came across a passage which seems to shew that Elizabeth had adopted the Phœnix as 'her own' Emblem. At the conclusion he has a poetic vision in which Minerva Britannia, as I suppose, shows him a hall filled with their Impresas and Emblems limned on the shields of renowned Englishmen, both kings and peers; and having enumerated some he continues:

'With other numberleſſe beſide,
That to haue ſeene each one's deuiſe,
How liuely limn'd, how well appli'de

Palæmon' of Spenser's *Colin Clout*—had explicitly celebrated Elizabeth, years before (1593), as the 'Phœnix.' His 'Churchyard's *Challenge*' is so very rare and unknown, that I think it well to reproduce here his celebrations; for as I take it, it makes what was before certain certainty itself.

The Poems I refer to are these: (*a*) A fewe plaine verſes of truth againſt the flaterie of time, made when the Queens Maieſtie was laſt at Oxenford; (*b*) A diſcourſe of the only Phœnix of the worlde; (*c*) A praiſe of that Phenix; (*d*) A diſcourſe of the ioy good subiects haue when they ſee our Phenix abroad; (*e*) This is taken out of Belleaux made of his own Miſtreſſe. The whole of these follow. I prefix the Epistle-dedicatory of the entire volume, because in it the 'Queenes Maieſtie,' as being the 'Phœnix,' is again designated.

You were the while in Paradiſe:
Another ſide ſhe did ordaine
To ſome late dead, ſome liuing yet,
Who ſeru'd Eliza in her raigne,
And worthily had honour'd it.

Where turning triſt I ſpide aboue,
HER OWN DEAR PHŒNIX HOVERING,
Whereat me thought in melting Loue,
Apace with teares mine eies did ſpring;
But Foole, while I aloft did looke,
For her that was to Heauen flowne,
This goodly place, my ſight forſooke,
And on the ſuddaine all was gone.'

It is worth adding, that in the body of the book, Peacham gives the Phœnix to Cecil." It may be recalled here that Shakespeare put the 'emblem' of the 'Phœnix' into Cranmer's mouth at the baptism of Elizabeth — as thus:

" Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but, as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir
As great in admiration as herself,
So shall she leave her blessedness to one."
(*Henry VIII*, act v, sc. 5, ll. 39–43.)

Cf. also my edition of Sylvester, p. 5, for kindred prefatory compliment.

I. The Epiſtle-dedicatory of "Churchyards Challenge." (1593.)

To the right worſhipfull the Ladie
Anderſon, wife to the right honorable
Lord chiefe Iuſtice of the common
Pleas.

MY boldnes being much, may paſſe the bounds of duty, but the goodnes of your honourable husband (good Madame) paſſeth ſo farre the commendacion of my penne, that vnder his iudgement and ſhield (that is ſo iuſt a Iudge) I make a ſauegard to this my preſumption, that hazardeth where I am vnknowen to preſent any peece of Poetrie or matter of great effect, yet aduenturing by fortune, to giue my Lady your ſiſter ſomewhat in the honour of the Queenes Maieſtie, in the excellencie of her woorthy praiſe that neuer can decay; I haue tranſlated some verſes out of French, that a Poet ſeemed to write of his owne miſtreſſe, which verſes are ſo apt for the honouring of the Phenix of our worlde, that I cannot hide them from the ſight of the worthy, nor dare commit ſo groſſe a fault as to let them die with my ſelfe: wherfore and in way of your fauour in publiſhing theſe verſes, I dedicate them to your good Ladiſhippe, though not ſo well penned as the firſt Authour did poliſh them, yet in the beſt manner my muſe can affoorde, they are plainly expreſſed, hoping they shalbe as well taken as they are ment, ſo the bleſſed and great Iudge of all daily bleſſe you.

II. A few plaine verſes of truth againſt the flaterie of time, made when the Queens Maieſtie was laſt at Oxenford.*

SIth ſilent Poets all,
that praiſe your Ladies ſo:
My Phenix makes their plumes to fall,
that would like Peacockes goe.
Some doe their Princes praiſe,
and Synthia ſome doe like:
And ſome their Miſtreſſe honour raiſe,
As high as Souldiers pike.
Come downe yee doe preſmount, [*sic*]
the warning bel it founds:

* In the Contents it is entitled "A diſcourſe of the only Phenix of the worlde." Lady Anderson, *supra*, was Magdalen, d. of Christopher Smyth, of Annables, co. Herts.

That cals you Poets to account,
for breaking of your bounds.
In giuing fame to thoſe,
faire flowers that ſoone doth fade:
And cleane forget the white red roſe,
that God a Phenix made.
Your Ladies alſo doe decline,
like Stars in darkſome night:
When Phenix doth like Phœbus ſhine,
and leands the world great light.
You paint to pleaſe deſire,
your Dame in colours gay:
As though braue words, or trim attire,
could grace a clod of clay.
My Phenix needs not any art,
of Poets paintiug quil:
She is her ſelfe in euerie part,
ſo ſhapte by kindly ſkil.
That nature cannot wel amend:
and to that ſhape moſt rare,
The Gods ſuch ſpeciall grace doth ſend,
that is without compare.
The heauens did agree,
by conſtellations plaine:
That for her vertue ſhee ſhould bée the only queene to raigne,
(In her moſt happie daies) and carries cleane awaie:
The tip and top of peerleſſe prayſe, if all the world ſay nay,
Looke not that I ſhould name, her vertue in their place,
But looke on her true well-won fame, that anſwers forme & face.
And therein ſhall you read, a world of matter now,
That round about the world doth ſpread her heauenly graces throw.
The ſeas (where cannons rore) hath yeilded her her right,
And ſent ſuch newes vnto the ſhore, of enemies foile and flight.
That all the world doth ſound, the glorie Phenix gote
Whereof an eccho doth rebound, in ſuch a tune and note,
(That none alive ſhall reatch) of Phenix honor great,
Which ſhall the poets muſes teach, how they of her ſhold treat.
O then with verſes ſweete, if Poets haue good ſtore,
Fling down your pen, at Phenix feet, & praiſe your nimphes no more.
Packe hence, ſhe comes in place, a ſtately Royall Queene:
That takes away your Ladies grace, as ſoone as ſhe is ſéene.

FINIS.

III. A praiſe of that Phenix.*

Verſes of value, if Vertue bee ſeene,
Made of a Phenix, a King, and a Queene.

My Phenix once, was wont to mount the ſkies,
To ſée how birdes, of baſer feathers flew:
Then did her Port and preſence pleaſe our eies:
Whoſe abſence now, bréeds nought but fancies new.
The Phenix want, our court, and Realme may rue.
Thus ſight of her, ſuch welcome gladnes brings,
That world ioeis much, whē *Phenix* claps her wings.

And flies abroad, to take the open aire,
In royall ſort, as bird of ſtately kinde:
Who hates foul ſtorms; and loues mild weather fair,
And by great force, can lore the bloſtring wind, =*lower*
To ſhew the grace, and greatnes of the minde,
My *Phenix* hath, that vertue growing gréene,
When that abroad, her gracious face is féene.

Let neither feare of plagues, nor wits of men,
Keepe *Phenix* cloſe, that ought to liue in light:
Of open world, for abſence wrongs vs then,
To take from world, the Lampe that giues vs light,
O God forbid, our day were turnde to night,
And ſhining Sunne, in clowds ſhould ſhrowded be,
Whoſe golden rayes, the world deſires to ſee.

The Dolphin daunts, each fiſh that ſwims the Seas,
The Lion feares, the greateſt beaſt that goes:
The Bees in Hive, are glad theyr King to pleaſe,
And to their Lord, each thing their duety knowes.
But firſt the King, his Princely preſence ſhowes,
Then ſubiects ſtoopes, and proſtrate fals on face,
Or bowes down head, to giue their maiſter place.

The ſunne hath powre, to comfort flowrs and gras,
And purge the aire, of ſoule infections all:
Makes ech thing pure, wher his clear beams do paſſe,
Draws vp the dew, that miſts and fogs lets fall:
My *Phenix* hath, a greater gift at call,
For vaſſalls all, a view of her doe craue,
Becauſe thereby, great hope and hap we haue.

* I take this heading from the 'Contents,'—there is added, "and verſes tranſlated out of French." Throughout these poems of Churchyard there are various instances of verb singular after nominative plural.

Good turnes it brings, and ſuiters plaints are heard,
The poore are pleaſde, the rich ſome purchaſe gains,
The wicked bluſh : the worthy wins reward,
The ſeruant findes a meanes to quit his paines :
The wronged man, by her ſome right attaines.
Thus euery one, that help and ſuccour needes,
In hard diſtreſſe, on *Phenix* fauour feedes.

But from our view, if world doe *Phenix* kéepe,
Both Sunne, and Moone, and ſtars we bid farewell,
The heauens mourne, the earth will waile and wéep.
The heauy heart, it ſéeles the paines of Hell,
Woe be to thoſe, that in deſpaire doe dwell.
Was neuer plague nor peſtlence like to this,
When ſoules of men haue loſt ſuch heauenly bliſſe.

Now ſuters all, you may ſhoote vp your plaints
Your Goddes now, is lockt in ſhrine full faſt :
You may perhaps, yet pray vnto her Saints.
Whose eares are ſtopt, and hearing ſure is paſt,
Now in the fire, you may ſuch Idols caſt.
They cannot helpe, like ſtockes and ſtones they bée,
That haue no life, nor cannot heare nor ſee.

Till that at large, our royall *Phenix* comes,
Packe hence poore men, or picke your fingers endes,
Or blow your nailes, or gnaw and bite your thombs,
Till God aboue, ſome better fortune ſends.
Who here abides, till this bad world emends,
May doe full well, as tides doe ebbe and flow,
So fortune turnes, and haps doe come and goe.

The bodies ioy, and all the ioints it beares,
Lies in the head, that may commaund the reſt :
Let head but ake, the heart is full of feares,
And armes acroſſe, we clap on troubled breſt :
With heauy thoughts, the mind is ſo oppreſt,
That neather legs, nor ſéete haue will to goe,
As man himſelfe, were cleane orecome with woe.

The head is it, that ſtill preſerues the ſence.
And ſéekes to ſaue, each member from diſeaſe :
Deviſe of head, is bodies whole defence,
The ſkill whereof, no part dare well diſpleaſe :
For as the Moone moues vp the mighty Seas,
So head doth guide the body when it will,
And rules the man, by wit and reaſons ſkill.

But how ſhould head, indéede doe all this good,
When at our néede, no vſe of head we haue:
The head is felt, is ſéene and vnderſtood.
Then from diſgrace, it will the body ſaue,
And otherwiſe, ſick man drops downe in graue.
For when no helpe, nor vſe of head we finde,
The ſéete fals lame, and gazing eies grow blinde.

The lims wax ſtiffe, for want of vſe and aide,
The bones doe dry, their marrow waste away:
The heart is dead, the body liues afraide,
The ſinnowes ſhrinke, the bloud doth ſtill decay:
So long as world, doth want the Star of day,
So long darke night, we ſhall be ſure of héere,;
For clowdy ſkies, I feare will neuer cléere.

God ſend ſome helpe, to ſalue ſick poore mens ſores,
A boxe of baulme, would heale our woundes vp quite:
That precious oyle, would eate out rotten cores,
And giue great health, and man his whole delighte.
God ſend ſome ſunne, in froſtie morning white,
That cakes of yce may melt by gentle thaw,
And at well-head wee may ſome water drawe.

A Riddle.

Wée wiſh, wee want, yet haue what we deſire:
We freeſe, wee burne, and yet kept from the fire.
FINIS.

IV. A diſcourſe of the ioy good ſubiects haue when they ſee our Phenix abroad.*

This is to be red fiue waies.

IN hat a fauour worne, a bird of gold in Britaine land,
In loyall heart is borne, yet doth on head like Phenix ſtand.
To ſet my Phenix forth, whoſe vertues may thē al ſurmoūt.
An orient pearle more worth, in value, price & good account.
The gold or precious ſtone, what tong or verſe dare her diſtain,
A péereleſſe paragon, in whom ſuch gladſome gifts remaine.
Whoſe ſeemly ſhape is wroght as out of wax wer made ye mold
By fine deuiſe of thought, like ſhrined Saint in beaten gold:
Dame Nature did diſdaine, and thought great ſcorn in any ſort,
To make the like againe, that ſhould deſerue ſuch rare report.
Ther néedes no Poets pen, nor painters pencel, come in place,

* This heading is from the 'Contents.'

Nor flatring frafe of men, whofe filed fpech giues ech thing grace,
To praiſe this worthy dame, a Nimph which *Dian* holds full *déer*
That in ſuch perfect frame, as mirror bright & chriſtal cléer
Is ſet out to our view, threefold as faire as shining Sunne,
For beauty grace and hue, a worke that hath great glory won,
A Goddes dropt from ſky, for cauſes more than men may know,
To pleaſe both minde & eie for thoſe that dwels on earth below,
And ſhew what heauenly grace, and noble ſecret power diuine
Is ſéene in Princely face, that kind hath formd & framd ſo fine.
For this is all I write, of ſacred Phenix ten times bleſt,
To ſhew mine own delite, as fancies humor thinketh beſt.
FINIS.

V. This is taken out of *Belleau* made of his own Miſtreſſe.*

Sad sighes doth ſhew, the heat of heartes deſire,
And ſorrow ſpeakes, by ſignes of heauie eyes:
So if hot flames, proceed from holly fire,
And loue may not, from vicious fancies eyes
In tarrying time, and fauour of the ſkies,
My only good, and greateſt hap doth lie:
In her that doth, all fond delight diſpies:
Than turne to mée, ſad ſighes I ſhall not dye.

If that bee ſhee, who hath ſo much mée bound,
And makes me hers, as I were not mine owne:
She moſt to praiſe, that maie aliue be founde,
Moſt great and good, and gracious througly knowne.
Shée all my hope, in briefe yea more than mine,
(That quickly maie, bring life by looke of eye)
Than come chaeſt ſighes, a close record diuine,
Returne to mee, and I ſhall neuer dye.

If from young yeares, ſhee gainde the garland gaye,
And wan the price, of all good giftes of grace: =*prize*
If princely port, doe vertuous minde be wraie,
And royall power, be found by noble face,
If ſhee bée borne, moſt happie graue and wiſe,
A Sibill ſage, ſent downe from heauens hie,
O ſmothring ſighes, that faine would cloſe mine eyes,
Returne to mee, ſo ſhall I neuer die.

* While this piece has nothing of the 'Phœnix' in it, it is equally good for our purpose, as shewing how Elizabeth was addressed (as in Chester) by the titles of 'Sun,' &c.

If moſt vpright, and faire of forme ſhée bee,
That may beare life, and ſwéeteſt manner ſhowes,
Loues God, good men, and Countries wealth doth ſée,
A queene of kinges, all Chriſtian princes knowes,
So iuſtly liues, that each man hath his owne,
Sets ſtraight each ſtate, that elſe would goe awrie:
Whereby her fame, abroad the world is blowne,
Then ſeace ſad ſighes, ſo ſhall I neuer die.

If ſhée the heart of Alexander haue,
The ſharpe eſprite, and hap of Haniball,
The conſtant mind, that Gods to Scipio gaue,
And Cæſars grace, whoſe triumphs paſſed all,
If in her thought, do dwell the iudgement great,
Of all that raignes, and rules from earth to ſkie:
(And ſits this houre, in throne and regall ſeate),
Come ſighes againe, your maiſter cannot die.

If ſhe be found, to taſt the pearcing ayr,
In heate, in colde, in froſt, in ſnowe and rayne:
As diamond, that ſhines ſo paſſing faire,
That ſunne nor moone, nor weather cannot ſtaine:
If blaſtes of winde, and ſtormes to beautie yelde,
And this well ſpringe, makes other fountaines drye,
(Turnes tides and floodes, to water baraine féeld,)
Come ſighes then home, I liue and cannot die.

If her great giftes, doth daunt dame fortunes might,
And ſhe haue caught the hayres and head of hap:
To others hard, to her a matter light,
To mount the cloudes, and fall in honours lap.
If ſhee her ſelfe, and others conquers too,
Liues long in peace, and yet doth warre defie:
As valiaunt kinges, and vertuous victors doe,
Then ſighe no more, o heart I cannot die.

If ſuch a prince, abaſe her highneſſe than,
For some good thing, the world may geſſe in mee:
And ſtoupes ſo low, too like a ſillie man,
That little knowes, what Princes grace may bée.
If ſhee well waie, my faith and ſeruice true,
And is the iudge, and toutch that gold ſhall trie:
That colour cléere, that neuer changeth hue,
Heart ſigh no more, I liue and may not die.

If I doe vſe, her fauour for my weale,
By reaſon off, her gracious countenance ſtill:
And from the ſunne, a little light I ſteale,
To keepe the life, in lampe to burne at will.

If robberie thus, a true man may commit,
Both I and mine, vnto her merits flie :
If I preſume, it ſpringes for want of wit,
Excuſe me than, ſad ſighes or elſe I die.

If ſhee do know, her ſhape in heart I beare,
Engraude in breaſt, her grace and figure is,
Yea day and night, I thinke and dreame each where,
On nothing elſe, but on that heauenly bliſſe,
If ſo transformde, my mind and body liues,
But not conſumde, nor finde no cauſe to cry,
And waite on her, that helpe and comfort giues,
Than come poore ſighes, your maiſter ſhall not die

If ſhe behold, that here I wiſh no breath,
But liue all hers, in thought and word and déede :
Whoſe fauour loſt, I craue but preſent death,
Whoſe grace attaind, lean ſoule full fat ſhall ſéede.
If any cauſe, do kéepe her from my ſight,
I know no world, my ſelf I ſhall deny,
But if her torch, doe lend my candle light,
Heart ſigh no more, the body doth not die.

But if by death, or ſome diſgrace of mine
Through enuies ſting, or falſe report of foes,
My view be bard, from that ſwéete face diuine.
Beléeue for troth, to death her ſeruant goes,
And rather ſure, than I ſhould ill conceiue :
Sighes mount to ſkies, you know the cauſe and why,
How here below, my luſty life I leaue,
Attend me there, for wounded heart muſt die.

If ſhée beléeue, without her preſence here,
That anything, may now content my minde :
Or thinke in world, is ſparke of gladſome chéere,
Where ſhée is not, nor I her preſence finde :
But all the ioys, that man imagine may,
As handmaides wayt, on her héere vnder ſky,
Then ſighes mount vp, to heauens hold your way,
And ſtay me there, for I of force muſt die.

If I may feare, that fragill beauty light,
Or ſemblance faire, is to be doubted ſore :
Or my vaine youth, may turn with fancies might
Or ſighes full falſes fains griefe or torment more,
Than heart doth féele, then angry ſtars aboue,
Doe band your ſelues, gainſt me in heauens hie.
And rigor worke, to conquer conſtant loue,
Mount vp poore ſighes, here is no helpe, I die.

And ſo ſad ſighes, the witnes of my thought,
If loue finde not, true guerdon for good will:
Ere that to graue, my body ſhalbe brought,
Mount vp to clowds, and there abide me ſtill,
But if good hope, and hap ſome ſuccour ſend,
And honor doth, my vertuous minde ſupply,
With treble bliſſe, for which I long attend,
Returne good ſighes, I mean not now to die.

Tranſlated out of French, for one that is bounde much to Fortune.
FINIS.

It were easy to multiply contemporary and funereal 'flatteries' of Elizabeth under the name of the 'Phœnix,' and from Cynthia in Spenser to the Rosalind and Orianas of many 'Madrigals,'* and Atropeion Delion of Thomas Newton (1603), shew that she was even to old age receptive of the loftiest names and the most celestial praise, especially if they lauded her 'beauty' or her intellect. But for our present purpose more cannot be required.

Having thus determined that Elizabeth was the 'Phœnix,' I proceed now to inquire who was intended by the 'Turtle-doue.' As with the 'Phœnix,' I must request attention to our Notes and Illustrations on the places wherein the 'Turtle-doue' occurs. It will there be found that, contrary to ordinary usage, the 'Turtle-doue' is distinctly 'sung' of as a male, by the necessities indeed of the 'love' relations sustained towards the 'Phœnix,' and of the 'Phœnix' towards the 'Turtle-doue,' *e.g.*:

Nature.

" Fly in this Chariot, and come ſit by me,
And we will leaue this ill corrupted Land,
We'll take our courſe through the blue Azure ſkie,
And ſet our feete on *Paphos* golden ſand.
There of that *Turtle Doue* we'll vnderſtand:
And visit HIM in thoſe delightful plaines,
Where Peace conioyn'd with Plenty ſtill remaines." (p. 32.)

It will also be found that, as with Elizabeth as the 'Phœnix,'

* See an interesting paper on 'Madrigals' in honour of Elizabeth in *Notes and Queries*, first series, vol. iv, pp. 185–188. See Postscript D for additional 'Phœnix' references, &c.

so with the 'Turtle-doue,' epithet and circumstance and the whole bearing of the Poems, make us think of but one pre-eminent man in the Court of Elizabeth. Let the Notes and Illustrations on portions of these Poems relative to the 'Turtle-doue' be critically pondered; and unless I err egregiously, it will be felt that only of the brilliant but impetuous, the greatly-dowered but rash, the illustrious but unhappy Robert Devereux, second earl of Essex, could such splendid things have been thought. Inevitably 'Liberal Honour' and 'Love's Lord,' are accepted as *his* titles of right; while his Letters to Elizabeth and of Elizabeth to him reveal the 'envy' and 'jealousy' and hatreds against which he fought his way upward.† I invite prolonged scrutiny of this description and portraiture:

" Hard by a running ſtreame or cryſtall fountaine,
Wherein rich *Orient* pearle is often found,
Enuiron'd with a high and ſteepie mountaine,
A fertill ſoile and fruitful plot of ground,
There ſhalt thou find true *Honors* louely *Squire*,
That for this *Phœnix* keepes *Prometheus* fire.

His bower wherein he lodgeth all the night,
Is fram'd of Cædars and high loftie Pine,
I made his houſe to chaſtice thence deſpight,
And fram'd it like this heauenly roofe of mine:
His name is *Liberall honor*, and his hart,
Aymes at true faithfull ſeruice and deſart.

Looke on his face, and in his browes doth ſit,
Bloud and ſweete *Mercie* hand in hand vnited,
Bloud to his foes, a preſident moſt fit
For ſuch as haue his gentle humour ſpited:
His Haire is curl'd by nature mild and meeke,
Hangs careleſſe downe to ſhroud a bluſhing cheeke.

Giue him this Ointment to annoint his Head,
This precious Balme to lay vnto his feet,
Theſe ſhall direct him to the *Phœnix* bed,
Where on a high hill he this Bird ſhall meet:
And of their Aſhes by my doome ſhal riſe,
Another *Phœnix* her to equalize." (pp. 19–20.)

† See *Lives and Letters of the Devereux, Earls of Essex*, &c., &c. By the Hon. W. B. Devereux, 2 vols. 8vo, 1853. (Murray.)

The 'Turtle Dove,' as thus described, was then in 'Paphos Ile'; and what was meant by it will appear in the sequel. But I ask any one familiar with the men and events of the reign of Elizabeth, if Essex is not instantly suggested by these and parallel passages and allusions in *Love's Martyr*? This being so, we should expect that Essex would be found elsewhere similarly described; and if, in giving Churchyard's remarkable 'Phœnix' poems, I felt that I was by them placing our interpretation beyond cavil, I have much the same conviction in now submitting certain extracts from a poem avowedly in his honour, when he was in the golden sunshine (yet not without broad shadows) of his favour with Elizabeth. I refer to "*An Eglogve Gratvlatorie.* Entitled: To the right honorable, and renowned Shepheard of Albions Arcadia: Robert Earle of Essex and Ewe, for his welcome into England from Portugall. Done by George Peele." (1589.)*

Let these speak for themselves, by help of our *italics* occasionally:

Piers.

" Of arms to ſing I haue nor luſt nor ſkill; *list?*
Enough is me to blazon my good-will,
To welcome home that long hath lackèd been,
One of the jollieſt ſhepherds of our green;
Iö, iö pæan!

Palinode.

Tell me, good Piers, I pray thee tell it me,
What may thilk jolly ſwain or ſhepherd be,
Or whence y-comen, that he thus welcome is,
That thou art all ſo blithe to ſee his bliſſe?

Piers.

. . . . Thilk ſhepherd, Palinode, whom my pipe praiſeth,
Where glory my reed to the welkin raiſeth,
He's a great herdgroom, certes, but no ſwain,
Saue hers that is the flower of Phœbe's plain;
Iö, iö pæan!

* Dyce's Greene, pp. 559-563, 1 vol., 8vo, 1861. It is much to be regretted that, here as invariably, so competent a scholar and so noble a worker as the late Mr. Dyce *modernized* the orthography of his texts, thereby obliterating all philological and critical value.

He's well-allied and lovèd of the beſt,
Well-thew'd, fair and frank, and famous by his creſt;
His Rain-deer, racking with proud and ſtately pace,
Giveth to his flock a right beautiful grace;
Iö, iö pæan!

He waits where our great ſhepherdeſs doth wun,
He playeth in the ſhade, and thriveth in the ſun;
He ſhineth on the plains, his luſty flock him by,
As when Apollo kept in Arcady;
Iö, iö pæan!

Fellow in arms he was in their flow'ring days
With that great ſhepherd, good Philiſides; *Sir Philip Sidney.*
And in ſad ſable did I ſee him dight,
Moaning the miſs of Pallas' peerleſs knight;
Iö, iö pæan!

With him he ſerv'd, and watch'd, and waited late,
To keep the grim wolf from Eliza's gate; [*Anjou, Tyrone, &c.*]
And for their miſtreſs, thoughten theſe two ſwains,
They moughten neuer take too mickle pains;
Iö, iö pæan!

But, ah for grief! that jolly groom is dead,
For whom the Muſes, ſilver tears have ſhed;
Yet in this lovely ſwain, ſource of our glee,
Mun all his virtues ſweet reviven be;
Iö, iö pæan!

Again:

Palinode.

"Thou fooliſh ſwain that thus art over-joy'd,
How ſoon may here thy courage be accoy'd!
If he be one come new from weſtern coaſt,
Small cauſe hath he, or thou for him to boaſt.

I ſee no palm, I ſee no laurel boughs
Circle his temples or adorn his brows;
I hear no triumphs for this late return,
But many a herdsman more diſpos'd to mourn.

Piers.

Pale lookeſt thou, like ſpite, proud Palinode;
Venture doth loſs, and war doth danger bode:
But thou art of thoſe harveſters, I ſee,
Would at one ſhock ſpoil all the filberd tree;
Iö, iö pæan!

For ſhame, I ſay, give virtue honour's due!
I'll pleaſe the ſhepherd but by telling true:

Palm mayſt thou ſee and bays about his head,
That all his flock right forwardly hath led;
Iö, iö pæan!"

Then comes ENVY, as so frequently in *Love's Martyr* and the Essex letters (to and from), with sinister influence:—

"But woe is me, lewd lad, fame's full of lies,
ENVY DOTH AYE TRUE HONOUR'S DEEDS DESPISE,
Yet chivalry will mount with glorious wings
SPITE ALL, AND NESTLE NEAR THE SEAT OF KINGS;
Iö, iö pæan!

Finally, Chester's 'Liberall Honor' is introduced:—

"O HONOUR'S FIRE, that not the brackiſh ſea
Mought quench, nor foeman's fearful 'larums lay!
So high thoſe golden flakes done mount and climb
That they exceed the reach of ſhepherds rhyme;
Iö, iö pæan!

Palinode.

What boot thy welcomes, fooliſh-hardy ſwain?
Louder pipes than thine are going on the plain;
Fair Eliza's laſſes and her great grooms
Receive this ſhepherd with unfeign'd welcomes.

HONOUR *is in him* that doth it beſtow . . . . . .

Piers.

So ceaſe, my pipe, the worthies to record
Of thilk great ſhepherd, of *thilk fair young lord.*"

The line of Palinode,

"HONOUR *is in him* that doth it beſtow,"

as well as the title of '*Liberal Honour*,' refers doubtless, among other things, to the dubbing of knights by Essex as commander-in-chief—a matter which caused much 'evil-speaking' and jealousy.

Subsidiary to this specially noticeable poem of GEORGE PEELE is another by THOMAS CHURCHYARD. Intrinsically it is of little or no poetical value; but from its direct bearing on our interpretation of 'Paphos Ile,'—as in *Love's Martyr*, designating Ireland,—it has no common interest. For it is a Greeting to Essex on his departure for Ireland to put down the rebellion of Tyrone. There is nothing of

that exaggerate laudation of Essex common at the period; but the very homeliness and humbleness of the poem serve the better to reflect the gravity of his summons to do this service for his Queen. One phrase in the Epistle-dedicatory gives a parallel to Shakespeare's assurance of welcome on return, and to us now the quaintest possible use of the word 'impe.' The august names, *e.g.*, Scipio, Mars, and the like, tell us of the popular conception of the hero of the Expedition; and in relation to the '*Liberal Honour*' of *Love's Martyr*, it does not look like a mere coincidence that Churchyard names Essex 'Honour'—"Who must ask grace on knees at Honor's feet" (p. xlii, l. 26). I deem it well to reproduce the whole, from (it is believed) the *unique* exemplar in the British Museum. Unfortunately the headline of the openıng of the poem is cut off by the binder, and only the word 'happy' can be guessed at in it. The title-page is as follows:

THE
FORTVNATE FAREWELL
to the moſt forward and noble Earle
of Eſſex, one of the honorable priuie
Counſel, Earle high Marſhal of Eng-
land, Maſter of the horſe, Maſter of the
ordinance, Knight of the garter, &
Lord Lieutenant general of all
the Queenes Maieſties
forces in Ireland.
Dedicated to the right Honorable the Lord
HARRY SEAMER, ſecond ſonne
to the laſt Duke of
Sommerſet.
Written by Thomas Churchyard
Eſquire.
Printed at London by Edm. Bollifant,
for William Wood at the Weſt
doore of Powles.
1599

Next comes the Epistle-dedicatory—following up the odd mention of his name in the title-page—to Henry, second son of the Duke of Somerset, by his second wife, Anne,

daughter of Sir Edward Stanhope, Knt. Churchyard calls him 'the Lord Harry' by courtesy; for of course when his father was stripped of his titles, those of the sons also fell. But he was knighted, though no record of this appears to have been preserved. Dr. Chester has notes of the administration to his estate, dated 6 February, 1606–7, when he was described as Sir Henry Seymour, Knt., of St. Anne, Blackfriars, London, the letters being granted to his sister, Lady Mary Rogers. He married Lady Joan Percy, third daughter of Thomas, seventh Earl of Northumberland, but died without issue; and as his sister administered his estate Lady Seymour probably died before him. The Epistle thus runs:

To the right honorable the L. Harry Seamer
Thomas Churchyard wiſheth continuance of
vertue, bleſſedneſſe of minde, and
wiſhed felicitie.

IN all duty (my good Lord) I am bold, becauſe your moſt honorable father the Duke of Sommerſet (vncle to the renowmed impe of grace noble King Edward the ſixt) fauoured me when I was troubled before the Lords of the Counſell, for writing ſome of my firſt verſes: in requitall whereof, euer ſince I haue honored all his noble race, and knowing your Lordſhip in ſea ſeruices forward and ready in all honorable maner (ſparing for no charges) when the Spanyards approched neere our countrie, I bethought me how I might be thankfull for good turnes found of your noble progenie:* though vnable therefore, finding my ſelfe vnfurniſhed of all things woorthy preſentation and acceptance, I tooke occaſion of the departure of a moſt woorthy Earle towardes the ſeruice in Ireland, ſo made a preſent to your Lordſhip of his happy Farewell as I hope: and truſt to liue and ſee his wiſhed welcome home. This Farewell onely deuiſed to ſtirre vp a threefold manly courage to the mercenarie multitude of ſoldiers, that follow this Marſhall-like [Martial-like] Generall, and eſpecially to mooue all degrees in generall loyally to ſerue our good Queene Elizabeth, and valiantly to go through with good reſolution the acceptable ſeruice they take in hand. Which true ſeruice ſhall redouble their renowne, and enroll their names in the memoriall-booke of fame for euer. I feare I leade your Lordſhip too farre with the flouriſh of a fruitleſſe pen, whoſe blandiſhing phraſe makes many to gaze on, and few to conſider well of and regarde. My plot is onely laide to purchaſe good will of vertuous people: what the reſt thinke, let their miſconſtruing conceits anſwere their owne idle humors. This plaine preſent winning your Lordſhips good liking, ſhall paſſe with the greater grace to his honorable

* = descent, or as we would say, ancestry, *i.e.*, the 'before-births,' a sense common at that time. Cf. Shakespeare and *Love's Martyr*.

hands, that the praiers & power of good men waites willingly vpon towards the reformation of wicked rebellion.

Your L. in all at commandement, *Thomas Churchyard.*

And now we reach the poem itself:*

. . . . . .

and forward moſt noble
Earle of Eſſex.

NOw SCIPIO ſails to Affrick far from hoem,
The Lord of hoeſts, and battels be his gied:
Now when green trees, begins to bud and bloem,
On Iriſh ſeas, ELIZAS ſhip ſhall ried;
A warliek band, of worthy knights I hoep,
Aer armd for fight, a bloedy brunt to bied;
With rebels ſhall, boeth might and manhood coep,
Our contreis right, and quarrell to be tried:
Right maeks wrong bluſh, and troeth bids falſhed fly,
The ſword is drawn, TYROENS diſpatch draws ny.
A traitor muſt be taught to know his king,
When MARS ſhal march, with ſhining ſword in hand,
A crauen cock, cries creak and hangs down wing,
Will run about the ſhraep and daer not ſtand, [*ſheep?*]
When cocks of gaem, coms in to giue a bloe;
So falſe TYROEN, may faint when he would fight,
Thogh now alowd, on dunghill doth he croe;
Traitors wants hart, and often taeks the flight:
When rebels ſee, they aer ſurprieſd by troeth,
Pack hence in haeſt, away the rebels goeth.
Proud trecherous traſh, is curbd & knockt with bloes,
Hy loſtie mindes, with force are beaten down:
Againſt the right, though oft rued rebels roes,
Not oen ſped well, that did impeach a crowne.
Read the Annaels, of all the Princes paſt,
Whear treaſons ſtill, are puniſht in their kinde,
Thear ſhall you ſee, when faithfull men ſtand faſt,
Falſe traytors ſtill, are but a blaſt of winde:
For he that firſt formd kings and all degrees,
The ruel of ſtates, and kingdoms ouerſees.
Riot and rage, this rank rebellion breeds;
Hauock and ſpoyl, ſets bloudſhed ſo abroetch,
Troethles attempts, their filthy humor feeds,
Raſhnes runs on, all hedlong to reproetch:

* The spelling of Churchyard is so peculiar in this poem that I must state that our text is an exact reproduction of the original throughout. We have here a most noticeable example of a then common practice of making rhyming words agree in spelling, *e.g.*, ll. 1 and 3; ll. 2, 4, 6, &c., &c.

Boldnes begaet theas helhounds all a roe,
The ſons of ſhaem, and children of Gods wraeth;
With woluiſh minds, liek breetchles beares they goe,
Throw woods and bogs, and many a crooked paeth:
Lying liek dogs, in litter, dung and ſtrawe,
Rued as bruet beaſts, that knoes ne ruel nor lawe.
Foſtred from faith, and fear of God or man,
Vnlernd or taught of any graces good,
Nurſt vp in vice, whear falſehed firſt began, *The*
Mercyles boern, ſtill ſheading guiltles blood. *lead[ers]*
Libertines lewd, that all good order haets,
Murtherers viel, of wemen great with childe,
Cruell as kiets, deſpiſing all eſtaets,
Diuliſhly bent, boeth curriſh, ſtern and wilde:
Their whole deuice, is rooet of miſcheeues all,
That ſeeks a plaeg, on their own heds to fall.
Will God permit, ſuch monſters to bear ſway?
His iuſtice haets, the ſteps of tyrants ſtill,
Their damnable deeds, craues vengeance euery day;
Which God doth ſcourge, by his own bleſſed will.
He planteth force, to fling down feeble ſtrength,
Men of mutch worth, to weaken things of noght,
Whoes cloked craft, ſhall ſuer be ſeen at length,
When vnto light, dark dealings ſhall be broght:
Sweet ciuill Lords, ſhall ſawſy fellowes meet,
Who muſt ask grace, on knees at honors feet.
Ruednes may range awhile in ruffling ſort,
As witleſſe wights with wandring maeks world mues;
But when powre coms, to cut prowd practiſe ſhort,
And ſhoe by ſword, how ſubiects Prince abues,
Then conſhens ſhall Peccaui cry in feeld,
Tremble and quaek, mutch liek an Aſpin leaf,
But when on knees, do conquerd captiues yeeld,
The victor turns his hed as he wear deaf:
Rueth is grown cold, reuenge is hot as fier,
And mercy ſits with frowns in angry attier.
VVorld paſt forgaue great faults, and let them pas,
Time preſent loeks on futuer time to com.
All aegis ſawe their follies in a glas,
Yet were not taught, by time nor found of drom.
This world groes blinde, and neither ſees nor heers,
Their ſenſes fail, the wits and reaſon faints,
Old world is waxt worm-eaten by long yeers,
And men becom, black diuels that were ſaints:
Yet Gods great grace, this wretched caus reforms,
And from fayr flowrs, weeds out the wicked worms.

They com that ſhall redreſſe great things amis,
Pluck vp the weeds, plant roſes in their place.
No violent thing enduers long as hit is,
Falſehed flies faſt, from ſight of true mens face,
Traitors do fear the plaegs for them prepard
And hieds their heds, in hoels when troeth is ſeen,
Tho[u]gh[t] graceleſſe giues to duty ſmall regard,
Good ſubiects yeelds obedience to their Queen:
In quarrels iuſt, do thouſands offer liues,
They feel fowl bobs that for the bucklars ſtriues.
This Lord doth bring, for ſtrength the fear of God,
The loue of men, and ſword of iuſtice boeth,
Which three is to TYROEN an iron rod,
A birchin twig, that draws blood whear hit goeth. [= *il*]
When IOAB went, to warr in DAVIDS right,
He broght hoem peace, in ſpite of enmies beard,
For IOZIAS, the Lord above did fight,
With Angels force, that made the foes afeard:
The world doth ſhaek, and tremble at his frown,
VVhoes beck ſoon caſts the brags of rebels down.
Stand faſt and ſuer, falſe traitors turns their back,
True ſubiects veaw, maeks haerbrain rebels bluſh;
Stout heauy bloes, maeks higheſt trees to crack,
An armed piek, may brauely bied a puſh:
Wheel not about, ſtand ſtiffe liek brazen wall,
For that's the way, to win the feeld in deed;
Charge the foer front, and ſee the enmies fall,
The cowards brag, is but a rotten reed:
Victors muſt beare the brunt of eury ſhock,
A conſtant minde, is liek a ſtony rock.

Farewell ſweet Lords, Knights, Captains and the reſt,
Who goes with you, taeks threefold thankfull pain,
Who ſets you forth, is ten times treble bleſt,
Who ſerues you well, reaps glory for their gain,
Who dies ſhall liue, in faem among the beſt,
Who liues ſhall loek and laugh theas broils to ſcorn:
All honeſt harts, doth ciuill warr deteſt,
And curſe the time that ear TYROEN was born:
We hoep good hap waits on the fleet that goes,
And Gods great help, ſhall clean deſtroy our foes.

FINIS.

I venture to assume that I have sufficiently answered our question, Who were meant by the 'Phœnix' and the 'Turtle-dove' of these Poems? I must hold it as demon-

strated, that the 'Phœnix' was Elizabeth and the 'Turtle Dove' Essex.* No one has, hitherto, in any way thought of this interpretation of the 'Turtle Dove' any more than the other of the 'Phœnix'; but none the less do I hope for acceptance of it.†

Our interpretation of Chester's 'Phœnix' and 'Turtle Dove' is the more weighty and important, in that it for the first time enables us to understand Shakespeare's priceless and *unique* 'Phœnix and Turtle'—originally attached to *Love's Martyr*. Perhaps Emerson's words on Shakespeare's poem, as well represents its sphinx-character even to the most capable critics, as any. They are as follow in his preface (pp. v, vi) to his charming *Parnassus* (1875)—

"Of Shakespeare what can we say, but that he is and remains an exceptional mind in the world; that a universal poetry began and ended with him; and that mankind have required the three hundred and ten years since his birth to familiarize themselves with his supreme genius? I should like to have the Academy of Letters propose a prize for an essay on Shakespeare's poem, *Let the bird of loudest lay*, and the *Threnos* with which it closes, the aim of the essay being to explain, by a historical research into the poetic myths and tendencies of the age in which it was written, the frame and allusions of the poem. I have not seen Chester's *Love's Martyr*, and "the Additional Poems" (1601), in which it appeared. Perhaps that book will suggest all the explanation this poem requires. To unassisted readers, it would appear to be a lament on the death of a poet,

* In a small prose book by THOMAS DEKKER, of which I know no other exemplar than my own (unfortunately not perfect) — the "Prayers" that compose it are given respectively to the 'Doue,' the 'Eagle,' the 'Pellican,' and the 'Phœnix." This unique little volume is dated 1609. Anything richer spiritually or more exquisite and finely quaint in its style, of the kind, I do not know. His preliminary description of the four birds is exceedingly well-done, and those of the 'Dove' and 'Phœnix' vividly set forth what the 'Phœnix' and 'Turtle Dove' of *Love's Martyr* are — only the love and aspiration are heavenward. Does any one know of another copy of this book? I should rejoice to hear of it.

† The late Mr. Richard Simpson had doubtless studied Chester critically; but he gave no inkling of his interpretation beyond announcing through the *New Shakespeare Society* that he would connect *Love's Martyr* with *Cymbeline*. I fear this must have proven another of his 'School of Shakespeare' discoveries. I have looked in vain in *Cymbeline* for anything save the slightest verbal illustrations of *Love's Martyr*. None the less do I regret that Mr. Simpson was not spared to give us his view of *Love's Martyr*, &c.

and of his poetic mistress. But the poem is so quaint, and charming in diction, tone, and allusions, and in its perfect metre and harmony, that I would gladly have the fullest illustration yet attainable. I consider this piece a good example of the rule, that there is a poetry for bards proper, as well as a poetry for the world of readers. This poem, if published for the first time, and without a known author's name, would find no general reception. Only the poets would save it."

Perchance there is truth in the close of this penetrative *bit* of criticism; but to myself the 'Phœnix and Turtle' has universal elements in it at once of thinking, emotion and form. Its very concinnity and restraint, *e.g.*—compared with the fecundity of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*—differentiate it from all other of Shakespeare's writings. I discern a sense of personal heart-ache and loss in these sifted and attuned stanzas, unutterably precious.

(*d*) WHAT IS THE MESSAGE OR *motif* OF THESE POEMS? I recall that the original title-page informs us that in *Love's Martyr, or Rosalins Complaint*, we have poems "*Allegorically shadowing the truth of Loue.*" I cannot take less out of this than that the author believed he was celebrating a 'true love.' More than that, I cannot explain away the so prominently-given chief title, of Love's *Martyr*, or the subtitle, *Rosalin's* Compiaint; which so manifestly folds within it Elizabeth, as the 'Tudor *Rose* (just as Rosalind in *As You Like It*, is called 'my sweet Rose, my dear Rose,' act i, sc. 2). To me all this means a 'true love' that 'ran not smooth,' that was defeated or never completed, and that led to such anguish as only the awful word 'martyr' could express. With queen Elizabeth, then, as the 'Phœnix,' and as the 'Rosalin' whose 'Complaint' the poems ensphere, and Essex as the 'Turtle Dove,' it seems to me unmistakable that ROBERT CHESTER, as a follower not to say partizan of Essex, designed his *Love's Martyr* as *his* message on the consummation of the tragedy of his beheading. That there is nothing beyond the insinuated martyrdom of the title on the scarcely less wrong

than blunder of Elizabeth—the execution of Essex—is to be explained by (1) That the words '*long expected labour*' in the Epistle-dedicatory, intimate that the poems had been composed, substantially, some years before, probably in 1599, when Essex was on his memorable errand to Ireland; (2) That Elizabeth was still alive—and a terrible old lioness still when her pride was touched. The fact that Elizabeth was living when *Love's Martyr* was published fills me indeed with astonishment at the author's audacity in so publishing. This, however, is mitigated by these considerations (*a*) That throughout *Love's Martyr* there is abundant titillation of her well-known vanity in compliments that 'sweet fifteen' only might have looked for; (*b*) That if we had access to the full *data* it seems manifest that they would show that somehow or other Chester had intimate, almost confidential, knowledge of Elizabeth's feeling for Essex. Sir John Salisburie, as being 'Esquier of the body to the Queenes moſt excellent majesty,' could tell him much if he, personally, had not access. (*c*) That in her unlifted melancholy over the death of her favorite, the might-have-been came back upon her with sovran potency and accusation, and perchance imparted a strange satisfaction to her to have it re-called by a mutual friend; much as her Biographers have remarked, she chose to simulate quarrels with Essex, that she might have the pleasure of hearing him defend himself. Throughout Chester fulfilled his word in "The Authors request to the Phœnix" (p. 5), [I] "Endeuored haue to pleaſe in praiſing thee."* Even in "Sorrowes Ioy" on her death, there seems to me a hint at the martyrdom, *e.g.*:

> "That Pellican who for her peoples good
> Shirkt not to ſpill (alas) her owne deare blood:
> That maid, that Pellican."†

* See Postscript E, for an incident in Elizabeth's life that vivifies one of Chester's compliments to her.

† See further quotations in Postscript D.

In the Notes and Illustrations I bring out indubitable allusions that bear us back to Elizabeth's girl-hood, when she was 'suspect' and watched and plotted against by her sister, 'Bloody Mary' (alas! for epithet so tremendous associated with name so holy and tender!)—bear us back to her radiant prime when her marriage was the national hope and prayer—bear us back emphatically, to her first flush of captivation by the glowing eyes and eloquent tongue of Essex ; and so onward. That Elizabeth was 'led captive,' there are a hundred proofs. Take one in a bit of a letter of Anthony Bagot to his father in May 1587—"When she [the queen] is abroad, nobody near her but my L. of Essex; and at night, my Lord is at cards, or one game or another with her *that he cometh not to his own lodgings till birds sing in the morning*."* I find here the *motif* of the poems. Chester interprets with subtlety and power the real 'passion' of Elizabeth for Essex—the actual feeling on her part, that if 'I dare' might wait on 'I would' she should have lifted him to her throne. Our Poet puts himself in her place, and with a boldness incomparable utters out the popular impression that Elizabeth did 'love' Essex. Hence—as I think—those stings of pain, throbs of remorse, cries of self-reproach, 'feeling after' died-out emotion and rapture, that in most unexpected places come out and lay bare that proud, strong, prodigious heart as none else has ever done. I am in the dark as to Robert Chester's relation to Elizabeth; but it is in broad-breaking light that he pierces to the core, while in simple-seeming and even 'skilless' phrase, he tells us in these strange discoursings between 'Nature' and the 'Phœnix' the '*truth of Loue*.' This is 'allegorically' done —his phrase is 'allegorically shadowing'—but beneath the allegory is solid fact.

I care not to go searching for 'scandals against Elizabeth.' The hate of the Jesuits probably manufactured most of them. But I do not see how any one can study the *Life*

* Lives and Letters of the Earls of Essex, as before, vol. i, p. 186.

and Letters of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, as told by Captain Devereux, without having it immovably established to him, that to the close Elizabeth had a deep passion of love for him — thwarted earlier by her sense that it would not do for 'Queen' to marry 'Subject,' and later by his capricious marriage to the widow of Sidney, but never extirpated and destined to a weary 'martyrdom' of resurrection when the decollated body lay in its bloody grave. Except the love-tragedy of Stella and Sidney,* I know nothing more heart-shatteringly tragic — for pathetic is too weak a word — than the 'great Queen's' death-cushion moanings and mutterings over her dead Essex. I, for one, believe in that story of 'the ring' as JOHN WEBSTER has put it:

——— "let me die
In the diſtraction of that worthy princeſs
Who loathèd food, and ſleep, and ceremony,
For thought of louing that braue gentleman
She would fain haue ſau'd, had not a falſe conveyance
Expreſſed him ſtubborn-hearted: let me ſink
Where neither man nor memory may e'er find me."†

That Webster did not thus introduce the 'ring' at random seems certain. A hitherto overlooked little book supplies a self-authenticating record of it, as well as other glimpses of Elizabeth that strikingly illustrate *Love's Martyr*. The title-page is as follows — *Historical Memoirs on the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James*, 1658 (12mo).‡ The 'ring' story and related reflections thus run:

* Poems of Sir Philip Sidney in Fuller Worthies' Library, and in Chatto and Windus's *Early English Poets* — with Memorial-Introduction, Essay, &c.

† The Devil's Law Case, act iii, sc. 3, Dyce's *Webster*, p. 128, 1 vol., 8vo, 1857.

‡ I am indebted to Dr. Brinsley Nicholson for *supra*. Earlier reference is made (as in *Love's Martyr*) to Elizabeth's poetical gift, *e.g.*, "professing herself in public a Muse, then thought something too Theatrical for a virgine Prince" (p. 61). Her prominent part in "the gayeties" of the Court is contrasted with its ceasing after the death of Essex (p. 70). There are also several other passages which speak of her affection for Essex. The introductory heading is "*Traditional* Memoirs," &c

"But the Lady of *Nottingham coming to her death-bed* and finding by the daily sorrow the Queene expressed by the losse of Essex, her self a principall agent in his destruction could not be at rest till she had discovered all, and humbly implored mercy from God and *forgivenesse* from her earthly Soveraigne: who did not only refuse to give it, but having shook her as she lay in her bed, sent her accompanied with most fearfull curses to a higher Tribunall. Not long after the Queenes *weaknesse* did appeare mortall, hastened by the wishes of many [Cecil and his circle?] that could not in reason expect pardon for a fault they found she had condemned so severely in her selfe as *to take comfort in nothing after* * * * But upon all occasions of signing Pardons would upbraid the movers for them with the hasty anticipation of that brave man's end, not to be expiated to the Nations losse by any future endeavours" (p. 95) * * * "[It were] no great hyperbole to affirm the Queene did not only bury Affection but her Power in the Tombe of Essex" (p. 97) * * * * * "For after the blow was given, the Queene presaging by a multitude of tears shed for him, the great drouth was likely to appeare in the eyes of her subjects, when the hand that signed the warrant was cut off, fell into a deep *Melancholy* wherein she died not long after."*

Each Reader of *Love's Martyr* will discover for himself its allusions to the real under the avowedly 'allegorical.' I would note, in rapidly glancing through the book a few details that are certainly unmistakeable, *e.g.*:

"*Bellona* rau'd at Lordlike cowardice" (p. 9).

One has but to read Essex's 'Letters,' and to master the facts about COBHAM and other 'coward' lords in relation to Essex's 'Expeditions,' to perceive the blow of this line

Of the 'Phœnix' we have this:—

"One rare rich *Phœnix* of exceeding beautie,
One none-like Lillie in the earth I placed;
One faire *Helena*, to whom men owe dutie:
One countrey with a milke-white Doue I graced:
One and none ſuch, ſince the wide world was found
Hath euer Nature placed on the ground" (p. 10).

. . . . . .

Like to a light bright Angel in her gate:
For why no creature on the earth but ſhe,
Is like an Angell, Angell let her be" (p. 14).

The former is the universal language of the period, *e.g.*, Raleigh in his *Cynthia* sings of her as a 'milk-white Dove';

* See Postcript F, for a very striking contemporary letter in the Advocates Library, Edinburgh, on the death-bed, &c., of Elizabeth.

the latter was Essex's favourite word. Thus in acknowledging the queen's gift of her portrait in a ring, he writes :

"Most dear Lady,—For your Maj. high and precious favors, namely, for sending this worthy knight to deliuer your blessing to this fleet and army, but aboue all other for your Maj. bestowing on me that *fair angel which you sent to guard me*; for these, I say, I neither can write words to express my humble thankfulness, nor perform service fit to acknowledge such duty as for these I owe" (*Lives of the Earls of Essex*, as before, vol. i, p. 414).

Here is the 'Queen,' and the proud sovereign of England, speaking, not the mere 'Phœnix' :

" Honor that Isle that is my sure defence" (p. 33, st. 1, l. 7).

Into whose mouth but Elizabeth's could ever such an exclamation have been placed? Then, to render the 'Isle' certain as not some foreign 'Paphos Isle,' but one near England, there succeeds an enumeration and celebration of England's chief cities and sights.

In accord with this, the 'nine (female) Worthies' (pp. 38–40) are appropriate as connected with the 'Phœnix = Queen Elizabeth; while with equal appropriateness in such case, but only in such case, 'Windsor Castle' and the Knights of the Garter, connect the Queen and King Arthur, and also render the Arthur part of *Love's Martyr* not wholly out of place.

Next, here is self-evidently an Elizabethan fact — danger of no heir to the throne of England if the 'Phœnix' married not:

" This *Phœnix* I do feare me will decay,
And from her aſhes neuer will ariſe
An other Bird her wings for to diſplay,
And her rich beauty for to equalize:
The *Arabian* fiers are too dull and baſe,
To make another ſpring within her place" (p. 15).

. . . . . .

Then thus Ioue ſpake, tis pittie ſhe ſhould die,
And leaue no ofspring for her Progenie" (p. 17).

That the 'Phœnix' was Queen of Britain is implied in this stanza :

"Nature go hie thee, get thee *Phœbus* chaire,
Cut through the ſkie, and leaue *Arabia*,
Leaue that il working peace of fruitleſſe ayre,
Leaue me the plaines of white *Brytania*,
Theſe countries haue no fire to raiſe that flame,
That to this *Phœnix* bird can yeeld a name" (p. 17).

That the "delightſome *Paphos* Ile" (p. 17 and onward) was Ireland — whither Essex had gone — let the reader verify by studying its characteristics under all its mythical and impossible assemblage of productions. Specifically it is to be marked and re-marked that from where the 'Phœnix' is, *i.e.*, England (p. 32), 'Paphos ile' is to be visited, because there the 'Turtle Doue' was to be found. The 'course' of the chariot-borne pair ('Nature' and the 'Phœnix'), was to be through 'the blue Azure skie,' as thus:

——— "we will ride
Ouer the Semi-circle of *Europa*,
And bend our courſe where we will ſee the Tide,
That partes the Continent of *Affrica*,
Where the great *Cham* gouernes *Tartaria*:
And when the ſtarrie Curtaine vales the night,
In *Paphos* ſacred Ile we meane to light."* (p. 32, st. 4.)

This might very well have taken us to some ideal island of love, out of space and time, or at least to now much spoken of Cyprus with its renowned love-shrine of Paphos. But the real in the Poet's thought effaces the ideal; for no Mediterranean or Aegean is passed, and no 'vision' of the

* Probably Chester drew his designation of 'Paphos Ile' from his friend Marston's *Metamorphosis of Pigmalions Image* (1598); in the 'Argument' to which he says — "After Pigmalion (beeing in Cyprus) begat a sonne of her [Venus] which was called Paphos; whereupon that iland Cyprus, in honor of Venus, was after, and is now, called by the inhabitants, Paphos." So to at the close of the poem itself

"Paphos was got; of whom in after age
Cyprus was Paphos call'd, and evermore
Those ilanders do Venus name adore."

Marston is mistaken — for 'Paphos' does not appear ever to have been a name of the entire island of Cyprus — but he was sufficient authority for Chester's purpose. Marston, be it noted, contributed to the 'additional poems.'

countries between London and it, is given. Contrariwise —the 'chief cities' of *England* are successively described, and *just after leaving London* 'Paphos Ile' is reached. As being Ireland, all this is harmonized, but not otherwise. And as being Ireland, Essex, and Essex alone, and Essex in every detail — answers. It may be permitted me to ask the critical weighing of this by my fellow-students of Shakespeare.* Note also Elizabeth's girlhood and its perils by suspicion and malice (pp. 22, 24, 26); and later her mature age—"Ile drowne my ſelfe in ripeneſſe of my Yeares" (p. 29), and again:

Nature. " Raile not gainſt *Fortunes* facred Deitie,
In youth thy vertuous patience ſhe hath tyred,
From this baſe earth ſhee'le lift thee vp on hie,
Where in Contents rich Chariot thou ſhalt ride,
And neuer with Impatience to abide:
Fortune will glorie in thy great renowne,
And on thy feathered head will ſet a crowne" (p. 31).

i.e., the 'crown' of marriage or 'heauenly crown' (cf. l. 3, and ll. 4–5.) Then let the reader 'inwardly digest' the description of the 'Turtle Dove' by the 'Phœnix' on arrival in Ireland ('Paphos Isle'):

Phœnix. " But what ſad-mournefull drooping ſoule is this,
Within whoſe watry eyes ſits Diſcontent,
Whoſe ſnaile-pac'd gate tels ſomething is amiſſe:
From whom is baniſht ſporting Meriment:
Whoſe feathers mowt off, falling as he goes,
The perfect picture of hart pining woes?

Nature. This is the carefull bird the *Turtle* Doue,
Whoſe heauy croking note doth ſhew his griefe,
And thus he wanders ſeeking of his loue,
Refuſing all things that may yeeld reliefe:
All motions of good turnes, all Mirth and Ioy,
Are bad, fled, gone, and falne into decay.

* No doubt Chester is anything but skilful in expressing himself and *cæteris paribus*, I should have explained the absence of the 'vision' of intervening countries thereby. But *as it is* design not 'skill-less'-ness is the explanation. At p. 17, st. 3, the Poet intermixes the mythical seat of the 'Phœnix' (Arabia) with that of *his* 'Phœnix'; and so elsewhere. In st. 4, l. 6, 'a second Phœnix loue' doubtless points back to the mythical 'Phœnix' as = first.

Phœnix. Is this the true example of the Heart?
Is this the Tutor of faire *Conſtancy?*
Is this Loues treaſure, and Loues pining ſmart?
Is this the ſubſtance of all honeſty?
And comes he thus attir'd, alas poore ſoule,
That Deſtinies ſoule wrath ſhould thee controule.

See Nourſe, he ſtares and lookes me in the face,
And now he mournes, worſe then he did before,
He hath forgot his dull ſlow heauy pace,
But with ſwift gate he eyes vs more and more:
O ſhall I welcome him, and let me borrow
Some of his griefe to mingle with my ſorrow.

Nature. Farwell faire bird, Ile leaue you both alone,
This is the *Doue* you long'd ſo much to ſee,
And this will proue companion of your mone,
An Vmpire of all true humility:
Then note my *Phœnix*, what there may enſue,
And ſo I kiſſe my bird. *Adue, Adue.*

Phœnix. Mother farewell; and now within his eyes,
Sits ſorrow clothed in a ſea of teares,
And more and more the billowes do ariſe:
Pale Griefe halfe pin'd vpon his brow appeares,
His feathers fade away, and make him looke,
As if his name were writ in Deaths pale booke." (pp. 131–2.)

Finally, the words in the 1601 title-page '*conſtant* fate' have no sense if not = constancy, *i.e.*, to be 'constant,' with martyrdom as the penalty for breaking the fate or decree.

The letters of Essex to Elizabeth are a commentary on the whole of this. One of the many remarkable, very remarkable letters of Essex to Elizabeth, preserved among the Hulton *MSS.*, may be accepted as a type of the others. It is suggestive of a great deal.

"Madam.—The delights of the place cannot make me unmindful of one in whose sweet company I have joyed as much as the happiest man doth in his highest contentment; and if my horse could run as fast as my thoughts do fly, I would as often make mine eyes rich in beholding the treasure of my love, as my desires do triumph when I seem to myself in a strong imagination to conquer your resisting will. Noble and dear lady, though I be absent, let me in your favour be second unto none; and when I am at home, if I have no right to dwell chief in so excellent a place, yet will I usurp upon all the world. And so making myself as humble to do you service, as in my love I am ambitious, I

wish your Majesty all your happy desires. Croydon, this Tuesday, going to be mad and make my horse tame. Of all men the most devoted to your service.

[1593.] R. Essex.*

Love's Martyr throughout, as between the 'Phœnix' and 'Turtle Dove,' makes it a mutual contest, of subduing the 'Will,' one of the other. So is it in Elizabeth's letters to Essex, and her sayings of him earlier and later.

That the 'passion' and 'truth of love' were reciprocal; that Essex apart from ambition, felt that if he was worthy of Elizabeth, Elizabeth was worthy of him; I cannot for a moment doubt. There are words—glowing and *alive*—intensities of appeal, wistfulness of longing and odd capriciousnesses of jealousy that only reality can explain. Let the Reader turn to his Letters to Elizabeth and of Elizabeth to him; let him even look within the mad out-break of his rush over from Ireland and straight going into 'the presence,' and he will be satisfied that a personal experience lay behind all that, to which nothing short of 'truth of love' in the Past, gives congruity or meaning.† Let his Poems also speak for him. Curiously enough in his *Loyal Appeal in Courtesy*, we have the line

"O let no Phœnix look vpon a Crowe." [*Anjou?*]

and these exclamations follow:—

"Woe to the world the ſonne is in a cloude
And darkſome miſts doth ouerrunne the day
In hope, Conceipt is not content allow'd,
Fauour muſt dye & Fancye weare away:
Oh Heauens what Hell! The bands of Loue are broken
Nor muſt a thought of ſuch a thing be ſpoken.

* *Lives*, as before, vol. i, p. 292.

† In the volume of 1658 (already quoted from) it is expressly stated that Cecil had laid a trap for Essex; caused him to get news of the Queen's illness and even death, and embargoed all other vessels, hoping that Essex would join with Tyrone and others, and cross to England at the head of his army. His sudden appearance with but few followers disconcerted Cecil's plot, who had troops ready to oppose him. There seems no reason to doubt the authenticity and good faith of the volume of 1658.

Mars muſt become a coward in his mynde
While Vulcan ſtandes to prate of Venus toyes:
Beautie muſt ſeeme to go againſt her kinde
In croſſing Nature in her ſweeteſt ioyes.
But ah no more, it is too much to thinke
So pure a mouth ſhould puddle-watters drinke!

But ſince the world is at this woefull paſſe,
Let Loue's ſubmiſſion Honour's wrath apeaſe:
Let not an Horſe be matched with an Aſſe.
Nor hateful tongue an happie hart diſeaſe:
So ſhall the world commend a ſweet conceipt
And humble Fayth on heauenly Honour waite."

I suppose *that* was for Anjou. Then "The Buzzeinge Bees' Complaint" will reward full thinking-out. It thus closes:

"Ffiue years twice tould, w^th^ promaſes perfum'd,
My hope-ſtuffte heede was caſt into a ſlumber;
Sweete dreams of golde; on dreames I then preſum'd
And 'mongſt the bees thought I was in the number."

"The False, Forgotten" is a wail of a bruised heart, *e.g.*

"Loue is dead and thou free,
She doth lyue but dead to thee.

When ſhe lou'd thee beſt a whylle,
See how ſtyll ſhe did delay thee:
Vſying ſhewes for to beguylle
Thoſe vayne hopes w^ch^ haue betrayd y^e^.
Now thou ſeeſt butt all too late
Loue loues truth, w^ch^ women hate."

His 'Cantvs' is explicit enough, *e.g.*

"I loued her whom all the world admirde,
I was refus'de of her that can loue none:
AND MY VAINE HOPES WHICH FAR TOO HIGH ASPIR'DE
IS DEAD AND BURI'D AND FOR EUER GONE."*

By the necessities of semi-revelation, semi-concealment, there are things in *Love's Martyr* that might be brought up

* I have collected the Poems of Essex in my Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies' Library, vol. iv, pp. 430–450.

in objection to our interpretation; but the lines, otherwise, are so deep and broad and sure that I cannot think it possible to eraze them. Fact and fiction however are interblended, *e.g.*, the ending of the poem-proper by the Author's evident wish, furtively to pay homage to James, introduces a disturbing element into our interpretation; but this and other accidents cannot be permitted to affect the substance of the *motif* of these poems. The word 'allegorical' covers all such accidents.*

(*e*) WHAT IS THE RELATION BETWEEN THE 'NEW COMPOSITIONS' AND 'LOVE'S MARTYR'? In the original title-page is this explanation: "*To theſe are added ſome new compoſitions, of ſeuerall moderne Writers whoſe names are ſubſcribed to their ſeuerall workes, vpon the firſt ſubiect: viz. the Phœnix and Turtle.*" This makes it plain that these 'new compositions' of those 'moderne Writers' in 1601, were intended to celebrate precisely what *Love's Martyr* celebrated. So that granted, my premiss, viz., that *Love's Martyr* had the *motif* and message for which I have argued, we have SHAKESPEARE, BEN JONSON, GEORGE CHAPMAN, JOHN MARSTON and others (anonymous), siding (so-to-say) with Robert Chester in doing honour to Essex. I do not greatly concern myself with any in this matter save one—SHAKESPEARE. Now, one may be sure in one's own mind of his admiration, in common with the Nation, for Essex, though the proofs be comparatively slight in themselves. But with this 'new composition' super-added, the conviction deepens. Omitting the 'Phœnix and Turtle' for the moment, there are three things that favour the view that Shakespeare sympathized with Essex.

1. There is the great praise in the Chorus of *Henry V*:

* Were it not that *Love's Martyr* was certainly published in 1601 and left unchanged (except by withdrawal of preliminary pages) one might have deemed p. 37, st. 2, a later insertion concerning James. As it is, it is impossible. The explanation is, that James was for long set down as Elizabeth's heir-presumptive.

" But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-houſe of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Maior and all his Brethren in beſt ſort,
Like to the Senatours of th' antique Rome,
With the Plebeians ſwarming at their heeles,
Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Cæſar* in:
As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Empreſſe,
As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword:
How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
To welcome him?" (Act v, sc. 1 (Chorus).

This splendid tribute is so brought in by head and shoulders on very purpose to win hearts for Essex, that it is scarcely possible to doubt that Shakespeare was for him pronouncedly, maugre the evil-speaking and jealousies and enmities of the day in 'high places.' This is one of those asides that take new significance from the circumstances under which it was introduced. It may, or may not, have been an after-thought and insertion. In either case its significance and declarativeness of opinion and sympathy is untouched.

2. The acting of *Richard II*, before Essex made his final wild and ill-advised attempt. There was probably in the minds of those who thus acted a Play so full of warning to princes who pushed their right to edge of wrong, suggestive *bits* in the Play that might be meant to be caught up. But there is no proof that Shakespeare himself was concerned in the coincidental playing, or that he knew what such playing was meant to precede. Neither do I think that Shakespeare would have countenanced Essex in so unwise an act, albeit I never can think it was born of disloyalty to his 'great Queen.' I do not, therefore, receive the playing of *Richard II* as proof that Shakespeare was a partizan of Essex's. Yet is the thing noteworthy.

3. The silence of Shakespeare on the death of Elizabeth. Amid the abounding elegies and eulogies contemporaneous

and later, you search in vain for anything by Shakespeare. Every one knows that he was reproached in print for his silence. I regard it as specially memorable. Inferentially I take it as *his* verdict for Essex. Perhaps equally worthy of note is his after-compliment to James; for *he* was the friend of Essex's friends. Southampton's close relations with Essex also furnished an element of alienation from Elizabeth to Shakespeare.

Any further evidence, even if it be slight, is important. And further evidence I find in the 'new composition' of the 'Phœnix and Turtle' contributed by Shakespeare to *Love's Martyr*. The fact of such a contribution by him is, in itself, noticeable. For while Ben Jonson and Chapman and others contemporary lavished their 'Commendatory Verses,' Shakespeare, with this solitary exception, wrote none as he sought none. This surely imparts special significance to the exception.

Internally, the 'Phœnix and Turtle' is on the same lines with *Love's Martyr*. To my mind there is pathos in the lament over the 'Tragique Scene.' Essex himself, as we have seen — and his Letters to Elizabeth that are still open to be read, have the same burden — had sung

> " I am not liuing, though I ſeeme to go,
> Already buried in the graue of wo " (p. 133).

and earlier,

> " Loue is dead,"

and in the *Threnos*, Shakespeare regards not the beheaded Essex only, but his 'Phœnix' too as dead:

> " Truth may ſeeme, but cannot be,
> Beautie bragge, but tis not ſhe,
> Truth and Beautie buried be.
>
> To this vrne let thoſe repaire,
> That are either true or faire,
> For theſe dead Birds, ſigh a prayer " (p. 184).

En passant 'Imogen' later is named 'the dead bird' (*Cymbeline.*)

All this, be it noted, fits in with the 'allegorical shadowing' of *Love's Martyr*; for therein BOTH die. Thus, after the 'Turtle Dove' has craved "pardon for preſumption's foule offence" (p. 133), and avowed his life-weariness much as Essex's letters to Elizabeth did, he is strengthened to endure and prepared for his own and her martyrdom (*Love's Martyr*), *e.g.*:

Phœnix. "Come poore lamenting ſoule, come ſit by me,
We are all one, thy ſorrow ſhall be mine,
Fall thou a teare, and thou ſhalt plainly ſee,
Mine eyes ſhall anſwer teare for teare of thine:
Sigh thou, Ile ſigh, and if thou give a grone,
I ſhall be dead in anſwering of thy mone" (p. 134).

After exactly such love-talk as we can imagine between Elizabeth and Essex, when after inevitable quarrelling there came as inevitable reconciliation (pp. 134–36), their twin-death — the death of "Truth and Beautie" (the 'dead Birds,' Phœnix and Turtle Dove, of Shakespeare) is set before us. We have, first, the relation:

Phœnix. "Then to yon next adioyning groue we'll flye,
And gather ſweete wood for to make our flame,
And in a manner ſacrificingly,
Burne both our bodies to reuiue one name:
And in all humbleneſſe we will intreate
The hot earth-parching Sunne to lend his heate" (p. 136).

Then the tragedy itself, which I ask the reader to ponder (pp. 138–9). Both are 'dead' in the pathetic and suggestive close:

Phœnix. "O holy, ſacred, and pure perfect fire,
More pure then that ore which faire Dido mones,
More ſacred in my louing kind deſire,
Then that which burnt old *Eſons* aged bones,
Accept into your euer hallowed flame,
Two bodies, from the which may ſpring one name.

Turtle. O ſweet perfumed flame, made of thoſe trees,
Vnder the which the *Muſes* nine haue ſong
The praiſe of vertuous maids in miſteries,
To whom the faire-fac'd *Nymphes* did often throng;
Accept my body as a Sacrifice
Into your flame, o. whom one name may riſe.

> Phœnix. O wilfulneſſe, ſee how with ſmiling cheare,
> My poore deare hart hath flong himſelfe to thrall,
> Looke what a mirthfull countenance he doth beare,
> Spreading his wings abroad, and ioyes withall:
> Learne thou corrupted world, learne, heare, and ſee,
> Friendſhips unſpotted true ſincerity.
>
> I come ſweet *Turtle*, and with my bright wings,
> I will embrace thy burnt bones as they lye,
> I hope of theſe another Creature ſprings,
> That ſhall poſſeſſe both our authority:
> I ſtay to long, ô take me to your glory,
> And thus I end the *Turtle* Doues true ſtory" (pp. 138-9).

I ask further, that the 'Comment' of the 'Pellican' (pp. 139–41) be critically studied. Finally, I recall the title-page of the 'new compositions' thus:—Hereafter follow diverſe Poeticall Eſſaies on the former Subiect; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*." This explains how, in Shakespeare's 'Phœnix and Turtle' and 'Threnos,' both are dead ('dead Birds'), though Elizabeth was still living in her great anguish.

I ask special attention to this; for otherwise the close of his 'Phœnix and Turtle,' as not conformable to history, will perplex and be regarded as not pointing to Elizabeth and Essex. I must iterate and reiterate that (*a*) The 1601 title-page expressly states that the "new compositions" (and so Shakespeare's) were "upon the first subiect: viz., the Phœnix and Turtle," and again, were "diverse Poeticall Eſſaies on the former Subiect; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*." (*b*) The story is '*allegorically*' told, as a '*shadowing*' of the '*truth of love*'—a very different thing from bare historic data. (*c*) The title 'Love's *Martyr*' meant infinitely more than 'death' itself. To conform therefore to *Love's Martyr* and to fall in with the 'allegory,' Shakespeare, like Chester, represents BOTH as dead ('dead Birds'). There might indeed be policy and wariness alike in Chester and Shakespeare in such representation.

Let the reader take with him the golden key that by the 'Phœnix' Shakespeare intended Elizabeth, and by the 'Dove' Essex, and the 'Phœnix and Turtle,' hitherto re-

garded as a mere enigmatical epicedial lay — as already seen — will be recognized as of rarest interest. I cannot say that I see my way through it all — st. 5 (p. 182) I do not quite understand; but it is a mere accident of the poem. But I do see that Shakespeare went with Robert Chester in grief for Essex, and in sad-heartedness that the 'truth of love' had not been accomplished. Herein I find, likewise — I would re-impress — why it was that Shakespeare, though well-nigh stung to do it in print, wrote nothing on the death of Elizabeth.*

The other 'new compositions' are of unequal value. Our Notes and Illustrations invite attention to certain *points* in them. They all go to confirm our interpretation of the 'allegory' of the 'Phœnix' and the 'Turtle Dove.' As I read, all from p. 190 to the end belongs to Ben Jonson (spelled 'Iohnson' as he was himself wont in earlier years). I only add that Gifford, after his unhappy manner (with Cunningham following suit), has deplorably corrupted the text of these poems of Jonson — as I record in the Notes and Illustrations. Probably Jonson wrote also the 'Chorus Vatum.'

(*f*) WAS THE 1611 ISSUE ONLY A NUMBER OF COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL OF 1601, LESS THE PRELIMINARY MATTER AND A NEW TITLE-PAGE? I answer — yes. The identity of the two books — as thus put — is certain. Not only do all the signatures correspond, but the mis-pagings, 5 for 11, 41 for 14, 59 for 63, are the same. Then, the spur of the L in *Libanon*, p. 10, l. 5 (=p. 18), is off in both; a broken O, p. 71, l. 3 from foot, is the same in both; a turned 'e,' spaces, dislocated letters, &c., are all the same. It is also to be specially observed that the 1601 title-page of the "new compositions" is retained in the 1611 copies. All (in our reproduction) preceding the title-page of 1611, belongs to the copies of 1601 alone. The new title-page mispells 'Annals' as 'Anuals,' which suggests that Chester did not get

* See Postscript G.

a proof — if indeed proofs were then given to Authors — albeit on the instant having occasion to turn to Bp. Ellicott's *New Testament Commentary for English Readers* (1878), I find in the first line of his lordship's Preface, this similar slip — "The present Commentary may in may respects" for, of course, 'many.' As elsewhere noticed, Chester omits his own name in the new title-page of 1611. In naming the book no longer *Love's Martyr*, seeing that Elizabeth and Essex were long dead, and a new sovereign — King James I — reigning, there was policy. There was policy too in describing the book as *Anuals of great Brittaine*; for in the Poems, Scotland is scarcely named, and 'great Brittaine' might salve any offence to the royal stickler for his authority and dignity. Besides, in 1601 the Arthur portion is an episode in the poem of *Love's Martyr or Rosalins Complaint*; but in 1611 the episode becomes (in the title-page) the main poem, albeit even then Love's Martyr's story is a part of the 'Annals.'

(*g*) WHAT IS THE POETIC VALUE OF "LOVE'S MARTYR"? Speaking generally, I do not rate Robert Chester as a poet very high. The poem of *Love's Martyr* wants proportion in its parts. The opening has a certain brightness (pp. 1–6), and the brightness returns when the 'Annals' being ended the Poet resumes with this 'Note'—"*& now, to where we left.*" The 'Annals' themselves are thinly done. With Arthur for main theme they look meagre and prosaic beside the old stories of the 'renowned Prince,' such as Mr. Furnivall has furnished us in his golden little book, and such as the 'Legends' of many Chronicles—verse and prose—furnish, and placed beside the purple splendour of our Laureate's celebration.* Sooth to say, his 'singing' of

* With reference to Chester's address "To the courteous Reader" my ever-obliging friend, Mr. Furnivall, has sent me a number of notes on the various Arthurian romances and *MSS.*, and through M. Paulin Paris, further. I must content myself with a reference to the numerous Arthurian publications in

Flowers and Plants and Trees, Birds and Beasts and Fish, and precious Stones and Shells and Minerals grows wearisome; although there are *bits* of Folk-Lore and quaint myths and superstitions in wonderful fulness and variety. Whatever he felt inclined to write, or whatever came into his head, of which he could manufacture a few or even a couple of stanzas, is brought in by Chester. The book is, in fact, an *omnium gatherum*. It is just possible that this jungle of irrelevances was of design, that he might conceal in hidden brake (if I may so speak) the fair flowers and fragrances and tendernesses of the story he celebrates in *Love's Martyr*. I question if Elizabeth had chanced on the volume during the dim sad days that succeeded the death of Essex, that she would have persevered to read or to listen.

The poetry itself, is, as a rule, poor. There are almost innumerable instances of lines and phrases inserted, more to complete the rhythm and rhyme, than for reason's sake. For the same reason there are not a few forced, and I might almost say, unidiomatic constructions. Only "few and far between" have we aught of inspiration or of fine expression. All the more remarkable is it that Chester so dared to interpret the popular belief of what Essex was to Elizabeth.

But with every abatement I can promise a sympathetic reader that he will come, now and again, on "brave translunary things." Thus in the description of the Person of the 'Phœnix,' that is of Elizabeth, you have daintinesses that make you pause, *e.g.*:

Her Hair.

" When the leaſt whiſtling wind begins to ſing,
And gently blowes her haire about her necke,

England and France. Suffice it that the most unlikely-looking, viz., the Greek, has been published by F. Michel in his *Tristram* (Pickering), albeit it refers, says M. Paulin Paris, not to Tristram, as he supposed, but to Guiron le Courtois; and there are other Greek Arthur celebrations. M. Paulin Paris, is amused with Chester's credulity, and writes — that it reminds him of a respected friend, the Marquis of ———, who asked, "Can I doubt of the existence of Homer when I possess his bust and portrait?" See Hazlitt's *Warton*, *s.n.*

Like to a chime of bels it ſoft doth ring,
And with the prety noiſe the wind doth checke,
Able to lull aſleepe a penſiue hart,
That of the round worlds ſorrowes beares a part" (p. 10).

Eyes.

" Vnder this mirrour, are her princely eyes:
Two Carbuncles, two rich imperiall lights;
That ore the day and night do ſoueraignize,
And their dimme tapers to their reſt ſhe frights:
Her eyes excell the Moone and glorious Sonne,
And when ſhe riſeth al their force is donne" (p. 11).

Cheekes.

" Her morning-coloured cheekes, in which is plac'd,
A Lillie lying in a bed of Roſes;
This part aboue all other I haue grac'd,
For in the blew veines you may reade ſweet poſies:
When ſhe doth bluſh, the Heauens do wax red,
When ſhe lookes pale, that heauenly Front is dead" (*Ibid.*)

Chin.

" Her chinne a litle litle pretie thing
In which the ſweet carnatian Gelli-flower,
Is round encompaſt in a chriſtall ring,
And of that pretie Orbe doth beare a power:
No ſtorme of Enuie can this glorie touch,
Though many ſhould aſſay it ouermuch" (*Ibid.*)

Lips.

" Her lippes two rubie Gates from whence doth ſpring,
Sweet honied deaw by an intangled kiſſe,
From forth theſe glories doth the Night-bird ſing,
A Nightingale that no right notes will miſſe:
True learned Eloquence and Poetrie,
Do come betweene theſe dores of excellencie" (*Ibid.*)

Hands.

" Her hands are fortunes palmes, where men may reade
His firſt houres deſtiny, or weale or woe,
When ſhe this ſky-like map abroad doth ſpreade,
Like pilgrimes many to this Saint do go,
And in her hand, white hand, they there do ſee
Loue lying in a bed of yuorie" (p. 13).

Fingers.

" Her fingers long and ſmall do grace her hand;
For when ſhe toucheth the ſweete ſounding Lute,

The wild vntamed beaſts amaz'd do ſtand,
And carroll-chanting birds are ſudden mute:
O fingers how you grace the ſiluer wires,
And in humanitie burne *Venus* fires!" (*Ibid.*)

Feet.

" And if by night ſhe walke, the Marigold,
That doth incloſe the glorie of her eye,
At her approach her beauty doth vnfold,
And ſpreads her ſelfe in all her royaltie,
Such vertue hath this Phœnix glaſſy ſhield,
That Flowers and Herbs at her faire ſight do yeeld" (p. 14.)

There is occasionally a pleasant 'ſmoothneſſe' and harmony, as in the 'Phœnix' in her lament for her years so swiftly passing away without a mate, *e.g.*:

" What is my Beauty but a vading Flower?
Wherein men reade their deep-conceiued Thrall,
Alluring twentie Gallants in an hower,
To be as feruile vaſſalls at my Call?
My Sunne-bred lookes their Senſes do exhall:
But (ô my griefe) where my faire Eyes would loue,
Foule bleare-eyed Enuie doth my thoughts reprooue.

What is my Vertue but a Tablitorie:
Which if I did beſtow would more increaſe?
What is my Wit but an inhumane glorie:
That to my kind deare friends would proffer peace?
But O vaine Bird, give ore in ſilence, ceaſe;
Malice perchaunce doth hearken to thy words,
That cuts thy thread of Loue with twentie ſwords"
(pp. 25–6).

Equally flowing, and informed with a subdued passion is 'Nature's' remonstrance:

" Is this the ſumme and ſubſtance of thy woe?
Is this the Anker-hold vnto thy bote?
Is this thy Sea of Griefe doth ouerflow?
Is this the Riuer fets thy ſhip aflote?
Is this the Leſſon thou haſt learn'd by rote?
And is this all? and is this plot of Ground
The ſubſtance of the Theame doth thee confound?" (p. 30).

There are also now terse and now vivid things, *e.g.*:

Luſt.

"... Luſt is ſuch a hot inflamed thing
It gouerneth mans ſenſes, rules a King" (p. 45).

Cities.

" Great peopled Cities, whoſe earth-gracing ſhow,
Time is aſham'd to touch or ouerthrow" (p. 33).

Polution.

" Hels damned ſent with this may not compare" (p. 28),

Majeſty.

" Stand by faire Phœnix, ſpread thy Wings of Gold,
And daunt the face of Heauen with thine Eye" (p. 27).

Cleanſing.

"... the white ſnow ſhe ſhall excell in whiteneſſe" (p. 22).

White-luſtre of neck.

"... More glorious then the day with all his light" (p. 12).

Lady's hand.

" Then by the lawne-like Hand he tooke his louer" (p. 51).

Troops.

" His barbed Horſes beat the yeelding ground,
And with their neighing terrifide their foe,
Proud of their riders, in whoſe harts are found
A promiſe to the Romanes ouerthrow.
The gliſtering ſhine of their well-faſhion'd armour,
Tels all men here doth ride a Conquerour" (p. 71–72).

Slaughter.

"... all the greene graſſe with their bloud they died" (p. 75).

Arthur.

..... "they found King Arthurs skull,
Of ſuch great largeneſſe that betwixt his eyes,
His foreheads ſpace a ſpanne broad was at full" (p. 82).

Diamond.

" The *Diamond* the worlds reflecting eye,
The *Diamond* the heauens bright ſhining ſtarre,
The *Diamond* the earths moſt pureſt glorie:
And with the *Diamond* no ſtone can compare;
She teacheth men to ſpeake, and men to loue,
If all her rareſt vertues you will proue" (p. 111).

The "fire burns" and flames o' times, *e.g.*:

True and falſe loue.

Turtle. "Falſe loue puts on a Maske to ſhade her folly,
True loue goes naked wiſhing to be ſeene,
Falſe loue will counterfeite perpetually,
True love is Troths ſweete emperizing Queene:
This is the difference, true Loue is a iewell,
Falſe loue, hearts tyrant, inhumane, and cruell.

. . . . . .

Phœnix. Thou ſhalt not be no more the *Turtle*-Doue,
Thou ſhalt no more go weeping al alone,
For thou ſhalt be my ſelfe, my perfect Loue,
Thy griefe is mine, thy ſorrow is my mone,
Come kiſſe me ſweeteſt ſweete, O I do bleſſe
This gracious luckie Sun-ſhine happineſſe" (p. 135).

The "Cantoes, alphabet-wise, to faire Phœnix made by the Paphian Dove" (pp. 142–48), and "Cantoes, verbally written" (pp. 149–75), fold within them real love-passion, though arbitrarily fettered in its expression. The more I study these the more I am impressed with Chester's evident knowledge of the secret history of Essex and Elizabeth. There are touches and allusions throughout that I can explain alone by interchange of conversation between the Poet and Essex, if, indeed, Elizabeth herself is to be excluded. The songs of "Nature" (pp. 86–7) and of "The Phœnix" (pp. 87–8) have the indefinable graciousness of Elizabethan poetry.

Besides all this, there are a number of current poetic phrases of the day, such as we would look for in such a poet. And while some of them — as pointed out in Notes and Illustrations — are used by Shakespeare, there is in my judgment some probability for thinking that these are not casual coincidences. He clearly alludes, in the lines "To the kind Reader" (p. 6), to the Rape of Lucrece; and doubtless he had also his *Venus and Adonis*, and not improbably saw and heard some of the plays. Not only would these things be natural in a young man of his birth, but I think I can detect in some of his lines a reflex or remembrance of the rhythm of Shakespeare's lines. There

is, also, the unforgetable fact that Shakespeare, with special exceptionalness, gave his 'new compositions' to the book; also, that all the known contributors were Dramatists, and connected with the theatre.*

Altogether, few I hope will differ from me in affirming that it had been pity to have left *Love's Martyr* in the hazards of a couple of known exemplars (at most);—literary and historical loss longer to have allowed such a book to be inaccessible to Shakespearian students. I indulge the expectation that my interpretations of the 'truth of love' in the story of the 'Phœnix' and 'Turtle Dove' will take their place as a substantive addition to our critical literature, and give new interest and its true meaning to Shakespeare's incomparable 'Phœnix and Turtle.'

(*h*) WHO WAS 'TORQUATO CÆLIANO'? By accident or design Chester has here combined the Christian name of TASSO, and the surname of one of the minor poets of Italy of the same period. The following little book was probably known to Chester:

RIME
DI DIVERSI
CELEBRI POETI
Dell' età nostra:
nvovamente raccolte.
ē poste in luce
in bergamo, M.DLXXXVII.
Per Comino Ventura, e Compagni.

Pp. 95–148 consists of selections from the *Rime* of Livio Celiano; and then pp. 149–81 of similar selections from Torquato Tasso — the latter immediately following Celiano's. Whether this circumstance led our Poet to misremember the name of the "venerable Italian Poet"

* The conjunction of Ben Jonson and Marston in the book in 1601 is of special interest; for it was in the same year Jonson produced his *Poetaster*, attacking Dekker and Marston. See Ward's *Eng. Drama, s.n.* Later (1604–5), Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, were together in prison for *Eastward Hoe.*

under whose mask — as a professed translator — he had elected to sing *Love's Martyr*, we can only guess. Certes the selections from Celiano, in the small volume of Geo. Battista Licinio, contain nothing whatever to justify Chester's description of *Love's Martyr* as a translation ; as, indeed, the entire scope and substance of his poems forbid.

It is further to be remembered that, while in the 1601 title-page the Poems are designated translations, in the second title-page of 1611 this is withdrawn, and its native origin and growth affirmed, *e.g.*, "*The Anuals* [= Annals] *of Great Brittaine.* Or A Moſt Excellent Monument, wherein may be ſeene all the antiquities of this Kingdome." Our late-given interpretation of the main subject of *Love's Martyr* and related Poems, reveals that the author's own consciousness of their 'burden' would make him very willing to be mistaken for a translator, rather than to be known as the actual composer of such 'perilous stuff.' Notwithstanding willing helpers at home and in Turin, Florence and Rome, I have not succeeded in obtaining, or so much as hearing of, an *exemplar* of any edition of the Poems of Livio Celiano.* Quadrio mentions also this: "*Celiano (Livio) Rime.* Pavia, 1592." I have no expectation that, were this other volume before me, any ground-work for *Love's Martyr* would be found in it. For Chester's poems are English throughout, with no touch of Italian grace or melody or such allusions as were inevitable in any actual translation of an Italian poet. In the British Museum copy of the selections of 1587, some former possessor informs us that Celiano was a native of Genoa. I cherish the pleasures of hope that some specialist may hereafter enable me to recover the *Rime* of 1592, and perchance other works of Livio Celiano. In such case I shall not fail to communicate the result. Meantime Dr. Todhunter of Dublin — author

* I owe special thanks to my friends E. W. Gosse, Esq. ; W. M. Rossetti, Esq.; Dr. Steele, Rome; and Messrs. Dulau and Co., London. Mr. Gosse guided me to the Selections in the British Museum.

of *Laurella and other Poems*, having the genuine mint-mark — has most kindly favoured me with verse-renderings of some of Celiano's love-lays, as typical. The translations are as close to the original as for our object was deemed needful. I have now to give them, as follows :

The Lovers Parallel.

This lovely new-born plant,
Whose grace doth so enchant,
Mimics that maiden fair
Whose virgin beauty is my life's despair.

It in earth's heavy crust
Its delicate roots has thrust;
Her's round its cisterns deep
Of my life-drainéd heart do cling and creep.

It a sweet river laves,
Her my full eyes' sad waves;
It joys in sun and air,
She in the warm sighs of my love's despair.

It hath its leaflets green
Her tresses fair, my Queen;
It hath its glowing flowers,
She her sweet face, like roses after showers.

But it with fruit is graced
Most pleasant to the taste;
Bitter is hers, heigho !
Gall of my life, since I desire it so !

The Envious Lover.

O many-coloured flowers !
Joy of the meadows; and ye verdurous leaves !
Ye whole beloved brood
Of Earth's great motherhood,
How do I envy your thrice-happy state !
When you the hot noontide grieves
The blessed dawn bedews your fainting bud;
And ah ! how happier far
Than me ye are,
When the beloved feet
Ye bend to kiss, of my Urania sweet;
And how in your frail form I long to be
When in her lap she takes you tenderly !

The Lover's Complaint.

1.

Who would behold a park
Of trees, thick-planted, dark;
Let him come see my daily-piercéd heart,
Thick full of arrows, full of cruel smart:
  Thus Love hath shewn his art!

2.

Who would behold a sea
Of tears wept hopelessly;
Let him come see the wells of bitter brine
Which night and day I weep from out my eyne:
  Thus Love's poor captives pine!

3.

Who would behold a pyre
Of hell's eternal fire;
Let him come see my bosom, full of flame,
Tormented with love's craving and love's shame:
  Thus Love doth write his name!

4.

And she desires to know
The cause of all this woe —
Why Love hath made of me park, sea, and hell,
Let him know this my tigress, loved too well,
  So fair, but ah! so fell!

The Lover's Plea.

1.

If I might pleasure thee
By crying: "Woe is me!"
"Woe's me! woe's me!" a thousand times I'd scream,
So I might compass all my blissful dream!

2.

Or if by sighing deep
Thy favour I could keep,
If that would win thy pity for my plight,
Sweet heavens! I'd sigh all day and sigh all night!

3.

Or if when I should cry
"Oh help me, sweet, I die!"
Thy comfortable presence I might have,
How oft I'd pray thee lift me from the grave!"

4.

Alas! I still may sigh,
"Woe's me!" for ever cry,
And crave thy help in my despairful state;
All will not serve to change my cruel fate!

It only remains to state that, throughout, my anxious aim has been to reproduce the book in absolute fidelity to the original. Below, I record certain errors of the original and other minor points.* I would, in conclusion, express my very cordial sense of obligation to the various friends who have aided me in my labour. I have to add to the names that appear in their places, that of the Rev. W. E. BUCKLEY, M.A., of Middleton Cheney, for excellent aid in tracing Chester's classical and other quotations; but I wish emphatically to reiterate my gratitude to Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON for his sustained and minute carefulness of reading after and with me, and giving me the benefit of his ripe acquaintance with Elizabethan-Jacobean literature. I send forth the book, especially my Introduction and Notes and Illustrations, with less hesitancy, that he has read the whole, and approved, if not in every detail, yet substantially. I have to thank my friend Professor DOWDEN for several suggestions that have been utilized.

And so I invite thee, 'gentle Reader,' to the thoughtful perusal of this ancient book, in the light and shadow of my interpretation of its 'shadowing the truth of love,'—viz., as telling the story of Elizabeth and Essex, with Shakespeare's version as well. I regard it as no common honour to address so 'fit audience.' I confidently count on every genuine fellow-student of Shakespeare receiving generously my endeavour and *weighing* text and notes together. HENRY ELLISON—subtle and vivid Singer of our generation, and destined to be more amply recognized a century hence—may close these introductory words:

"Oh turn unto the days of yore,
When Faith her martyr-sons could name;
And Liberty's untainted lore,
From heart to heart, passed as a flame.

* See Postscript H.

Oh turn unto the days when Faith
  Could build cathedral piles thro' love;
And hosts therein, as with one breath,
  Their true heart-offering sent above!
Oh turn unto the days of old,
  When unreprovèd all, and free,
Old songs were sung, old tales were told,
  And Hall and Bower rang to their glee.
Turn ye unto the times I say,
  When noble thoughts were welcome more
To English ears, than at this day
  Vile clinking gold, by knaves told o'er!
Oh turn ye to the household laws,
  The fireside laws of Peace and Love;
Where Wisdom feeds her little ones,
  And fashions them for Him above!
Oh turn unto our Shakespeare's page,
  And read of Harry's chivalry;
Of gallant deeds, which are a gage
  For like unto Posterity.
Oh then shall Freedom on Time's lyre
  Strike with a willing hand the strain
Of olden days; and Hampden's fire,
  And Milton's tongue, be heard again!
Then Faith shall have her martyr-names,
  Tho' not fire-tested be their worth,
And patient Charity, who tames
  Old hatreds, give to Love new birth!
Then Freedom's bright electric chain
  Shall stretch o'er hamlet, town, and tower;
And good old songs be heard again
  In knightly hall, in cot, and bower!
Then too my Fatherland, thy fame
  With rainbow-breadth once more shall rise;
Scattering the storms thro' which it came,
  Like dawn unto long watcher's eyes!
And thus, when thou must sink again
  Within thine own eternal Sea;
The guardian-angels still their strain
  Shall sing, and hail thee, 'bless'd and free.'*

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

St. George's Vestry, Blackburn, Lancashire.
August, 1878.

* *Madmoments*, vol. i, pp. 99–100, 'On hearing an eld-time song.'

POSTCRIPT.

A. Page viii.

Epistle-dedicatory of *The Christian Exercise of Fasting, Private and Pvblike &c.* 1596.

"To the right worshipfull and his very Christian good friend, master Robert Chester, Esquier &c. mercie and peace in Iesvs Christ.

"I must look for many aduersaries, for the greatest part hath euer declined from pietie to superstition and prophanenes. Therefore, (right worshipfull) I come vnto you for protection of Gods trueth: being the more bolde to aske this fauor, because I am so well assured of your loue thereunto, and full resolution to defend the same with al your might during life. Againe, I haue nowe for many yeares knowen your Christian loue towards me for the truths sake. I desire to testifie my hearts affection towardes you in the best manner that I can. The most blessed spirit of Iesus Christ guide and gouerne your spirit, keepe and comfort you and all yours. Februarie 12. 1596.

"Yours assuredly euer to vse in Iesus Christ during life. Henry Holland."

Judging from this Epistle one must conclude that Chester was of the Puritan side as against the Papal. Essex was avowedly with the Puritans.

B. Page ix.

Abstract of Sir Robert Chester's Will, made by Dr. Joseph Lemuel Chester, London.

"I, Robert Chester, of Royston, in the county of Herts, Knight"—dated 3 May 1638—to be buried at Royston, next the body of my sister Mrs. Mary Thornburgh—to my wife all my plate, jewels, household stuff, goods, chattels, &c., in my mansion house called Cockenhatch and in and upon my lands in Barkway and elsewhere in co. Herts.—my said wife to provide for the weekly distribution forever of 16^{d} worth of bread to the poor of Barkway and 8^{d} worth to the poor of the hamlet of Northampsted in Barkway aforesaid—to my son Robert Chester, Doctor of Divinity £100., with which to educate my godson Robert Chester son of Henry Chester till he reach the age of fifteen, and then £100. more to bind him apprentice or make him a scholar—to my said godson Robert Chester £300. when 24 years of age—to my said son Henry a Mourning cloak, and to his wife £10. for mourning—to my son Granado Chester, Doctor

of Divinity £100.—to my son Robert Chester D.D. and his wife each £10 for mourning, and to his son Robert my godson £100.—to my brother in law Mr. John Stone a mourning gown—to my son Edward Chester a gown, my horse, and my seal ring with arms—to my brother in law Mr. Edward Capon a cloak—to my son in law Sir Thomas Nightingale Baronet, a cloak—to my son in law Edward Ratcliffe Esquire, a cloak, and to my daughter his wife £20. for mourning and a ring—to my daughter Theodosea Nightingale widow £20. for mourning and a ring—to my son in law Samuel Hinton, Dr of the Civil Law a gown. And to my daughter his wife £20 for mourning and a ring, and to their daughter Anne Hinton £20. when 18 years of age—to my son in law John Piggott Esq. and my daughter his wife, mourning—to each of my grandchildren a ring of the value of 20 shillings, with this posy, "Christus unica salus"—to my kinsman Thomas Smith, Gent. a cloak—to the poor of Royston £5.—to the poor of Barkway and Northampsted £5.—to my cousin Magdalen Deane *alias* Addams 40 shillings a year for life, and to her daughter Anne, my cousin, wife of [blank] Tymberell, 20 shillings—to my nephew Henry Thornburgh £20. and mourning, and to each of his children £5.—to Mr. More, vicar of Royston, 20 shillings and a gown—to my godson Chester Greene 20 shillings—to Dr. Smith, vicar of Barkway, 20 shillings—all residue of personalty to my son Edward Chester, Esquire, whom I appoint my sole executor.

Codicil, dated 16 March 1639/40—to my said sons Granado Chester, D.D., and Robert Chester, D.D., £300. which they shall dispose for the benefit of my son Henry—to my said son Henry an annuity of £20 for life—All my messuages, lands, tenements, &c. to my said son Edward for life, with remainder to his son John Chester and his heirs male, remainder to the other sons of my said son Edward and their heirs male in succession, remainder to my said son Granado, &c., remainder to my said son Robert, &c., remainder to my said son Henry, &c.

Codicil, dated 7 April 1640—to Granado, second son of my said son Robert Chester, £50.—to Anne Hinton daughter of my said son Samuel Hinton £30. more when 18 years of age, or, if she die before, then same to her 2 younger sisters when 18."

[The Will was proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, 3 February, 1640–1, by Edward Chester, son and executor.

Recorded in Book "Evelyn," at folio 25.]

C. Page xxiii.

Nichols' Progresses of Queen Elizabeth.

Were it not that the title-page of Chester's *Love's Martyr* (1601) designates it "the firſt *Eſſay* of a new *Brytiſh* Poet," I should have felt disposed to assign a somewhat vivid piece

in Nichols' Progresses, to Chester. It is entitled "The Principal Addreſſe in Nature of a New Year's Gifte; ſeeminge therebye the Author intended not to haue his Name knowne." It is taken from Cotton *MSS.*, Vespasian, E 8. It is possible that, notwithstanding the words "the firſt Eſſay," this anonymous production really was Chester's, but not re-claimed by him later. Be this as it may, there are memorable and illustrative things in it. Thus, in relation to the prominent part 'Nature' fills in *Love's Martyr*, it is noteworthy that, similarly here, 'Nature' gives the "principal Addreſſe." Equally noteworthy, too, is it, that one of Chester's titles, *Love's Martyr*, occurs in this set of courtly poems, *e.g.*:

" Horace, honour'd Auguſt, the high'ſt of names,
And yet his harte from Mecene never ſwervde;
Ovid helde trayne in Venus courte, and ſervde,
Cheiſe Secretarye to all thoſe noble dames,
Martyres of love, who ſo broylde in his flames,
As bothe their trauth and penance well deſervde
All in fine gold to have theyr image kervde."

More noteworthy still is the precise lamentation of Chester over Elizabeth's un-married state as in our closing quotation. Again, she is sung of as 'the Mayden Queen' with many lovers:

" . . . . two Capetts, three Cezares aſſayde
And had repulſe of the great Britton Mayde"

And:

" For we ſuppoſe thou haſt forſwore
To matche with man for evermore"

And:

"In woman's breſt . . . . . .
Hath harbourd ſafe the lyon's harte"

And the gazer on her 'bewtye' has a

" . . . . . ſeble eye
That cannot view her ſtedfaſtlye"

Broadly looked into, this "Principal Addreſſe in Nature," throughout, is quite in the same vein with *Love's Martyr*

in its laudation of Elizabeth. A few quotations will doubtless be acceptable. This is the opening :

" Gracious Princeſſe, where Princes are in place
To geve you gold, and plate, and perles of price,
It ſeemeth this day, ſave your royall advice,
Paper preſentes ſhoulde have but little grace;
But ſithe the tyme ſo aptly ſerves the caſe,
And as ſome thinke, you're Highnes takes delighte
Oft to peruſe the ſtyles of other men,
And eft youre ſelf, with Ladye Sapphoe's pen,
In ſweet meaſures of poeſye t'endite,
The rare affectes of your hevenly ſprighte;
Well hopes my muſe to skape all manner blame,
Utteringe your honours to hyde her owner's name."

Avowedly the author regards Elizabeth as a pre-eminent theme, *e.g.*, "The Author chooſinge by his Verſe to honour the Queens Majeſtie of England, Ladye Elizabethe, boldly preferreth his Choiſe and the Excellencye of the Subject before all others of any Poet auncient or moderne." And again : "That her Majestie ſurmounteth all the Princesses of our tyme in Wiſedome, Bewtye, & Magnanimitie : & ys a Thinge verye admirable in nature." In accord with this are the several 'addresses' placed under the nine Muses. I must content myself with one further quotation : "That her Majestie (two things except) hath all the Parts that justly make to be sayd a most happy Creature in this World."

Parthe III. Erato.

" Youthfull bewtye, in body well diſpoſed,
Lovelye favoure, that age cannot deface;
A noble harte where nature hath incloſed
The fruitful ſeedes of all vertue and grace,
Regall eſtate coucht in the treble crowne,
Anceſtrall all, by linage and by right,
Stone of treaſures, honor, and juſt renowne,
In quiet raigne, a ſure redouted might:
Faſt frindes, foes few or faint, or overthrowen,
The ſtranger toonges, and the hartes of her owne,
Breife bothe Nature and Nourriture have doone,
With Fortune's helpe, what in their cunning is —

To yelde the erthe, a Princelye Paragon.
But had ſhee, oh! the two joys ſhe doth miſſe,
A Cæſar to her huſband, a Kinge to her ſoone, [*son*]
What lacks her Highnes then to all erthly bliſſe?

I add, that "Parthe VII, Euterpe," is a summary description of Elizabeth's person, of which that in *Love's Martyr* is simply an expansion.

D. Page xxxiv.

Other 'Phœnix' and kindred references.

In "Sorrowes Joy"—a somewhat interesting set of poems among the many that 'speeded' the departing Queen and welcomed the coming King, which Nichols also has reprinted—there are exactly such descriptions of Elizabeth as are found in *Love's Martyr*, with the 'Phœnix' perpetually recurring, *e.g.*

" Nature, Art, Fortune vexed out of meaſure,
All firmely vowd to frame her equall neuer."

. . . .

" Wild Savedges ador'd her living name . . . . . .
The Earth's bright glorie and the Worlds cleare light."

. . . .

" Such one Eliza was whilſt ſhee did liue:
One Phœnix dead, another doth suruiue."

. . . .

" Thus is a Phœnix of her aſhes bred

. . . .

" Since that to death is gone that ſacred Deitie
That Phœnix rare."

. . . .

" A sweeter Muse neare breathed on these lands."

. . . .

" Loue ſtrowed cinnamon on Phœnix nest."

. . . .

" Or when as Phœnix dies: Phœnix is dead,
And ſo a Phœnix followes in her stead;
Phœnix for Phœnix."

See our Introduction (p. xlvi) for one very remarkable parallel with Chester's title of *Love's Martyr*. With relation to the superlative flatteries of Elizabeth by Chester and contemporaries, Hume has observed—" Even when

Elizabeth was an old woman, she allowed her courtiers to flatter her, with regard to her excellent beauties." Cf. Birch, vol. ii, pp. 442–43. When Elizabeth was nearly 70, Coke, at the trial of Essex in 1601, said gravely, that he and his partisans "went rather into the city than to the Court, in regard the lustre of the divine Majesty glistered so brightly in the Royal Majesty, and did so dazzle their eyes, that they durst approach no nearer." (Camden, Trans. 614, Orig. 11, 230, and cf. my *Dr. Farmer Chetham MS.*, in Narrative of the Trial of Essex and Southampton.)

E. Page xlvi.

Melvill's account of Elizabeth.

Whitaker, in his "Additions and Corrections made in the second edition of *Mary, Queen of Scots, Vindicated*" (1789), has worked in under a passionate *animus*, many extracts from contemporary letters, &c. Bating the twist, he gives them all, they are of the rarest interest, and go to confirm and illustrate almost every detail in *Love's Martyr*. I refer the student-reader to the book. I content myself here with an incident at Court that vivifies Chester's praise of Elizabeth's musical gifts (p. 13, st. 2).

"She [Elizabeth] asked, if she [Mary] played well? I said, Reasonably for a Queen. That same day, after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdean [Hundson] drew me up to a quiet gallery, that I might hear some musick (but he said he durst not avow it) where I might hear the Queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber; and seeing her back was towards the door, I entered within the chamber, and stood a pretty space hearing her play excellently well. But she left off immediately, as soon as she turned her about and saw me. She appeared to be surprized to see me, and came forward seeming to strike me with her hand; alledging she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary to shun melancholy. She asked, how I came there? I answered, as I was walking with my lord of Hunsdean, as we past by the chamber-door, I heard such melody as ravished me; whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how: excusing my fault of homeliness [familiarity] as being brought up in the conrt of France, where such freedom was allowed, the French easiness of manners being then as eminent, as it has since been . . . . . She then called for my lady Strafford out of the next chamber, for the Queen was alone. She inquired, whether my Queen or she played best? In that, I found myself obliged to give her the praise." (pp. 145–6.)

F. Page xlix.

Letter from a Correspondent in England to a Scottish Nobleman, at the close of Elizabeth's Reign.

I am indebted to my friend J. M. Thomson, Esq., Edinburgh, for an exact copy of this very noticeable Letter. As it has never been printed *in extenso* I deem it expedient to give it without mutilation. The *italicized* lines are surely very remarkable in their revelation of Elizabeth's too-late discovery of the wrong against her truest and noblest self in sacrificing Essex. The Letter is valuable, also, as reflecting the troubled state of the nation at the time. The original unsigned *MS.*—for it was perilous to sign such a letter—is in the Advocates Library, Edinburgh, and it runs thus:

"Albeit that I haue not aunswered your Lordships letter; neuertheless I hoope, that my silence shal receiue that favorable constructio[n] which my innocency may challenge of right. For I was resolued to commit no letter to the hands of Fortune, seing that the expectation of a litl tyme, might secure the passage of thoose papers, which I decreed to consecrate only to your self. And if the debt I owe you, might be payed by woordes, I would frank[ly] spende al my tyme in acknowlegement of your fauours; which beare fruite of such sorte, that so soone as I haue receaued them, they begin to bud forth, & to produce new blossomes.

"Neuertheless my hoope is, that al the world shal knowe, that pow[er] in requiting, hath rather fayled mee then will. Therfor pardon mee I beseech you, if wanting meanes to discharge the debt I owe I am constreined to runn on the old skoare, & to spende stil out of your L^{dps} stocke.

"I haue at length sent his Ma^{ty} an abstract of such Gentlem[ens] names, as are in greatest accompt in Englande. The greatest part wherof are knowne vnto my self: the rest I haue had intelligence of, by many wary questions, & sundry relations, of thoose, that weer well assured of that which they informed. And concerning the Apologetical preface, I haue deliuered my opinion, wherin I jumpe just with your L^{dps} censure therof: hooping that h[is] highnes will take your woord in my behalfe, that my difference jn the forme of an Apology, springeth not from any spirit of contra[dic]tion, but from the obedience I owe, to aunswer, truly, vnto euery demaunde his Majesty shal propounde vnto mee. Also I haue sent a discoursiue aunswer vnto certeyne questions: wherin I suppoo[se] that though p'haps I may seeme to shoote at reuers, I haue not shott very wide from the marke. *Our Queene is trubled w[ith] a Rhewme in her arme, which vexeth her very much: besides the greefe shee hath conceiued for my L^{d} of*

Essex his deathe, shee sleepeth not somuch by day as shee used, nether taketh rest by night: her delight is to sit in the darke, & sometimes with sheddinge of tears to bewayle Essex. This is the reason, that wee haue so many horses about London: the particularitie wherof I refer to Mr. Foules. In any case let mee intreate you to sollicite his Maty, to send often, & though the jorney bee longe, & peynefull, I doubt not, but that Mr. Foules, will gladly vndertake the charge, wherin so good seruice may bee performed. For it is expedient that the messenger bee skilful in our present estate, trusted by us, & knowne to bee confidente with the kinge. Concerning my self, or the seruice which I may performe, ether in this place, or any whatso euer, I protest that I remayne firme, & ready to bee imployed, whensoeuer his Majesty, shal grace mee with his commaundement. For I breathe no other contentment, then that, which may turne to the aduancement of so gratious a Prince, & the ease of this distressed Cuntry. In what state wee stande at this present, may better bee related by Mr. Foules, Quæque ipse miserrima vidit, then by a short narration of perpetual woes.

"Therfor I will aduertise your Lp, of your owne affaire: wherin I haue traueyled to the vttermoast of my power, & gotten a particular information of al Caris proceedings touching Whorlton. The common voice of the Tennants is, that hee payed only a 1000 marks to the Queene: but hauing conferred with himself, I founde him much discontented as hee pretended, for the great price hee had payed Videlicet: 1800l: But I beleue him not therin. Neither doth 3; or I thinke it fitt that any thirde person should compounde with him for it. For it is certeyne that seing it is already leased, it wil not bee bought but at an vnreasonable rate: & the tyme wil come when hee wilbee glad to take half the money hee hath disbursed for his interest therin. The Queene hath sold a greate part of the Duchy of Cornwell & Lancaster, which landes must ether bee recalled, as wee haue a president therof in Henry the fourths tyme, or bought agayne to vnite them to the Crowne. I haue sent your Lp a draught of the suruay of Whorlton, which I gott cunningly out of the Checker. Likewise you shal receiue a coppy of a Letters Pattents, taken out of the . . . . . which is counted to conteyne the moast general woordes, that may bee used in a good & perfect assurance. And albeit t[hat] the name of a Rectory agree not with your Manors, it importeth not, seing that mutatis mutandis, forasmuch [as] concerneth the names, the whole process of the graunte is to [be] obserued. I feare that you can hardly reade itt, for it is written in badd Lattin, & abbreuiations, which is the man[ner] of the clarks that coppy any recorde out of the Chauncery. The graunte you sent mee with the clause of renewinge the Letters pattents in Die Illo. is held to bee better then any other assurance that can nowe bee made by the kinge. I will deteyne your Lp no longer: beseeching you to build upon that good foundation of my affection, which your merite hath firmely layd. For my desir is to streyne my vttermoast ability, to bee alwais the formost in

Your Lps Seruice."

G. Page lxi.

SHAKESPEARE CENSURED.

I refer to Henry Chettle's *England's Mourning Garment*, &c. (1603). In this somewhat remarkable celebration of Elizabeth, Shakespeare, as author of the *Rape of Lucrece*, is thus appealed to:

"Nor doth the siluer tonged Melicert
Drop from his honied muſe one ſable teare
To mourne her death that graced his deſert,
And to his laies opend her Royall eare.
Shepheard remember our Elizabeth,
And sing her Rape, done by that Tarquin, Death."

Is it accidental that CHAPMAN and MARSTON — other two of the authors of the "new compositions," be it noted — are similarly censured and urged? Could these lines in Chettle be possibly meant to *hit* at Chester and the "new compositions"?

——"worſt of worſt,
Bayards and beaſts accurſt, with groſeſt flattery nurſt:
Haue ſung her ſacred name, and praiſ'd her to their ſhame,
Who was our last and first."

H. Page lxxii.

ERRATA OF THE ORIGINAL.

Page 12, st. 3, l. 2, comma after 'springs' instead of period (.) — corrected.
„ 13, st. 3, l. 2, comma after 'flower' instead of period (.) — corrected.
ibid., st. 4, l. 1, 'yee' for 'yea' — corrected.
„ 14, st. 1, l. 4, 'Venus' printed 'Venvs' — corrected.
„ 22, numbered 41 instead of 14 — corrected.
„ 23, *To thoſe of light beleefe* — st. 1, l. 5, no comma after 'conceit' — corrected.
ibid., st. 2, l. 5, comma after 'find' — corrected.
„ 77, st. 2, l. 6, no stop after 'ſpight' — corrected.
„ 83, Iohannis Leylandij, &c., l. 12, the comma after 'petit.'

Page 89, Heading —'Dialgue' for 'Dialogue'— corrected.
„ 92, st. 1, l. 3, no comma after 'enchantment'—corrected.
„ 104, st. 3, l. 2, 'gods' for 'godd[es]s.'
„ 111, numbered '101'— corrected to '103.'
„ 113, st. 1, l. 3, 'cle' for 'clere,' and l. 6, 'the m' for 'the m[inde].'
„ 128, st. 1, l. 1, 'Memnodides' should have been 'Memnonides' certainly.
„ 131, st. 2, l. 3, 'ſometing' for 'ſomething'— corrected
, 137, st. 4, l. 4, 'ſecrecly' for 'ſecretly.'
„ 142, 143, are mis-numbered '118' and '119' for '134 and '135'—corrected.
„ 153 to 175, numbered 141 to 163 for 145 to 167— corrected.
„ 167, margin — l. 14, 'ſeele' for 'feele,' and l. 20, 'poreſt' for 'pureſt'— corrected.
„ 179–195, are mis-numbered 167 to 183 for 171 to 187 — corrected.

See also various suggestions and criticisms in the Notes and Illustrations. A comma at the end of a line was a favorite contemporary punctuation.

Errata of our Reprint.

Page 11, st. 3, l. 1, put comma after 'thing.'
„ 29, st. 1, l. 4, spell 'keepe' for 'keep.'
„ 31, st. 2, l. 4, spell 'harmeleſſe' for 'harmleſſe.'
„ 34, st. 1, l. 1, put comma after '*Elfleda*.'
„ 37, st. 4, l. 7, spell 'deedes' for 'deeds.'
„ 38, st. 4, l. 2, spell 'tooke' for 'took.'
„ 43, l. 7, spell 'owne' for 'own.'
„ 44, heading, l. 2, put comma after 'Coronation.'
„ 47, l. 3, spell 'litle' for 'little,' and st. 1, l. 2, 'wel' for 'well.'
„ 77, st. 2, l. 1, spell 'battell' for 'battel.'
„ 78, st. 1, l. 1, spell 'prepar'd' for 'prepared.'

Page 84, l. 8, read 'off ſpring' for 'offſpring,' and l. 11, spell 'ſweete' for 'ſweet.'
„ 85, Hee endeth, &c., l. 2, put comma after 'ſeate.'
„ 93, st. 4, l. 3, put comma after 'Hercules.'
„ 96, st. 2, l. 5, capital to 'Fiſhes'; and st. 4, l. 1, spell 'Iacke' for 'Iack.'
„ 98, st. 3, l. 7, spell 'verie' for 'very.'
„ 108, st. 2, l. 2, spell 'Turbut' for 'Turbot.'
„ 112, st. 4, l. 6, spell 'food' for 'foode.'
„ 115, st. 2, l. 4, spell 'meate' for 'meat.'
„ 127, st. 2, l. 5, put comma after 'way.'
„ 128, st. 5, l. 3, spell 'dayly' for 'daily.'
„ 168, st. 3, l. 5, spell 'tels' for 'tells.'
„ 172, st. 2, l. 6, spell 'fauoring' for 'fauouring.'
„ 194, Heading of Ode — I have extended the contractions for *ου* and *στ*.

A. B. G.

ROBERT CHESTER'S

LOVE'S MARTYR, 1601,

WITH

SHAKSPERE'S "PHŒNIX AND TURTLE,"

ETC., ETC.

LOVES MARTYR:

OR,

ROSALINS COMPLAINT.

Allegorically ſhadowing the truth of Loue,
in the constant Fate of the Phœnix
and Turtle.

A Poeme enterlaced with much varietie and raritie;
now firſt translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato
Cæliano, by ROBERT CHESTER.

With the true legend of famous King *Arthur*, the last of the nine
Worthies, being the firſt *Eſsay* of a new *Brytiſh* Poet: collected
out of diuerse Authenticall Records.

To these are added some new compositions, of seuerall moderne Writers
whose names are subscribed to their seuerall workes, vpon the
firſt ſubiect: viz. the Phœnix *and*
Turtle.

Mar: — Mutare dominum non poteſt liber notus.

LONDON
Imprinted for E. B.
1601.

TO THE HONORA-

ble, and (of me before all other)

honored Knight, Sir John Salisburie

one of the Esquires of the bodie to the

Queenes most excellent Maiestie, Robert

Chester wisheth increase of vertue

and honour.

Poſse & nolle, nobile.

HOnorable Sir, hauing according to the directions of some of my best-minded friends, finished my long expected labour; knowing this ripe iudging world to be full of enuie, euery one (as sound reason requireth) thinking his owne child to be fairest although an Æthiopian, I am emboldened to put my infant wit to the eye of the world vnder your protectiō

knowing that if Absurditie like a theefe haue crept into any part of these Poems, your well-graced name will ouer-shadow these defaults, and the knowne Caracter of your vertues, cause the common back-biting enemies of good spirits, to be silent. To the World I put my Child to nurse, at the expence of your fauour, whose glorie will stop the mouthes of the vulgar, and I hope cause the learned to rocke it asleepe (for your sake) in the bosome of good wil. Thus wishing you all the blefsings of heauen and earth; I end.

Yours in all ſeruice,

Ro. Chester.

The Authors request to the Phœnix.

PHœnix of beautie, beauteous Bird of any
To thee I do entitle all my labour,
More precious in mine eye by far then many,
That feedſt all earthly ſences with thy ſauour:
Accept my home-writ praiſes of thy loue,
And kind acceptance of thy Turtle-doue.

Some deepe-read ſcholler fam'd for Poetrie,
Whoſe wit-enchanting verſe deſerueth fame,
Should ſing of thy perfections paſsing beautie,
And eleuate thy famous worthy name:
Yet I the leaſt, and meaneſt in degree,
Endeuoured haue to pleaſe in praiſing thee.

R. Chefter.

To the kind Reader.

OF bloudy warres, nor of the ſacke of Troy,
Of Pryams *murdred ſonnes, nor* Didoes *fall,*
Of Hellens *rape, by* Paris Troian *boy,*
Of Cæſars *victories, nor* Pompeys *thrall,*
Of Lucrece *rape, being rauiſht by a King,*
Of none of theſe, of ſweete Conceit I ſing.

Then (gentle Reader) ouer-reade my Muſe,
That armes herſelfe to flie a lowly flight,
My vntun'd ſtringed verſe do thou excuſe,
That may perhaps accepted, yeeld delight:
I cannot clime in praiſes to the skie,
Leaſt falling, I be drown'd with infamie.

Mea mecum Porto.

R. Ch.

THE

Anuals of great

Brittaine.

OR,

A MOST EXCEL-

lent Monument, wherein may be *ſeene all the antiquities of this King-*dome, to the ſatisfaction both of the Vniuerſities, or any other place ſtir-red with Emulation of long continuance.

Excellently figured out in a worthy Poem.

LONDON
Printed for MATHEW LOWNES.
1611

ROSALINS COMPLAINT, METAPHORICALLY applied to Dame Nature at a Parliament held (in the high Star-chamber) by the Gods, for the preſeruation and increaſe of *Earths beauteous Phœnix.*

A Solemne day of meeting mongſt the Gods,
And royall parliament there was ordained:
The heauenly Synod was at open ods,
And many harts with earthly wrongs were pained;
Some came to craue excuſe, ſome to complaine
Of heauie burdend griefes they did ſuſtaine.

Veſta she told, her Temple was defiled:
Iuno how that her nuptiall knot was broken;
Venus from her ſonne *Cupid* was exiled:
And *Pallas* tree with ignorance was ſhoken:
Bellona rau'd at Lordlike cowardice,
And *Cupid* that fond Ladies were ſo nice.

To this Aſſembly came Dame *Nature* weeping,
And with her handkercher through wet with teares,
She dried her roſie cheekes, made pale with ſighing,
Hanging her wofull head, head full of feares:
And to *Ioues* ſelfe plac'd in a golden ſeate,
She kneeld her downe, and thus gan to intreate:

Thou mightie Imperator of the earth,
Thou euer-liuing Regent of the aire,
That to all creatures giu'ſt a liuely breath,

And thundreſt wrath downe from thy firie chaire,
Behold thy handmaid, king of earthly kings,
That to thy gracious ſight ſad tidings brings.

One rare rich *Phœnix* of exceeding beautie,
One none-like Lillie in the earth I placed;
One faire *Helena*, to whom men owe dutie:
One countrey with a milke-white Doue I graced:
One and none ſuch, ſince the wide world was found
Hath euer *Nature* placed on the ground.

Head. Her head I framed of a heauenly map,
Wherein the ſeuenfold vertues were encloſed,
When great *Apollo* ſlept within my lap,
And in my boſome had his reſt repoſed,
I cut away his locks of pureſt gold,
And plac'd them on her head of earthly mould.

Haire. When the leaſt whiſtling wind begins to ſing,
And gently blowes her haire about her necke,
Like to a chime of bels it ſoft doth ring,
And with the pretie noiſe the wind doth checke,
Able to lull aſleepe a penſiue hart,
That of the round worlds ſorrowes beares a part.

Forehead. Her forehead is a place for princely *Ioue*
To ſit, and cenſure matters of import:
Wherein men reade the ſweete conceipts of Loue,
To which hart-pained Louers do reſort,
And in this Tablet find to cure the wound,
For which no ſalue or herbe was euer found.

Vnder

Vnder this mirrour, are her princely eyes : *Eyes.*
Two Carbuncles, two rich imperiall lights ;
That ore the day and night do ſoueraignize,
And their dimme tapers to their reſt ſhe frights :
Her eyes excell the Moone and glorious Sonne,
And when ſhe riſeth al their force is donne.

Her morning-coloured cheekes, in which is plac'd, *Cheekes.*
A Lillie lying in a bed of Roſes ;
This part aboue all other I haue grac'd,
For in the blew veines you may reade ſweet poſies :
When ſhe doth bluſh, the Heauens do wax red,
When ſhe lookes pale, that heauenly Front is dead.

Her chinne a litle litle pretie thing *Chinne.*
In which the ſweet carnatian Gelli-flower,
Is round encompaſt in a chriſtall ring,
And of that pretie Orbe doth beare a power :
No ſtorme of Enuie can this glorie touch,
Though many ſhould aſſay it ouermuch.

Her lippes two rubie Gates from whence doth ſpring, *Lippes.*
Sweet honied deaw by an intangled kiſſe,
From forth theſe glories doth the Night-bird ſing,
A Nightingale that no right notes will miſſe :
True learned Eloquence and Poetrie,
Do come betwene theſe dores of excellencie.

Her teeth are hewed from rich cryſtal Rockes, *Teeth.*
Or from the Indian pearle of much eſteem,
Theſe in a cloſet her deep counſell lockes,

And are as porters to ſo faire a Queene,
They taſte the diet of the heau'nly traine,
Other baſe groſſeneſſe they do ſtill diſdaine.

Tongue. Her tongue the vtterer of all glorious things,
The ſiluer clapper of that golden bell,
That neuer ſoundeth but to mightie Kings,
And when ſhe ſpeakes, her ſpeeches do excell:
He in a happie chaire himſelfe doth place,
Whoſe name with her ſweet tongue ſhe means to grace.

Necke. Her necke is *Veſtas* ſiluer conduict pipe,
In which ſhe powers perfect chaſtitie,
And of the muskie grapes in ſommer ripe,
She makes a liquor of ratietie,
That dies this ſwanne-like piller to a white,
More glorious then the day with all his light.

Breaſtes. Her breaſts two cryſtal orbes of whiteſt white,
Two little mounts from whence lifes comfort ſprings.
Between thoſe hillockes *Cupid* doth delight
To ſit and play, and in that valley ſings:
Looking loue-babies in her wanton eyes,
That all groſſe vapours thence doth chaſteſize.

Armes. Her armes are branches of that ſiluer tree,
That men ſurname the rich *Heſperides*,
A precious circling ſhew of modeſtie,
When ſhe doth ſpread theſe glories happines:
Ten times ten thouſand bleſſings he doth taſte,
Whoſe circled armes ſhall cling about her waſte.

Her

Her hands are fortunes palmes, where men may reade *Hands.*
His first houres deſtiny, or weale or woe,
When ſhe this sky-like map abroad doth ſpreade,
Like pilgrimes many to this Saint do go,
And in her hand, white hand, they there do ſee
Loue lying in a bed of yuorie.

Her fingers long and ſmall do grace her hand; *Fingers.*
For when ſhe toucheth the ſweete ſounding Lute,
The wild vntamed beaſts amaz'd do ſtand,
And carroll-chanting birds are ſudden mute:
O fingers how you grace the ſiluer wires,
And in humanitie burne *Venus* fires!

Her bellie (ô grace incomprehenſible) *Bellie.*
Far whiter then the milke-white lillie flower.
O might *Arabian Phœnix* come inuiſible,
And on this mountaine build a glorious bower,
Then Sunne and Moone as tapers to her bed,
Would light loues Lord to take her maidenhead.

Be ſtill my thoughts, be ſilent all yee Muſes, *Nota.*
Wit-flowing eloquence now grace my tongue:
Ariſe old *Homer* and make no excuſes,
Of a rare peece of art muſt be my ſong,
Of more then moſt, and moſt of all beloued,
About the which *Venus* ſweete doues haue houered.

There is a place in louely paradize,
From whence the golden *Gehon* ouerflowes,
A fountaine of ſuch honorable prize,

That none the ſacred, ſacred vertues knowes,
Walled about, betok'ning ſure defence,
With trees of life, to keepe bad errors thence.

Thighes. Her Thighs two pillers fairer far then faire,
Two vnderprops of that celeſtiall houſe,
That Manſion that is *Iunos* ſiluer chaire,
In which *Ambroſia VENUS* doth carouſe,
And in her thighs the prety veines are running
Like Chriſtall riuers from the maine ſtreames flowing.

Legges. Her legges are made as graces to the reſt,
So pretie, white, and ſo proportionate,
That leades her to loues royall ſportiue neſt,
Like to a light bright Angel in her gate:
For why no creature in the earth but ſhe,
Is like an Angell, Angell let her be.

Feete. Her Feete (now draw I to concluſion)
Are neat and litle to delight the eye,
No tearme in all humane inuention,
Or in the veine of ſweet writ Poetrie
Can ere be found, to giue her feet that grace,
That beares her corporate Soule from place to place.

And if by night ſhe walke, the Marigold,
That doth incloſe the glorie of her eye,
At her approch her beauty doth vnfold,
And ſpreads her ſelfe in all her royaltie,
Such vertue hath this Phœnix glaſſy ſhield,
That Floures and Herbs at her faire ſight do yeeld.

And

And if ſhe grace the Walkes within the day,
Flora doth ſpreade an Arras cloth of flowers,
Before her do the prety *Satires* play,
And make her banquets in their leauie Bowers:
Head, Haire, Brow, Eyes, Cheeks, Chin and all,
Lippes, Teeth, Tong, Neck, Breſts, Belly are maieſticall.

This *Phœnix* I do feare me will decay,
And from her aſhes neuer will ariſe
An other Bird her wings for to diſplay,
And her rich beauty for to equalize:
The *Arabian* fiers are too dull and baſe,
To make another ſpring within her place.

Therefore dread Regent of theſe Elements,
Pitie poore *Nature* in her Art excelling,
Giue thou an humble eare to my laments,
That to thee haue a long true tale beene telling,
Of her, who when it pleaſe thee to behold,
Her outward ſight ſhall bewties pride vnfold.

At theſe words *Ioue* ſtood as a man amazed,
And *Iunos* loue-bred bewtie turnd to wight,
Venus ſhe bluſht, and on dame *Nature* gazed,
And *Veſta* ſhe began to weepe outright:
And little *Cupid* poore boy ſtrucke in loue,
With repetition of this earthly Doue.

But at the laſt *Ioue* gan to rouſe his ſpirit,
And told dame *Nature* in her ſweet diſcourſe;
Her womans Toung did run before her Wit,

Such a faire ſoule her ſelfe could neuer nurſe,
Nor in the vaſtie earth was euer liuing,
Such beauty that all beauty was excelling.

Nature was ſtrucke with pale temeritie,
To ſee the God of thunders lightning eyes;
He ſhooke his knotty haire ſo wrathfully,
As if he did the heauenly rout deſpiſe:
Then downe vpon her knee dame *Nature* fals,
And on the great gods name aloud ſhe cals.

Ioue thou ſhalt ſee my commendations,
To be vnworthie and impartiall,
To make of her an extallation,
Whoſe beauty is deuine maieſticall;
Looke on that painted picture there, behold
The rich wrought *Phœnix* of *Arabian* gold.

Ioues eyes were ſetled on her painted eyes,
Ioue bluſhing ſmil'd, the picture ſmil'd againe:
Ioue ſpoke to her, and in his heart did riſe
Loues amours, but the picture did diſdaine
To loue the god, *Ioue* would haue ſtole a kiſſe,
But *Iuno* being by, denyed him this.

When all the reſt beheld this counterfeit,
They knew the ſubſtance was of rarer price:
Some gaz'd vpon her face, on which did waite
As meſſengers, her two celeſtiall eyes;
Eyes wanting fire, did giue a lightning flame,
How much more would her eyes mans ſences tame?

Then

Then all the Gods and Goddeſſes did decree,
In humble maner to intreat of *Ioue*
And euery power vpon his bended knee,
Shewd faithfull ſeruice in dame *Natures* loue,
Intreating him to pacifie his Ire,
And raiſe another *Phœnix* of new fire.

Her picture from *Ioues* eyes hath baniſht Hate,
And Mildneſſe plaind the furrowes of his brow,
Her painted ſhape hath chaſtiſed debate,
And now to pleaſure them he makes a vow:
Then thus *Ioue* ſpake, tis pittie ſhe ſhould die,
And leaue no offſpring of her Progenie.

Nature go hie thee, get thee *Phœbus* chaire,
Cut through the skie, and leaue *Arabia*,
Leaue that il working peece of fruitleſſe ayre,
Leaue me the plaines of white *Brytania*,
Theſe countries haue no fire to raiſe that flame,
That to this *Phœnix* bird can yeeld a name.

There is a country Clymat fam'd of old,
That hath to name delightſome *Paphos* Ile,
Ouer the mountaine tops to trudge be bold,
There let thy winged Horſes reſt awhile:
Where in a vale like *Ciparissus* groue,
Thou ſhalt behold a ſecond *Phœnix* loue.

A champion country full of fertill Plaines,
Green graſſie Medowes, little prettie Hils,
Aboundant pleaſure in this place remaines,

And plenteous ſweetes this heauenly clymat filles:
Faire flowing bathes that iſſue from the rockes,
Aboundant heards of beaſts that come by flockes.

High ſtately Cædars, ſturdie bigge arm'd Okes,
Great Poplers, and long trees of *Libanon*,
Sweete ſmelling Firre that frankenſence prouokes,
And Pine apples from whence ſweet iuyce doth come:
The ſommer-blooming Hauthorne; vnder this
Faire *Venus* from *Adonis* ſtole a kiſſe.

Fine Thickets and rough Brakes for ſport and pleaſure,
Places to hunt the light-foote nimble Roe:
Theſe groues *Diana* did account her treaſure,
And in the cold ſhades, oftentimes did goe
To lie her downe, faint, weary on the ground,
Whileſt that her Nimphs about her daunſt a round.

A quire of heauenly Angels tune their voyces,
And counterfeit the *Nightingale* in ſinging,
At which delight ſome pleaſure ſhe reioyces,
And *Plenty* from her cell her gifts is bringing:
Peares, Apples, Plums, and the red ripe Cherries,
Sweet Strawberries with other daintie berries.

Here haunt the *Satyres* and the *Driades*,
The *Hamadriades* and pretie Elues,
That in the groues with skipping many pleaſe,
And runne along vpon the water ſhelues:
Heare *Mermaides* ſing, but with *Ulyſſes* eares,
The country Gallants do diſdaine their teares.

The

The Crocadile and hiſſing Adders ſting,
May not come neere this holy plot of ground,
No Nightworme in this continent may ſing,
Nor poiſon-ſpitting Serpent may be found:
Here Milke and Hony like two riuers ran,
As fruitefull as the land of *Canaan*.

What ſhall I ſay? their Orchards ſpring with plentie,
The Gardens ſmell like *Floras* paradice,
Bringing increaſe from one to number twentie,
As Lycorice and ſweet *Arabian* ſpice:
No place is found vnder bright heauens faire bliſſe,
To beare the name of *Paradiſe* but this.

Hard by a running ſtreame or cryſtall fountaine,
Wherein rich *Orient* pearle is often found,
Enuiron'd with a high and ſteepie mountaine,
A fertill ſoile and fruitful plot of ground,
There ſhalt thou find true *Honors* louely *Squire*,
That for this *Phœnix* keepes *Prometheus* fire.

His bower wherein he lodgeth all the night,
Is fram'd of Cædars and high loftie Pine,
I made his houſe to chaſtice thence deſpight,
And fram'd it like this heauenly roofe of mine:
His name is *Liberall honor*, and his hart,
Aymes at true faithfull ſeruice and deſart.

Looke on his face, and in his browes doth ſit,
Bloud and ſweete *Mercie* hand in hand vnited,
Bloud to his foes, a preſident most fit

For ſuch as haue his gentle humour ſpited:
His Haire is curl'd by nature mild and meeke,
Hangs careleſſe downe to ſhrowd a bluſhing cheeke

Giue him this Ointment to annoint his Head,
This precious Balme to lay vnto his feet,
Theſe ſhall direct him to this *Phœnix* bed,
Where on a high hill he this Bird ſhall meet:
And of their Aſhes by my doome shal riſe,
Another *Phœnix* her to equalize.

This ſaid the Gods and Goddeſſes did applaud,
The Cenſure of this thundring Magiſtrate,
And *Nature* gaue him euerlaſting laud,
And quickly in the dayes bright Coach ſhe gate
Downe to the earth, ſhe's whirled through the ayre;
Ioue ioyne theſe fires, thus *Venus* made her prayer.

An Introduction to the Prayer.

GVide thou great Guider of the Sunne and Moone,
Thou elementall fauourer of the Night,
My vndeſerued wit, wit ſprong too ſoone,
To giue thy greatneſſe euerie gracious right:
Let Pen, Hand, Wit and vndeſeruing tongue,
Thy praiſe and honor ſing in euerie ſong.

In my poore prayer guide my Hand aright,
Guide my dull Wit, guide all my dulled Senſes,
Let thy bright Taper giue me faithfull light,

And

And from thy Booke of life blot my offences:
Then arm'd with thy protection and thy loue,
Ile make my prayer for thy Turtle-doue.

A Prayer made for the proſperitie of
a ſiluer coloured Doue, applyed to the
beauteous Phœnix.

O Thou great maker of the firmament,
That rid'ſt vpon the winged *Cherubins*,
And on the glorious ſhining element,
Hear'ſt the ſad praiers of the *Seraphins*,
That vnto thee continually ſing Hymnes:
Bow downe thy liſtning eares thou God of might,
To him whoſe heart will praiſe thee day and night.

Accept the humble Praiers of that foule,
That now lies wallowing in the myre of Sinne,
Thy mercie Lord doth all my powers controule,
And ſearcheth reines and heart that are within:
Therefore to thee *Iehouah* Ile begin:
Lifting my head from my impriſoned graue,
No mercie but thy mercie me can ſaue.

The foule vntamed Lion ſtill goes roring,
Old hell-bread *Sathan* enemy to mankind,
To leade me to his iawes that are deuouring,
Wherein no Grace to humane fleſh's aſſign'd,

But thou celeſtiall Father canſt him bind:
Tread on his head, tread Sinne and *Sathan* downe,
And on thy ſeruants head ſet Mercies crowne.

Thus in acceptance of thy glorious ſight,
I purge my deadly ſinne in hope of grace,
Thou art the Doore, the Lanthorne and the Light,
To guide my ſinfull feete from place to place,
And now O Chriſt I bow before thy face:
And for the ſiluer coloured earthly Doue,
I make my earneſt prayer for thy loue.

Shrowde her ô Lord vnder thy ſhadowed wings,
From the worlds enuious malice and deceit,
That like the adder-poiſoned ſerpent ſtings,
And in her way layes a corrupted baite,
Yet raiſe her God vnto thy mercies height:
Guide her, ô guide her from pernitious foes,
That many of thy creatures ouerthrowes.

Waſh her O Lord with Hyſope and with Thime,
And the white ſnow ſhe ſhall excell in whiteneſſe,
Purge her with mercie from all ſinfull crime,
And her ſoules glorie ſhall exceed in brightneſſe,
O let thy mercie grow vnto such ripeneſſe:
Behold her, O behold her gratious King,
That vnto thee ſweet ſongs of praiſe will ſing.

And as thou leadſt through the red coloured waues,
The hoaſt of thy elected *Iſrael*,
And from the wrath of *Pharoe* didſt them ſaue,

Appoin-

Appointing them within that land to dwell,
A choſen land, a land what did excell :
So guide thy ſiluer Doue vnto that place,
Where ſhe Temptations enuie may outface.

Increaſe thy gifts beſtowed on thy Creature,
And multiply thy bleſſings manifold,
And as thou haſt adorned her with nature,
So with thy bleſſed eyes her eyes behold,
That in them doth thy workmanſhip vnfold,
Let her not wither Lord without increaſe,
But bleſſe her with ioyes offſpring of ſweet peace.
Amen. Amen.

To thoſe of light beleefe.

YOu gentle fauourers of excelling Muſes,
And gracers of all Learning and Deſart,
You whoſe Conceit the deepeſt worke peruſes,
Whoſe Iudgements ſtill are gouerned by Art :
Reade gently what you reade, this next conceit,
Fram'd of pure loue, abandoning deceit.

And you whoſe dull Imagination,
And blind conceited Error hath not knowne,
Of Herbes and Trees true nomination,
But thinke them fabulous that ſhall be ſhowne :
Learne more, ſearch much, and ſurely you ſhall find
Plaine honeſt Truth and Knowledge comes behind.

Then gently (gentle Reader) do thou fauour,

And with a gracious looke grace what is written,
With ſmiling cheare peruſe my homely labour,
With Enuies poiſoned ſpitefull looke not bitten:
So ſhalt thou cauſe my willing thought to ſtriue,
To adde more Honey to my new-made Hiue.

A meeting Dialogue-wiſe betweene Nature, the Phœnix, and the Turtle Doue.

Nature. ALl haile faire *Phœnix*, whither art thou flying?
Why in the hot Sunne doſt thou ſpread thy wings?
More pleaſure ſhouldſt thou take in cold ſhades lying,
And for to bathe thyſelfe in wholſome Springs,
Where the woods feathered quier ſweetely ſings:
Thy golden Wings and thy breaſts beauteous Eie,
Will fall away in *Phœbus* royaltie.

Phœnix. O ſtay me not, I am no *Phœnix* I,
And if Ibe that bird, I am defaced,
Vpon the *Arabian* mountaines I muſt die,
And neuer with a poore yong Turtle graced;
Such operation in me is not placed:
What is my Beautie but a painted wal,
My golden ſpreading Feathers quickly fal.

Nature. Why doſt thou ſhead thy Feathers, kill thy Heart,
Weep out thine Eyes, and ſtaine thy golden Face?
Why doſt thou of the worlds woe take a part,
And in relenting teares thy ſelfe diſgrace?
Ioyes mirthful Tower is thy dwelling place;

All

All Birdes for vertue and excelling beautie,
Sing at thy reuerend feet in Loue and Dutie.

Oh how thou feed'ſt me with my Beauties praiſing! *Phœnix.*
O how thy Praiſe ſounds from a golden Toung!
O how thy Toung my Vertues would be raiſing!
And raiſing me thou doſt corrupt thy ſong;
Thou ſeeſt not Honie and Poiſon mixt among;
Thou not'ſt my Beautie with a iealous looke,
But doſt not ſee how I do bayte my hooke.

Tell me, ô tell me, for I am thy friend, *Nature.*
I am Dame *Nature* that firſt gaue thee breath,
That from *Ioues* glorious rich ſeate did deſcend,
To ſet my Feete vpon this lumpiſh earth:
What is the cauſe of thy ſad ſullen Mirth?
Haſt thou not Beauty, Vertue, Wit and Fauour:
What other graces would'ſt thou craue of Nature?

What is my Beauty but a vading Flower? *Phœnix.*
Wherein men reade their deep-conceiued Thrall,
Alluring twentie Gallants in an hower,
To be as ſeruile vaſſalls at my Call?
My Sunne-bred lookes their Senſes do exhall:
But (ô my griefe) where my faire Eyes would loue,
Foule bleare-eyed Enuie doth my thoughts reprooue.

What is my Vertue but a Tablitorie:
Which if I did beſtow would more increaſe?
What is my Wit but an inhumane glorie:
That to my kind deare friends would proffer peace?

But O vaine Bird, giue ore in ſilence, ceaſe;
Malice perchaunce doth hearken to thy words,
That cuts thy threed of Loue with twentie ſwords.

Nature. Tell me (O Mirrour) of our earthly time,
Tell me ſweete *Phœnix* glorie of mine age,
Who blots thy Beauty with foule *Enuies* crime,
And locks thee vp in fond *Suſpitions* cage?
Can any humane heart beare thee ſuch rage?
Daunt their proud ſtomacks with thy piercing Eye,
Vnchaine Loues ſweetneſſe at thy libertie.

Phœnix. What is't to bath me in a wholeſome Spring,
Or waſh me in a cleere, deepe, running Well,
When I no vertue from the ſame do bring,
Nor of the balmie water beare a ſmell?
It better were for me mongſt Crowes to dwell,
Then flocke with Doues, whẽ Doues ſit alwayes billing,
And waſte my wings of gold, my Beautie killing.

Nature. Ile chaine foule *Enuy* to a brazen Gate,
And place deepe *Malice* in a hollow Rocke,
To some blacke deſert Wood Ile baniſh *Hate*,
And fond *Suſpition* from thy ſight Ile locke:
Theſe ſhall not ſtirre, let anie Porter knocke.
Thou art but yong, freſh, greene, and muſt not paſſe,
But catch the hot *Sunne* with thy ſteeled glaſſe.

Phœnix. That Sunne ſhines not within this Continent,
That with his warme rayes can my dead Bloud cheariſh,
Groſſe cloudie Vapours from this Aire is ſent,

Not

Not hot reflecting Beames my heart to nouriſh.
O Beautie, I do feare me thou wilt periſh ;
Then gentle *Nature* let me take my flight,
But ere I paſſe, ſet *Enuie* out of ſight.

Ile coniure him, and raiſe him from his graue,
And put vpon his head a puniſhment :
Nature thy ſportiue Pleaſure meanes to ſaue ;
Ile ſend him to perpetuall baniſhment,
Like to a totterd Furie ragd and rent :
Ile baffle him, and blind his Iealous eye,
That in thy actions Secrecie would prye.

Ile coniure him, Ile raiſe him from his Cell,
Ile pull his Eyes from his conſpiring head,
Nature. Ile locke him in the place where he doth dwell ;
Ile ſtarue him there, till the poore ſlaue be dead,
That on the poiſonous Adder oft hath fed :
Theſe threatnings on the Helhound I will lay,
But the performance beares the greater ſway.

Stand by faire *Phœnix*, ſpread thy Wings of gold,
And daunt the face of Heauen with thine Eye,
Phœnix. Like *Iunos* bird thy Beautie do vnfold,
And thou ſhalt triumph ore thine enemie :
Then thou and I in *Phœbus* coach will flie,
Where thou ſhalt ſee and taſt a ſecret Fire,
That will adde ſpreading life to thy Deſire.

Ariſe thou bleare-ey'd *Enuie* from thy bed,
Thy bed of Snakie poiſon and corruption,
Nature.

Vnmaske thy big-ſwolne Cheekes with poyſon red,
For with thee I muſt trie Concluſion,
And plague thee with the Worlds confuſion.
I charge thee by my Power to appeare,
And by Celeſtiall warrant to draw neare.

Phœnix. O what a miſtie Dampe breakes from the ground,
Able it ſelfe to infect this noyſome Aire:
As if a caue of Toades themſelues did wound,
Or poyſoned Dragons fell into diſpaire,
Hels damned ſent with this may not compare,
And in this foggie cloud there doth ariſe
A damned Feend ore me to tyrannize.

Nature. He ſhall not touch a Feather of thy wing,
Or euer haue Authoritie and power,
As he hath had in his dayes ſecret prying,
Ouer thy calmie Lookes to ſend a ſhower:
Ile place thee now in ſecrecies ſweet Bower,
Where at thy will in ſport and dallying,
Spend out thy time in Amarous diſcourſing.

Phœnix. Looke *Nurce*, looke *Nature* how the Villaine ſweates,
His big-ſwolne Eyes will fall vnto the ground,
With fretting anguiſh he his blacke breaſt beates,
As if he would true harted minds confound:
O keepe him backe, his ſight my heart doth wound:
O *Enuie* it is thou that mad'ſt me periſh,
For want of that true Fire my heart ſhould nouriſh.

Nature. But I will plague him for his wickedneſſe,

Enuie

Enuie go packe thee to ſome forreine ſoyle,
To ſome deſertfull plaine or Wilderneſſe,
Where ſauage Monſters and wild beaſts do toyle,
And with inhumane Creatures keep a coyle.
Be gone I ſay, and neuer do returne,
Till this round compaſt world with fire do burne.

What is he gone? is *Enuie* packt away? *Phœnix.*
Then one fowle blot is mooued from his Throne,
That my poore honeſt Thoughts did ſeeke to ſlay:
Away fowle griefe, and ouer-heauie Mone,
That do ore charge me with continuall grones.
Will you not hence? then with downe-falling teares,
Ile drowne my ſelfe in ripeneſſe of my Yeares.

Fie peeuiſh Bird, what art thou franticke mad? *Nature.*
Wilt thou confound thy ſelfe with fooliſh Griefe?
If there be cauſe or meanes for to be had,
Thy Nurſe and nouriſher will find reliefe:
Then tell me all thy Accidents in briefe;
Haue I not baniſht *Enuy* for thy ſake?
I greater things for thee ile vndertake.

Enuie is gone and baniſht from my ſight, *Phœnix.*
Baniſht for euer comming any more:
But in *Arabia* burnes another Light,
A dark dimme Taper that I muſt adore,
This barren Countrey makes me to deplore:
It is ſo fapleſſe that the very Spring,
Makes tender new-growne Plants be with'ring.

The noiſome Aire is growne infectious,
The very Springs for want of Moiſture die,
The glorious Sunne is here peſtiferous,
No hearbes for *Phiſicke* or ſweet *Surgerie*,
No balme to cure hearts inward maladie:
No gift of *Nature*, ſhe is here defaced,
Heart-curing *Balſamum* here is not placed.

Nature. Is this the ſumme and ſubſtance of thy woe?
Is this the Anker-hold vnto thy bote?
Is this thy Sea of Griefe doth ouerflow?
Is this the Riuer fets thy ſhip aflote?
Is this the Leſſon thou haſt learn'd by rote?
And is this all? and is this plot of Ground
The ſubſtance of the Theame doth thee confound?

Phœnix. This is the Anker-hold, the Sea, the Riuer,
The Leſſon and the ſubſtance of my Song,
This is the Rocke my Ship did ſeeke to ſhiuer,
And in this ground with Adders was I ſtung,
And in a lothſome pit was often flung:
My Beautie and my Vertues captiuate,
To Loue, diſſembling Loue that I did hate.

Nature. Cheare vp thy ſpirit *Phœnix*, prune thy wings,
And double-gild thy Fethers for my newes;
A *Nightingale* and not a *Rauen* ſings,
That from all blacke contention will excuſe
Thy heauy thoughts, and ſet them to peruſe
Another Clymat, where thou maiſt expreſſe,
A plot of *Paradice* for worthineſſe.

Ioue

Ioue in diuine diuineſſe of his Soule,
That rides vpon his firie axaltree,
That with his Mace doth humane fleſh controule,
When of mans deedes he makes a Regiſtrie,
Louing the good for ſingularitie:
With a vail'd Count'nance and a gracious Smile,
Did bid me plant my Bird in *Paphos* Ile.

What ill diuining Planet did preſage, *Phœnix.*
My timeleſſe birth ſo timely brought to light?
What fatal Comet did his wrath engage,
To worke a harmleſſe Bird ſuch worlds deſpight,
Wrapping my dayes bliſſe in blacke ſables night?
No Planet nor no Comet did conſpire
My downefall, but foule *Fortunes* wrathful ire.

What did my Beautie moue her to Diſdaine?
Or did my Vertues ſhadow all her Bliſſe?
That ſhe ſhould place me in a deſart Plaine,
And ſend forth *Enuie* with a *Iudas* kiſſe,
To ſting me with a Scorpions poiſoned hiſſe?
From my firſt birth-right for to plant me heare,
Where I haue alwaies fed on Griefe and Feare.

Raile not gainſt *Fortunes* ſacred Deitie, *Nature.*
In youth thy vertuous patience ſhe hath tyred,
From this baſe earth ſhee'le lift thee vp on hie,
Where in Contents rich Chariot thou ſhalt ride,
And neuer with Impatience to abide:
Fortune will glorie in thy great renowne,
And on thy feathered head will ſet a crowne.

Phœnix. T'was time to come, for I was comfortleſſe,
And in my Youth haue bene Infortunate:
This Ile of *Paphos* I do hope will bleſſe,
And alter my halfe-rotten tottering ſtate;
My hearts Delight was almoſt ruinate.
In this rich Ile a *Turtle* had his neſt,
And in a Wood of gold tooke vp his reſt.

Nature. Fly in this Chariot, and come ſit by me,
And we will leave this ill corrupted Land,
We'le take our courſe through the blew Azure skie,
And ſet our feete on *Paphos* golden ſand.
There of that *Turtle Doue* we'le vnderſtand:
And viſit him in thoſe delightfull plaines,
Where Peace conioyn'd with Plenty ſtill remaines.

Phœnix. I come, I come, and now farewell that ſtrond,
Vpon whoſe craggie rockes my Ship was rent;
Your ill beſeeming follies made me fond,
And in a vaſtie Cell I vp was pent,
Where my freſh blooming Beauty I haue ſpent.
O blame your ſelues ill nurtred cruell Swaines,
That fild my ſcarlet Glorie full of Staines.

Nature. Welcome immortal Bewtie, we will ride
Ouer the Semi-circle of *Europa*,
And bend our courſe where we will ſee the Tide,
That partes the Continent of *Affrica*,
Where the great *Cham* gouernes *Tartaria*:
And when the ſtarrie Curtaine vales the night,
In *Paphos* ſacred Ile we meane to light.

How

How glorious is this Chariot of the day, *Phœnix.*
Where *Phœbus* in his cryſtall robes is ſet,
And to poore paſſengers directs a way:
O happie time ſince I with *Nature* met,
My immelodious Diſcord I vnfret:
And ſing ſweet Hymnes, burn Myrrhe & Frankenſence,
Honor that Iſle that is my ſure defence.

Looke *Phœnix* ore the world as thou doſt ride, *Nature.*
And thou ſhalt ſee the pallaces of Kings,
Great huge-built Cities where high States abide,
Temples of Gods, and Altars with rich off'rings,
To which the Prieſts their ſacrifices brings:
Wonders paſt wonder, ſtrange *Pyramides*,
And the gold-gathering Strond of *Euphrates.*

O what rich pleaſure dwelleth in this Land! *Phœnix.*
Greene ſpringing Medowes, high vpreared Hils,
The white-fleeſt Ewe brought tame vnto the hand,
Faire running Riuers that the Countrie fils,
Sweet flowers that faire balmy Deaw diſtils,
Great peopled Cities, whoſe earth-gracing ſhow,
Time is aſham'd to touch or ouerthrow.

Be ſilent gentle *Phœnix*, Ile repeate, *Nature.*
Some of theſe Cities names that we deſcrie,
And of their large foundation Ile intreate,
Their Founder that firſt rear'd them vp on hie,
Making a glorious Spectacle to each eie:
Warres wald Defender and the Countries grace,
Not battred yet with Times controlling Mace.

This Alfred firſt deuided England into Shires, being King of Northumbers.

Alfred the father of faire *Elfleda*
Founded three goodly famous Monaſteries,
In this large Ile of ſweete *Britania*,
For to refreſh the poore ſoules miſeries,
That were afflicted with calamities:
One in the Towne ſurnamed *Edlingsey*,
Which after ages called *Athelney*.

The ſecond Houſe of that Deuotion,
He did erect at worthy *Wincheſter*,
A place well planted with Religion,
Called in this age the newly-builded Minſter,
Still kept in notable reparation:
And in this famous builded Monument,
His bodie was interd when life was ſpent.

Alfred buried in the Cathedrall Church of VVincheſter.

The laſt not leaſt ſurpaſſing all the reſt,
Was *Oxfords* honorable foundation,
Since when with Learnings glorie it is bleſt,
Begun by the godly exhortation
Of the Abbot *Neotus* direction:
From whoſe rich womb pure Angell-like Diuinitie,
Hath ſprong to ſaue vs from Calamitie.

The Vniuerſity of Oxford built by Alfred.

Leyre the ſonne of *Baldud* being admitted,
To beare the burden of the *Britiſh* ſway,
A Prince with *Natures* glorie being fitted,
At what time *Ioas* raigned King of *Iuda*,
To make his new got Fame to laſt for aye,
By *Sore* he built the Towne of *Caerleir*,
That to this day is called Leyceſter.

This Sore is a Riuer that runneth by Leiceſter, called of ſome Brenber vvater.

Bellin

Belin that famous worthy *Brytaine* King,
That made the Townes of *France* to feare his frowne,
And the whole *Romiſh* Legion to ſing.
And to record his gracious great renowne,
Whoſe hoſt of men their Townes were firing:
Builded in *Southwals* height *Caerlion*,
Or termed *Arwiske Caerlegion*.

In this Citie were three famous Churches one of S. Julius the Martyr, the ſecond of S. Aron: and the other the mother Church of all Demetia.

This glorious Citie was the onely Pride,
In eldeſt age of all *Demetia*:
Where many notable Monuments abide,
To grace the Countrey of *Britania*,
That from *Times* memorie can neuer ſlide:
Amphibulus was borne in this ſweete place,
Who taught *S. Albon*, *Albon* full of grace.

This Belin alſo builded a notable Gate in Lõdon now called Billingsgate & Belins Caſtle.

King *Lud* ſurnam'd the great *Lud-hurdibras*,
The ſonne of *Leil*, builded the famous Towne
Of *Kaerkin*, with a huge Tower of braſſe,
Now called *Canterburie* of great renowne,
Able to bide the raging Foes ſtout frowne:
The *Metropolitans* ſeate where Learning ſits,
And chiefe of all our *Engliſh* Biſhoprickes.

Lud, father to Baldud, a man well ſeen in the Sciences of Aſtronomie and Necromancie.

This noble King builded faire *Caerguent*,
Now cleped *Wincheſter* of worthie fame,
And at Mount *Paladour* he built his Tent,
That after ages *Shaftſburie* hath to name,
His firſt foundation from King *Leyls* ſonne came:
About which building Prophet *Aquila*,
Did propheſie in large *Brytania*.

This Baldud ſonne of Lud-Hurdibras, made firſt the hot Baths at Caerbran, now called Bathe.

King *Leill* a man of great religion,
That made his bordring neighbours for to yeeld,
And on their knees to pleade Submiſsion,
Being eldeſt ſonne to *Brute* ſurnamed *Greeneſhield*,
The Citie of *Caerleits* he did build,
Now called *Carleyle* by corruption,
And Time that leades things to confuſion.

He alſo repaired the Citie of Caer Leon, now called Cheſter.

Cambridge a famous Vniuerſitie,
The Nurſe of Learning and Experience,
The Chearifher of true Diuinitie,
That for the Soules good wiſedome doth commence,
Confuting Vice, and driuing Error thence:
Was built by *Sigisbert*: but wrought effectually
By Kings and Lords of famous memorie.

The Cittie of Cambridge built in the dayes of Gurguntius the ſon of Beline, by one Cantaber a Spaniard, brother to Partholony, or as ſome vvrite by Gorbonian.

Ebranke the ſonne of ſtout *Mempritius*,
Hauing in matrimoniall copulation,
Twentie one wiues in large **Britanicus*,
And thirtie daughters by iuſt computation,
And twentie ſonnes of eſtimation,
Builded *Caerbranke* famous for the name,
Now called *Englands Yorke* a place of Fame.

**Rithmi gratia.*

He in *Albania* large and populous,
Now termed *Scotland* of the *Scottiſh* Sect,
Becauſe his deedes ſhould ſtill be counted famous,
The Caſtle of *Maidens* there he did erect,
And to good purpoſe did this worke effect:
But iron-eating Time the Truth doth ſtaine,
For *Edingburgh* the Citie doth remaine.

And

And in that *Maiden* Caſtle he did frame,
To grace the building to the outward eie,
Nine Images of ſtone plac'd in the ſame,
Which ſince haue ſtay'd times perpetuitie,
In the true forme of worke-mans excellencie:
Not any whit diminiſht, but as perfect
As in the firſt-dayes minute they were ſet.

Nature I muſe at your deſcription, *Phœnix.*
To ſee how *Time* that old ruſt-cankard wretch,
Honors forgetfull Friend, Cities confuſion,
That in all Monuments hath made a Breach,
To auncient names brought alteration:
And yet at this day ſuch a place remaines,
That all *Times* honor paſt with honor ſtaines.

Thoſe carued old-cut ſtonie Images, *Nature.*
That beautifie the Princes ſtately Towers,
That graces with their grace the Pallaces,
And high imperiall Emperizing bowers,
Were neuer raz'd by *Times* controlling houres:
Nine worthie women almoſt equiualent,
With thoſe nine worthie men ſo valient.

Three of the nine were *Iewes*, and three were *Gentiles*,
Three *Chriſtians*, Honors honorable Sexe,
That from their foes did often beare the ſpoiles,
And did their proud controlling neighbours vexe,
Which to their name did Nobleneſſe annexe,
An Embleame for true borne Gentilitie,
To imitate their deeds in chiualrie.

The firſt *Minerua* a right worthie *Pagon*,
That many manlike battailes manly fought,
She firſt deuiz'd Artillerie of yron,
And Armour for our backes ſhe firſt found out,
Putting our liues deare hazard from ſome doubt:
She gouerned the *Libians*, and got Victories,
With Honor by the lake **Tritonides*.

* *Lacus Mineruæ.*

Our maine pitcht Battels ſhe firſt ordered,
Setting a Forme downe to this following Age,
The orders of Incamping ſhe firſt regiſtred,
And taught the lawes of Armes in equipage,
To after time her skill ſhe did engage:
Apollo was her deare begotten ſonne,
In *Abrahams* time ſhe liu'd till life was donne.

Semiramis Queene of *Aſſiria*,
Was ſecond worthie of this worlds great wonder,
She conquered large *Æthiopia*,
And brought the Necke of that ſtout Nation vnder,
Waſting the Countries of rich *India*:
Her dayes of Honor and of Regiment,
Was in the time of *Iſaacks* gouernment.

The third and chiefeſt for Audacioufneſſe,
And Enterpriſes that ſhe took in hand,
Was *Tomyris* full of true Nobleneſſe,
Queene of the *North* (as I do vnderſtand,)
From forth her eyes ſhe lightned Honors Brand,
And brandiſhed a Sword, a ſword of Fame,
That to her weake Sexe yeelded *Hectors* name.

When

When ſhe receiued newes her ſonne was dead,
The Hope and Vnderprop of *Scithia*,
She put on Armour, and encountered
The *Monarch Cyrus* King of *Perſia*,
And Gouernor of rich *Getulia*:
Slue him in fight her Fame for to renew,
Two hundred thouſand Souldiers ouerthrew.

Amongſt the *Hebrew* women we commend,
Iahel the *Kenite* for the firſt in bountie,
Whoſe vncomprehenſible valour in the end,
Did free and ſet at large her captiu'd Countrie,
Oppreſſed with tyrannicall Miſerie:
From dangers imminent of firie Warre,
By killing hand to hand her foe great *Siſar*.

Debora an *Hebrew* worthie the ſecond place,
She fortie yeares did gouerne *Iſrael*,
In peace preſeru'd her Land, her land of Grace,
Where honeſt ſportiue Mirth did alwaies dwell:
Her holy holineſſe no tongue can tell,
Nations aſtonied at her happineſſe,
Did grieue to looſe her Wiſedomes worthineſſe.

Iudith the third that redeliuered,
The ſtrong beſieged Citie of *Bethulia*,
And when the prowd Foe ſhe had vanquiſhed,
And ouercame hot-ſpur'd *Aſſiria*,
Bringing in triumph *Holofernes* head,
She got a great and greater Victorie,
Then thouſand Souldiers in their maieſtie.

The firſt of *Chriſtians* was faire *Maud* the Counteſſe,
Counteſse of *Aniow*, daughter to a King,
Englands firſt *Henry*: *Almaines* Empreſſe,
Heire indubitate, and her Fathers offpring,
She titles to the *Engliſh* Crowne did bring:
She ne're deſiſted from the warlike field,
Till that vſurped *Stephen* of *Blois* did yeeld,
And condiſcended to her ſonnes dear right,
That war-like *Maude* had reobtain'd by might.

The ſecond was *Elizabeth* of *Aragon*,
Queene and wife to honorable *Ferdinando*:
She ſtoutly fought for propagation
Of Chriſtian Faith; brought to ſubuerſion,
The forſaken infidels of *Granado*,
Reducing that proud prouince all in one,
To follow *Chriſts* vnſpotted true Religion.

The laſt was *Iohane* of *Naples* true borne Queene,
Siſter to *Ladiſlaus* King of *Hungarie*,
A woman that defended (as twas ſeene,)
Her countries great and gracious libertie,
By force of laudable Armes and Chiualrie,
Againſt the *Saraſins* inuaſion,
And proud hot warres of princely *Aragon*.

Thus haue I in the honor of their worth,
Laid ope their Progenie, their Deedes, their Armes,
Their offpring, and their honorable Birth,
That is a Lanthorne lightning their true Fames,
Which Truth can neuer burne in Enuies flames:

Worthy

Worthie of wonder are theſe three times three,
Folded in brazen Leaues of memorie.

Windſor a Caſtle of exceeding ſtrength,
Firſt built by *Aruiragus Brytaines* King,
But finiſhed by *Arthur* at the length,
Of whoſe rare deedes our *Chronicles* do ring,
And poets in their verſe his praiſe do ſing:
For his Round-table and his war-like Fights,
Whoſe valiantneſſe the coward Mind affrights.

This *Brytiſh* King in warres a Conquerer,
And wondrous happie in his Victories,
Was a companion of this noble Order,
And with his perſon grac'd theſe Dignities,
Great dignities of high exceeding Valour:
For he himſelfe the ſelfe-ſame Honor tooke,
That all his following States did euer brooke.

This *Paragon* whoſe name our time affrights,
At *Windſor* Caſtle dubbed in one day,
One hundred and iuſt fortie valiant Knights,
With his keene truſtie Sword, and onely ſtay,
(Cald *Dridwin*) that his Loue did ouerſway:
And with that Sword the very day before,
He ſlue as many *Saxon* foes or more.

But *Engliſh Edward* third of Memorie,
In bleſſed and religious zeale of Loue,
Built vp a Colledge of exceeding glory,
That his kind care to *England* did approue.

This *Colledge* doth this Caſtle beautifie:
The Honor of the place is held ſo deare,
That many famous Kings are buried there.

But one rare thing exceeding admirable
That to this day is held in great renowne,
And to all Forreiners is memorable,
The name of which makes *Englands* foes to frowne,
And puls the pride of forreine Nations downe,
Knights of the *Garter* and Saint *Georges* Croſſe,
Betok'ning to the Foe a bloudie loſſe.

Here followeth the Birth, Life
and Death of honourable Arthur
King of Brittaine.

To the courteous Reader.

COurteous Reader, hauing ſpoken of the firſt foundation of that yet renowned caſtle of Windſor *by* Aruiragus *king of* Britain, *& finiſhed by that ſucceeding prince of worthy memory famous king* Arthur; *I thought good (being intreated by ſome of my honourable-minded Friends, not to let ſlip ſo good and fit an occaſion, by reaſon that there yet remaines in this doubtfull age of opinions, a controuerſie of that eſteemed Prince of* Brittaine*) to write not according to ages obliuiō, but directed onely by our late* Hiſtoriographers *of England, who no doubt haue taken great paines in the ſearching foorth of the truth of that firſt* Chriſtian worthie: *and wheras (I know not directed*

directed by what blindnes) there haue bene ſome Writers (as I thinke enemies to truth) that in their erronious cenſures haue thought no ſuch mā euer to be liuing; How fabulous that ſhould ſeeme to be, I leaue to the iudgement of the beſt readers, who know for certaine, that that neuer dead Prince of memory, is more beholding to the French, *the* Romane, *the* Scot, *the* Italian, *yea to the* Greekes *themſelues, then to his own Countrymen, who haue fully and wholly ſet foorth his fame and liuelyhood: then how ſhameleſſe is it for ſome of vs, to let ſlip the truth of this* Monarch? *And for more confirmatiō of the truth, looke but in the Abbey of* Weſtminſter *at Saint* Edwards *ſhrine, there ſhalt thou ſee the print of his royal Seale in red wax cloſed in Berrill, with this inſcription,* Patricius Arthurus Gallie, Germaniæ, Daciæ Imperator. *At* Douer *likewiſe you may ſee Sir* Gawins *skull and* Cradocks *mantle: At* Wincheſter, *a Citie well knowne in England, his famous round* Table, *with many other notable monuments too long to rehearſe: Beſides I my ſelfe haue ſeen imprinted, a french Pamphlet of the armes of king* Arthur, *and his renowmed valiant Knights, ſet in colours by the Heraulds of* France: *which charge of impreſſion would haue been too great, otherwiſe I had inſerted them orderly in his Life and Actions: but (gentle Reader) take this my paines gratefully, and I ſhal hereafter more willingly ſtriue to employ my ſimple wit to thy better gratulation; I haue here ſet downe (turned from* French *proſe into* Engliſh *meeter) the words of the Herald vnder the arms of that worthy* Brittaine.

King *Arthur* in his warlike Shield did beare
Thirteene rich Crownes of purified gold:
He was a valiant noble Conquerer,
As ancient Memorie hath truly told:
His great Round-table was in Britanie,
Where choſen Knights did do their homage yearely.

The ſtrange Birth, honorable Coro-
nation and moſt vnhappie Death of
famous Arthur King of Bry-
taine.

OF noble *Arthurs* birth, of *Arthurs* fall,
Of *Arthurs* ſolemne Coronation,
Of *Arthurs* famous deedes *Heroyicall*,
Of *Arthurs* battels and inuaſion,
And that high minded worthie *Brytiſh King*,
Shall my wits memorie be deifying.

In the laſt time of *Vter* ſurnam'd *Pendragon*,
So called for his wittie pollicies,
Being a King of eſtimation,
In famous *Brytaine* mongſt his owne allies,
There was a mightie Duke that gouern'd *Cornwaile*,
That held long warre, and did this King aſſaile.

This Duke was nam'd the Duke of *Tintagil*:
After theſe hot bred warres were come to end,
He ſoiourn'd at a place cald *Terrabil*,
From whence *Pendragon* for this Duke did ſend,
And being wounded ſore with *Cupids* ſting,
Charg'd him his Wife vnto the Court to bring.

His Wife a paſſing Ladie, louely, wiſe,
Chaſte to her husbands cleare vnſpotted bed,
Whoſe honor-bearing Fame none could ſupprize,

But

But *Veſta*-like her little time ſhe led :
Igrene her name on whoſe vnequall beautie
Pendragon doted, led by humane folly.

At length he broke his mind vnto a Lord,
A truſtie Councellour and noble Friend,
That ſoone vnto his minds griefe did accord,
And his Kings louing loue-thoughts did commend,
Telling *Pendragon* this ſhould be his beſt,
To tell the Dutcheſſe of his ſweete requeſt.

But ſhe a Woman, ſterne, inexorable,
Willing fond Luſts inchauntments to reſiſt,
All his tongues ſmoothing words not penetrable,
In her chaſte boſomes Gate could not inſiſt,
But ſtraight ſhe told her Husband how ſhe ſped,
Leſt that his grace ſhould be diſhonoured.

And counſeld him to paſſe away in haſte,
That Nights darke duskie mantle might oreſhade,
Their flying bodies, leaſt at laſt they taſte,
More miſerie then Time did ere inuade,
"For Luſt is ſuch a hot inflamed thing,
"It gouerneth mans ſenſes, rules a King.

And as the Ducheſſe ſpake, the Duke departed,
That neither *Vter* nor his Councell knew,
How his deepe boſomes *Lord the Dutcheſſe thwarted, * *Cupid.*
But marke the ſtory well what did enſue :
Soone as the King perceiued their intent,
Intemperate Rage made him impatient.

Away with Muſicke for your ſtrings do iarre,
Your ſound is full of Diſcords, harſh and ill,
Your Diapazon, makes a humming warre
Within mine eares, and doth my ſences fill
With immelodious mourning; She is gone
That rul'd your ſelues and Inſtruments alone.

Away fond riming *Ouid*, left thou write
Of *Prognes* murther, or *Lucretias* rape,
Of *Igrens* iourney taken in the night,
That in the blacke gloom'd ſilence did eſcape:
O could no Dogge haue bark'd, no Cocke haue crow'd,
That might her paſſage to the King haue ſhow'd.

No mirth pleaſde *Vter*, but grimme Melancholy
Haunted his heeles, and when he ſate to reſt,
He pondred in his mind *Igrenas* beautie,
Of whom his care-craz'd head was full poſſeſt:
Nothing was now contentiue to his mind,
But *Igrenes* name, *Igrene* to him vnkind.

At laſt his noble Peeres with pitie mou'd,
To ſee the Kings ſodaine perplexitie,
With a great care that their Liege Emperour lou'd,
For to allay his great extremitie,
Did counſell him to ſend for *Garloyes* wife,
As he would anſwer it vpon his life.

Then preſently a Meſſenger was ſent,
To tell the Duke of his wifes ſecret folly:
This was the ſubſtance of his whole intent,

To

To bring his wife to Court immediatly :
Or within threeſcore dayes he did proteſt,
To fetch him thither to his little reſt.

Which when the Duke had warning, ſtraight he furniſh'd
Two Caſtles with well-fenc'd artillerie,
With vitailes and with men he garniſh'd,
His ſtrongeſt Holds for ſuch an enemie :
And in the one he put his hearts-deare Treaſure,
Faire *Igrene* that he loued out of meaſure,

That Caſtle which the Duke himſelfe did hold,
Had many Poſternes out and iſſues thence,
In which to truſt his life he might be bold,
And ſafely the warres Furie to commence :
But after-telling time did wonders worke,
That Foxes in their holes can neuer lurke.

Then in all haſte came *Vter* with his hoaſt,
Pitching his rich pauilions on the ground,
Of his aſpiring mind he did not boaſt,
For Loue and Anger did his thoughts confound,
Hot warre was made on both ſides, people ſlaine,
And many Death-doore-knocking Soules complaine.

Loue and minds anguiſh ſo perplext the King
For *Igrene* that incomparable Dame,
That *Cupids* ſickneſſe pearc'd him with a ſting,
And his warres lowd Alarums ouercame,
Venus intreated *Mars* awhile to ſtay,
And make this time a ſporting Holiday.

Then came ſir *Ulfius*, a moſt noble Knight,
And askt his King the cauſe of his diſeaſe,
Being willing in a ſubiects gracious right,
Vter Pendragons mind in heart to pleaſe:
Ah ſaid the King, *Igrene* doth captiuate
My Heart, and makes my Senſes ſubiugate.

Courage, my gracious Liege, I will go find
That true diuining prophet of our Nation,
Merlin the wiſe that ſhall content your mind,
And be a Moderator in this action:
His learning, wiſedome, and vnſeene experience,
Shall quickly giue a Salue for loues offence.

So *Vlfius* at the length from him departed,
Asking for *Merlin* as he paſt the way,
Who by great fortunes chance ſir *Vlfius* thwarted,
As he went by in beggers baſe aray:
Demanding of the Knight in baſeneſſe meeke,
Who was the man he went ſo farre to ſeeke?

Vlfius amazed at his baſe attire,
Told him it was preſumption to demaund
The name of him for whom he did enquire,
And therefore would not yeeld to his command:
Alas ſaid *Merlin* I do plainly ſee,
Merlin you ſeeke, that *Merlin* I am he.

And if the King will but fulfill my heſt,
And will reward my true deſeruing heart,
In his loues agonies he ſhal be bleſt

So

So that he follow what I ſhall impart,
Vpon my Knighthood he will honor thee,
With fauour & rewards moſt royally.

Then *Vlfius* glad departed in all haſt,
And rode amaine to King *Pendragons* ſight,
Telling his Grace *Merlin* he met at laſt,
That like a Lampe will giue his *Louelaies* light.
Where is the man? I wiſht for him before.
See where he ſtands my Liege at yonder doore.

When *Vter* ſaw the man, a ſudden ioy,
And vncompre'nded gladneſſe fild his hart:
With kind embracements met him on the way,
And to him gan his ſecrets to impart.
Leaue off, quoth *Merlin*, I do know your mind,
The faire-fac'd Lady *Igrene* is vnkind.

But if your Maieſty will here proteſt,
And ſweare as you are lawfull King annointed,
To do my will, nothing ſhall you moleſt,
But follow my directions being appointed.
I ſweare quoth *Vter* by the *Euangeliſts*,
He dyes for me that once thy will reſiſts.

Sir, ſaid the Prophet *Merline*, this I craue,
That ſhall betoken well what ere betide,
The firſt faire ſportiue Night that you ſhall haue,
Lying ſafely nuzled by faire *Igrenes* ſide,
You ſhall beget a ſonne whoſe very Name,
In after-ſtealing Time his foes ſhall tame.

That child being borne your Grace muſt giue to me,
For to be nouriſhed at my appointment,
That ſhal redound much to his maieſtie,
And to your Graces gracious good intent:
That ſhall be done: (quoth Merlin) let's away,
For you ſhall ſleepe with *Igrene* ere't be day.

And as *Ioue* ſtole to faire *Alcmenas* bed,
In counterfeiting great *Amphytrio*,
By the ſame luſt-directed line being led,
To *Igrenes* louely chamber muſt you go:
You ſhall be like the Duke her husbands greatneſſe,
And in his place poſſeſſe her Husbands ſweetneſſe.

And you my noble Lord, ſir *Vlſius*,
Shall be much like ſir *Bruſtias* a faire Knight,
And I will counterfeit the good *Iordanus*,
And thus weele paſſe together in the night,
But ſee you queſtion not, ſay you are diſeaſed,
And hie to bed there ſhall your heart be pleaſed.

But on the morrow do not riſe my Liege,
Vntill I come to councell for the beſt,
For ten miles off you know doth lie the Siege,
That will not turne theſe night-ſports to a ieſt,
Pendragon pleas'd haſted for to embrace,
The ſweet'ſt got pray that euer King did chaſe.

Soone as the Duke of *Tintagill* did perceiue,
That *Vter* left alone his royall armie,
He iſſued from his Caſtle to bereaue,

The ſouldiers of their liues by pollicie :
But ſee his fortune, by that wily traine,
That he had laid for others he was ſlaine.

The ſubtill-luſt directed King went on,
Maskt in a ſtrange deuiſed new found ſhape,
To ſimple-minded *Igrene* vnlike *Pendragon*,
And three long houres lay in his louers lap :
There he begat the chriſtian King of Kings,
Whoſe fame *Caiſter* Swannes in pleaſure ſings.

Aſſoone as day-betok'ning *Phœbus* Chariot,
Had croſt his ſiſters waggon in the skie,
Merlin in haſte to *Vters* chamber got,
Bidding good morrow to his Maieſtie :
And told him vnrecalled Time did ſtay,
To haſte him from his pleaſure thence away.

Vter amaz'd with *Igrene* in his armes,
Wiſht that the Prophet had no vſe of tongue,
Whoſe dolefull ſound breath'd forth theſe harſh Alarmes,
And like the night-Crow craokt a deadly ſong ;
Ah what a hell of griefe t'was to depart,
And leaue the new-got Treaſure of his heart.

Then by the lawne-like Hand he tooke his louer,
Being warm'd with blood of a diſſembling Husband,
Deſire in her cheekes ſhe could not ſmother,
And her Loue-dazeling eye none could withſtand :
He kiſt her twice or thrice and bad adue,
As willing his nights pleaſure to renue :

But when the late betrayed Lady knew,
How that her true betrothed Lord was ſlaine,
Ere that nights reuelling did firſt enſue,
In ſecret to her ſelfe ſhe wept amaine:
Amaz'd and maruelling who that ſhould be,
That rob'd her husband of his treaſurie.

And to her ſelfe ſhe gan for to relate,
The iniuries of her vnſpotted life,
And in her mind ſhe liu'd diſconſolate,
Banning her baſe-bad Fortune being a wife;
Wiſhing for euer ſhe had liu'd a maide,
Rather than her chaſt thoughts ſhould be betraid.

The noble Councell that attended *Vter*,
Began with grauitie for to deuiſe,
That (where their King had doted much vpon her)
Her beautie his young thoughts to equalize,
To knit them both in *Hymens* ſacred right,
And then in lawfull wife to taſt delight.

This motion made vnto their Soueraigne,
Of a warme luſtie ſtomacke youthfull bloud,
Thought it a heauen ſuch a *Saint* to gaine,
That would reuiue his ſpirits, do him good:
And gaue conſent to have her honoured,
With mariage Rites, the which were ſoone performed.

Halfe a yeare after as the King and Queene,
Then growing great with child a bed were lying,
The Curtaines drawne vnwilling to be ſeene:

This

This pollicie the King himſelfe deuiſing:
Asking whoſe child it was that ſhe did beare,
Speake gentle *Igrene* tell me without feare.

The Queene amazed at this queſtion,
Being fully wrapt in pale timiditie,
Knew not to anſwer this ſad action,
Becauſe ſhe fully knew her innocencie:
He vrg'd her ſtill, at length ſhe waxed bold,
And ſtoutly to the King the truth ſhe told.

With that he kiſt his Queene that was beguil'd,
And did recomfort her being halfe forlorne,
Telling t'was he that did beget the child,
The child that from her faire wombe ſhould be borne:
With that a ſudden ioy did repoſſeſſe
Her penſiue hart, whome Fortune late did bleſſe.

Then *Merlin* (that did alwaies loue the King,
As bearing chiefe affiance to his countrey)
Sought to prouide for the childs nouriſhing,
Therein to ſhew his well diſpoſed dutie.
As thou decreeſt ſaid *Vter*, muſt it be,
My deare Sonnes fortunes Ile commit to thee.

Well ſaid the *Prophet*, I do know a Lord,
A faithfull paſſing true diſpoſed man,
That to your Graces pleaſure will accord,
And in your ſeruice do the beſt he can:
Commit your child vnto his cuſtodie,
A man renoun'd in famous *Britany*.

His name Sir *Hector :* ſend a Meſſenger,
To will him come vnto the Court with ſpeede,
And that your Maieſtie muſt needs conferre,
Of matters helpefull in a Princes neede.
When he is come your Grace may certifie,
You'le put your ſonne & heire to his deliuerie.

And when that Fortunes child kind Fortunes heire,
(For ſo the Deſtinies prognoſticate)
Shall be brought foorth into the open aire,
That of faire *Igrene* lately was begate :
At yonder priuie Poſterne being vnchriſtened,
You muſt deliuer it me to be baptized.

As *Merlin* had deuiſed, ſo t'was done :
For all the Court to him did yeeld obeyſance :
And now Sir *Hector* to the king is come,
And to *Pendragon* made his deare affiance,
Wiſhing his Wife might nouriſh that bright ſonne,
Whoſe Mornings glorie was not yet begunne.

Then when the louely Queene was ſoone deliuered,
Of that rich bearing Burthen to her ioy,
The King himſelfe in perſon hath commaunded,
Two Ladies and two Knights to beare the boy,
Bound vp in cloth of gold being rich of State,
And giue it to the pooreman at the gate,

So *Merlin* had the Prince at his diſpoſing,
Committing it to *Hectors* faithfull wife :
Now nothing wanted but the ſweete baptizing,

To

To grace the Prince of Princes all his life:
A holy reuerent Man indu'de with fame,
Arthur of *Britaine* cald the Princes name.

After the royall Solemnation,
Of that blacke mournfull weping funerall,
Of *Vter* that we name the great *Pendragon*,
By ſubtill practiſe brought vnto his fall:
The ſixteenth yeare of his victorious raigne,
By poiſon was this braue *Pendragon* ſlaine.

His body vnto *Stone-heng* being brought,
Hard by his brother *Aurelius* is he laid,
In a faire Monument then richly wrought,
Dead is the King whoſe life his foes diſmaid,
But from his loynes he left a ſonne behind,
The right *Idea* of his fathers mind.

Great *Arthur* whom we call the *Britaines* King,
A man renown'd for famous victories,
Saxons and *Pictes* to homage he did bring,
As you may read in auncient hiſtories:
Our later Chronicles do teſtifie,
King *Arthurs* noble mind in Chiualrie.

Valerius vitneſſeth that K. Arthur cõquered thirty kingdomes, for as thẽ a great cõpany of Gouernors held vnder their iuriſdiction the Iland together vith France and Germanie.

Twelue noble battels did King *Arthur* fight,
Againſt the *Saxons* men of hardie ſtrength,
And in the battels put them ſtill to flight,
Bringing them in ſubiection at the length:
He neuer ſtroue to driue them quite away,
But ſtragling here and there he let them ſtay.

In *Southry*, *Kent*, and *Norfolke* did they dwell,
Still owing homage to king *Arthures* greatneſſe,
Whoſe puiſſance their pride did alwaies quell,
Yet did he temper rigour with his meekneſſe :
And like a Lion ſcorn'd to touch the Lambe,
Where they ſubmiſſiue-like vnto him came,

Againſt the *Pictes* he held continuall warre,
The which vnto the *Saxons* were allide,
And with the ſubtill *Scot* did alwaies iarre,
Who neuer true to *Arthur* would abide :
But (ſcorning his aduancement to the Crowne)
Did thinke by force to pull his greatneſſe downe.

The chiefeſt cauſe of this hot mortall ſtrife,
That mou'd theſe Kings to be diſſentious,
Was that the King of *Pictes* had tane to wife
The eldeſt ſiſter of *Aurelius*,
And *Cornon* King of *Scots* had married
The youngeſt ſiſter to his Princely bed.

Wherefore they thought the *Brytiſh* Regiment,
Should haue deſcended to the lawfull heires
Of *Anna*, wife to both in gouernment,
And he as King to rule their great affaires :
And do inferre king *Arthures* barſtardie,
And vniuſt claime to that high dignitie.

And preſently they do diſpatch in haſt,
Ambaſſadours to famous *Brytanie*,
Of their great Peeres for to demaund at laſt,

The kingdomes Crowne and kingdomes Royaltie:
Who ſcorning for to heare a ſtranger nam'd,
Crowned king *Arthur*, whom the world hath fam'd.

The Coronation of King Arthur, and
the Solemnitie thereof: the proud meſſage
of the Romanes, and the whole reſolution of King
Arthur and his Nobles.

THe appointed time and great Solemnitie,
Approched of king *Arthurs* Coronation,
To which high ſtates of mightie Dignitie,
Aſſembled at the Citie of *Caerleon*,
In *Cæſars* time cal'd *Vrbs Legionum:*
A Title doubtleſſe bearing ſome import,
Where many famous *Brytaines* did reſort.

To grace king *Arthur* whom the *Britaines* loued,
Came three *Arch biſhops Englands* chiefe renowne,
Both *London*, *Yorke*, and *Dubright* Honor moued,
On *Arthurs* head to ſet the *Britiſh* Crowne,
That after puld the pride of Nations downe:
Vnto the Pallace of this princely King,
They were conuay'd where true-born Fame did ſpring.

Dubright (becauſe the Court at that time lay
Within the compaſſe of his Dioceſſe)
In his own perſon on this Royall day,
Richly to furniſh him he did addreſſe,
His loue vnto his King he did expreſſe,

And at his hands the King was dignified,
When *Aue Cæſar* lowd the people cride.

This happie Coronation being ended,
The King was brought in ſumptuous royaltie,
With all the peoples harts being befriended,
To the Cathedrall church of that fame See,
Being the *Metropoliticall* in nobilitie,
With lowd exclaiming ioy of peoples voyce,
That God might bleſſe their Land for ſuch a choice

On either hand did two Archbiſhops ride,
Supporting *Arthur* of *Britania*,
And foure Kings before him did abide,
Angiſell King of ſtout *Albania*,
And *Cadual* King of *Venedocia*,
Cador of *Cornewaile* mongſt theſe Princes paſt,
And *Sater* of *Demetia* was the laſt.

Theſe foure attired in rich ornaments,
Foure golden Swords before the King did beare,
Betokening foure royall Gouernments,
And foure true Noble harts not dreading feare,
That *Enuie* from their breaſts can neuer teare:
Before them playd ſuch well-tun'd melodie,
That birds did ſing to make it heauenly.

King *Arthurs* Queene vnto the Church was brought,
With many noble Peeres being conducted:
Her Armes and Titles royally were wrought,
And to her noble Fame were garniſhed,

That

That Infamie had neare diminiſhed :
Foure Queenes before her bore foure ſiluer Doues,
Expreſſing their true Faith and husbands Loues.

To braue King *Arthur* on this ſolemne feaſt,
This day of high vnſpeakeable dignitie,
Came foure graue diſcreet perſons of the beſt,
From *Romes* Lieutenant, proud in Maieſtie,
Carying in token of their Embaſſage
Greene Oliue boughs, and their dear Lieges meſſage.

The Epiſtle of Lucius Tiberius the Romane Lieutenant, to Arthur *King of Britanie.*

LVcius Tiberius, Romes *great gouernour,*
To Arthur *King* of large Britania,
As he deſerueth fauour at our hands :
Rome *and the* Romane *Senators do wonder,*
And I my ſelfe exceedingly do muſe,
To thinke of thy audacious haughtie mind,
And thy tyrannicall dealing to our State :
Hote firie Anger boyleth in my breaſt,
And I am mou'd with honour of the cauſe,
For to reuenge thy Iniuries to Rome :
And that like one or' proud of his eſtate,
Refuſeſt to acknowledge her thy head,
Neither regardeſt ſpeedily to redreſſe,
Thy baſe and blind obliuous ouerſight,
And vniuſt dealings to offend the Senate,

Vnto whoſe high imperiall Dignitie,
Vnleſſe Forgetfulneſſe do bleare thine eyes,
Thou knowſt the whole huge Circle of the world,
Are made Contributorie and owe vs homage.
The tribute that the Britaines *ought to pay,*
The which the Senate did demaund of thee,
Being due vnto the Romaine *Emperie:*
For that braue Iulius Cæſar *had enioy'd*
And many worthy Romanes *many yeares,*
Thou in contempt of vs and our Eſtate,
Our honorable Eſtate and our dignitie,
Preſum'ſt iniuriouſly for to detaine:
The confines of wel-ſeated Gallia,
The Prouinces of Sauoy *and* Daulphine,
With hot-flam'd fierie warre haſt thou ſubdude,
And gotten in thy large poſſeſſion;
The Ilands of the bordring Ocean,
The Kings whereof ſo long as we enioy'd them,
Payd tribute to our Noble aunceſtors.
The Senate highly mou'd with thy preſumption,
Determine for to redemaund amends,
And reſtitution for thy open wrongs:
I therefore from the noble Senatours,
Commaund thee on thy true Allegiance,
To Rome, *to them, to me, and our Eſtate,*
That in the midſt of Auguſt *next enſuing,*
Thou do repaire to Rome, *there for to anſwer,*
Before the worthie Senate and the Lords
Thy Treſpaſſe; and abide arbitrement,
Such as by them ſhall there be ordred,
And iuſtice ſhall impoſe vpon thy head:

Which

Which thing if thou preſumptuouſly refuſe,
I will forthwith inuade thy Territories,
Waſt thy whole Countrey, burne thy Townes and Cities;
And what ſo ere thy raſhneſſe hath detain'd,
From Rome *or from the* Romaine Emperie,
I will by dint of ſword ſubdue againe.
Thus arm'd with hopefull Reſolution,
Weele ſtay thy anſwer of ſubmiſſion.

Lu. Tib.

Cador the Duke of Cornewaile his Oration to the King.

RENowmed Arthur *and thrice worthie* Britaine:
O how a liuely bloud doth fill my veines,
At this proud meſſage of the hawtie Romaines,
I hitherto my Lord haue bene in feare,
Leſt that the worthy Britaines *with much eaſe,*
And long continuall, peace and quietneſſe,
Should grow to too much ſlouth and cowardize,
And loſe that honorable Reputation,
Of Chiualrie and Martiall diſcipline:
Wherein (right Noble King) we haue bene counted,
For to ſurmount all Nations of the world.
For where the vſe of Armes is not eſteem'd,
But buried in Obliuions loathſome caue,
And wanton dallying held in æſtimate,
It cannot chuſe but pale-fac'd Cowardize,
Muſt dimme and cleane deface all worthy Vertue.
Fiue yeares haue fully runne their monthly courſe,

Since we put off our armour from our backes,
Or heard the Trumpets clangor in our eares,
Or marcht in triumph with the ratling Drum,
Being nuzzeled in effemenate delights,
God willing that our names ſhould not be blotted
With the foule ſtaine of beaſtly ſluggardie,
Hath ſtirred vp the proud inſulting Romanes,
To whet our dull edg'd ſwords not now in vſe,
To cut their heads off in this rightfull cauſe,
And ſcoure our ruſtie Armour long laid vp,
To buckle with ſo proud an enemie,
Therefore great Arthur in thy greatneſſe raiſe
Thy colours vp, for to vpreare thy praiſe. *Ca. Cor.*

The Oration of King Arthur to his Lordes *and Followers.*

MY Fellowes and my deare Companions,
Both in the aduerſe chances of our age,
And proſperous ſucceſſefull happineſſe,
Whoſe true vnſpeakable fidelities,
In giuing counſell touching warres abroad,
And home-bred mutinies amongſt our ſelues,
With good ſucceſſefulneſſe haue I perceau'd,
In your deepe wiſedomes and your grauitie.
Affoord me now your honorable aides,
Wiſely foreſeeing what you think conuenient,
Touching the proud command'ment ſent from Rome,
A thing at firſt carefully deliberated,
Is in the end moſt eaſily tollerated:

We

We therefore ſhall with eaſier burden brooke,
The hawtie meſſage of Tiberius Lucius,
If mongſt our ſelues in wiſedome we conferre,
How and which way to anſwer his demaund,
And ſurely (noble Followers) I ſuppoſe,
We haue no cauſe to feare their forreine braues.
For that vpon a moſt vniuſt requeſt,
He ſeekes to haue a tribute paid from Britaine,
Becauſe forſooth in Iulius Cæſars *time,*
Through iarres and diſcords of the ancient Brytains,
The tribute hath beene due and payable:
For when our countrie was at full poſſeſt,
With ciuill garboiles and domeſticke brawles,
Their Cæſar *did ariue within this land,*
And with this armed ſouldiers ſull of force,
Brought in ſubiection that vnquiet Nation,
By this alleadgance they vniuſtly craue,
Tribute and ſatisfaction at our hands,
For nothing that is got by violence,
May iuſtly be poſſeſt by violence.
Sith therefore he preſumeth to demaund,
A thing being moſt vnlawfull at our hands,
By the ſame reaſon let vs demaund of him,
Tribute at Rome *mauger their* Romiſh *power,*
And he that is the mightier in force,
Let him poſſeſſe the honor of the tribute,
For if his allegations and demaunds,
Be forcible and worthie to be kept,
Becauſe their Cæſar *and ſome* Romane *Princes,*
Haue ſometimes conquered Brytania,
By the like reaſon I do thinke that Rome,

Ought to pay tribute and to do vs homage,
Becauſe my Predeceſſors conquered it:
Bellin *the noble King of* Brytanie,
With his braue brother Brennus *warlike ayde,*
Being then accounted Sauoies *noble Duke,*
Razed the wals of Rome, *and ſet his Standard*
With victorie vpon the Citie gates,
And in the middle of their Market place,
Hung vp twentie of their chiefeſt Noblemen.
And Conſtantine *the ſonne of* Helena,
And Maximinianus *my neere Couſins,*
Were both inthroniz'd in the Imperiall ſeate,
And gouernment of Romes *great Emperie.*
As touching Fraunce *and other* Ilands *there,*
We neede not anſwer their out-brauing termes:
For they refuſed to defend their owne,
When we by force redeem'd them from their hands.
Then counſell me thriſe-worthy Brytaine *Peeres,*
Abandoning baſe cowardize and feares.

K. Arthur.

The Anſwer of Howell King
of litle Brytaine.

THough all your wiſedomes and your grauities,
Handmaides to Counſell and Nobilitie,
Should be engraued in one golden leafe,
More to the purpoſe could not you inferre,
Then thy moſt graue and exquiſite Oration,
Thy eloquent and Tully-*like aduiſe*

Hath

Hath furniſht vs with ſuch experiment,
Whereby we ought inceſſantly to praiſe,
In you the wiſedome of a conſtant man:
For if with all poſt expedition,
You will prepare a voyage vnto Rome,
That doth expect our haſte and royall comming,
According to the reaſons you alleage,
I doubt not but that faire Victoria,
Will ſit in triumph on our conquering Helmes,
To fright the mindes of Romiſh *aduerſaries,*
Sith we defend our auncient libertie,
Diſdaining for to beare a ſeruile yoke,
Which to this day the Britaines *do maintaine:*
Let vs go chearefully and demaund of them,
With Iuſtice what vniuſtly they demaund:
For he that doth deface anothers right,
And thinkes vniuſtly for to diſpoſſeſſe,
And take from him his owne inheritance
Deſeruedly, and with a worthy meanes,
Not violating large and hoſtile Armes,
May he be put from that which is his owne,
By him to whom the wrong is offred.
Seeing therefore that the Romanes *would vſurpe,*
The royall dignitie of worthy Britaine,
Due to your honorable aunceſtors,
I doubt not (noble King) but weele regaine,
That which your Predeceſſors haue poſſeſt,
Euen in the middle of their proudeſt Citie,
If we may come to buckle with our foes.
This is the conflict that true hearted Britaines,
So long haue wiſht to happen to our age.

Theſe be the propheſies of wiſe Sibilla,
Long time agoe, plainly and truly told,
And now at length fulfilled to our ioy,
That of the third race of the worthie Britaines,
There ſhould be borne a Prince to repoſſeſſe,
The Romiſh Empire *and their Dignitie:*
For two of theſe the propheſie is paſt,
In Belin *and that worthie* Conſtantine,
Who ouercame, and gaue the Armes of Rome:
Now haue we none but you my gracions Liege,
The third and laſt, not leaſt in all our eyes,
To whom this high Exploit is promiſed:
Make haſte therefore moſt royall Soueraigne,
For to receiue that which our God will giue,
Haſten for to ſubdue their willing minds,
Which profer vp their honor to your hands,
Haſten deare Liege for to aduance vs all,
That willingly will ſpend our liues and lands,
For the aduancement of our libertie.
And to atchieue this Labour worthie King,
Ten thouſand armed ſouldiers will I bring.

Ho. K. of Brit

Anguſel King of Albania his
Anſwere to the King.

SInce firſt I heard my Soueraigne ſpeake his mind,
Ful fraught with Eloquēce and learned Counſel,
A ſodaine ioy did ſo poſſeſſe my ſoule,
As that in words I cannot vtter forth

As

The explanation of my willing thoughts:
In all our Victories and Conqueſts wonne,
Subduing many Regions, many Kings,
Nothing at all in honour haue we gain'd,
If that we ſuffer the proud-minded Romanes,
And hautie Germaines *to vſurpe vpon vs,*
And do not now reuenge thoſe bloudie ſlaughters,
Enacted on our friends and countrymen.
And ſith occaſion now is profered,
And Libertie to trie our force of Armes,
I do reioyce to ſee this happie day,
Wherein we may but meet and ioyne with them:
I thriſt my Lord in heart for ſweet reuenge,
As if three dayes I had beene kept from drinke;
The wounds I ſhould receiue vpon that day
Would be as pleaſant to my labouring ſoule,
As Water to a thirſtie Traueller,
Or elſe Releaſement to a man condemn'd,
Nay death it ſelfe were welcome to my boſome,
For to reuenge our Fathers iniuries,
Defend our libertie, aduance our King:
Let vs giue onſet on that meacocke Nation,
Thoſe fond effeminate vnruly people,
And fight it out vnto the lateſt man;
That after we haue ſpread our wauing Colours,
In ſigne of Triumph and of Victorie,
We may enioy the Honors they poſſeſſe,
And for my part renowned valiant King,
Two thouſand armed horſemen will I bring.

An. K. Alb.

A Royall armie *Arthur* hath prouided,
To beard the brauing *Romanes* in their Countrie,
And like a *Martialiſt* hath them diuided,
To buckle with ſo proud an Enemie:
And Courage ioyn'd with Reſolution,
Doth pricke them forwards to this Action.

The *Britains* hawtie and reſolued men,
Stout, valiant, of *Bellonas* warlike brood,
Chear'd on their Followers, and began agen
For to reuiue their new decayed blood:
And to redeeme to *Arthur* and his Line,
What once was wonne by valiant *Conſtantine*.

Now ſounds his Drumme a march in chearfull ſort,
Now his loud winded Trumpets checke the aire,
And now the *Britaines* to him do reſort,
Not fearing warres affliction or deſpaire:
But all with one voyce promiſe victorie
To *Arthur* King of famous *Britainy*.

His Colours they are wauing in the wind,
Wherein is wrought his Armes of anceſtrie,
His Pendants are in formall wiſe aſſign'd,
Quartred at large by well read *Heraldrie*:
Cuffing the ayre that ſtruggles for to kiſſe,
The gaudineſſe of faire King *Arthurs* bliſſe.

Within his ſpreading Enſigne firſt he bore,
Allotted from his royall familie,
Three flying Dragons and three Crownes he wore,

Por-

Portraid *de Or*, the field of *Azure* die,
His fathers Coate, his Mothers Countries grace,
His honors Badge, his cruell foes deface.

At laſt vnto himſelfe he hath aſſumpted,
And tooke to Armes proper to his deſire,
As in his faithfull mind being beſt accounted,
And fitting to thoſe thoughts he did require:
A croſſe of Siluer in a field of *Vert*,
A gracious *Embleame* to his great deſert.

On the firſt quarter of this field was figured,
The image of our *Ladie* with her *Sonne*
Held in her armes; this he deſired,
Wherein his new-growne valour was begonne:
And bearing this ſame Figure forth right nobly,
Did maruellous Actes and feates of Chiualrie.

This Signe in elder ages being odious,
And hated of the bad deſeruing mind,
By his deare blood is made moſt pretious
Our vnpure Sinne by him being full refind:
A great triumphant Signe, a Signe of ioy,
A bleſſed Croſſe to free vs from annoy.

To this the righteous man bowes downe his head,
And this the heauenly *Angels* do adore,
By this our vnpure ſoules with life is fed,
And *Diuels* fearing this do much deplore:
Hereon he vanquiſht *Sathan*, Hell, and Sinne,
And by this Signe our new-life we begin.

Wiſe, learned *Hiſtoriographers* do write,
That this pure Signe of the moſt holy Croſſe
Was ſent from God, to *Mercuries* delight,
Iulian the *Apoſtata's* onely loſſe,
And that an Angell brought to *Mercurie*,
All Armour for his backe moſt neceſſarie.

A Shield of *Azure* herein coloured,
A flowrie Croſſe between two golden Roſes,
That the prowd *Iewes* minds much diſtempred,
Whoſe vertue in it ſelfe true Time encloſes
A rich wrought Shield and a moſt heauenly Armour,
That to the proud Foe ſtrucke a deadly terrour.

And in the time of *Charles* the ſeuenth french King
The Sunne giuing glorie to the dim-fac'd Morne,
When early riſing Birds alowd did ſing,
And faire cleare clouds the Element did adorne,
To *Engliſhmen* and *French* from heauen was ſent
A milke-white Croſſe within the Firmament.

Which heauenly Signe of both theſe nations ſeene,
The haughtie *French* mou'd with rebellion
Againſt their lawfull King and true-borne Queene,
Began to yeeld their true ſubmiſſion,
And tooke it as a great admoniſhment,
And Signe betok'ning bitter detriment.

Thus we may ſee, that the Religion
Which they conceiued of this bleſſed ſight,
Altred their minds to veneration,

And

And mollified their harts then full of ſpight,
Yeelding vnto their Prince obedience,
And true ſubmiſſion for their great offence.

This ſight of honor, to the *French Kings* fame
They did behold, a ſpectacle to *Fraunce*,
At the ſame time when the third *Edward* came,
And in the land his colours did aduance,
Sending to Clodoueus then their King
Which there became a Chriſtian by Baptizing.

Hæc ſunt Francorum celebranda inſignia Regum,
Quæ demiſſa polo, ſuſtinet alma fides
Et nobis cælica dona:
Et pia Francorum placeant inſignia Regum,
Aurea cæleſti primum ſuffulta colore
Lilia, Cæſarijs olim iam credita ceruis
Auri flamma dehinc, veterum victoria Regum.

And euer ſince great *Clodoueus* raigne,
They did remaine as Enſignes to that Nation,
Where ſtill before three Toades they did ſuſtaine,
Their onely pourtraiture of commendation,
By honor to the *Engliſh* Kings pertaining,
That conquer'd *Fraunce*, when all their pride was wai-
(ning.

His barbed Horſes beat the yeelding ground,
And with their neighing terrifide their foe,
Prowd of their riders, in whoſe harts are found
A promiſe to the *Romanes* ouerthrow.

The gliſtering ſhine of their well-faſhion'd armour,
Tels all men here doth ride a Conquerour.

Their Armour ſtrongly made and firmely wrought,
Not to the vſe of old decayed Time,
Who with their guilded ſhewes are good for nought,
But like to ſtonie wals not made with lime,
The *Brytaines* went not proudly armoured,
But ſtrong, as ſcorning to be conquered.

In *Calis* he his colours doth aduance,
Who all for feare do entertaine this Prince,
And paſſeth through the regiment of *France*,
And doth with puiſſance the *French* conuince:
Still marching vp to *Paris* and to *Roane*,
Bringing that Countrie in ſubiection.

And hauing got his Title and his Name
A Title got with famous victorie,
He marcheth forward to enlarge his Fame,
Leauing faire *France* in his authoritie,
By ſword and clemencie he conquer'd *Iſland*,
And wonne by famous warre the land of *Gothland*.

Now more and more his armie doth increaſe,
And mightie Kings do offer him their aide,
So in the country they might liue in peace,
His warlike followers ſo their minds diſmaid:
The name of *Arthur* King of *Britanie*,
Hath fear'd the *Romiſh* force from *Italy*.

At

At laſt he comes to meete his enemie,
High-harted *Lucius* that his letters ſent,
To great *Carleon* with ſuch Maieſtie,
That ſtiffely did demaund a baſe intent:
But now he wiſht King *Arthur* were away,
For feare he loſt the Honor of the day.

The *Britaines* valour was ſo admirable,
As when a Lion meeteth with his Pray;
King *Arthurs* courage ſo ineſtimable,
That nere a *Romaine* durſt his ſtrength aſſay:
But like the duſt with wind did take their flight,
Yeelding by Warre what they demaund by Might.

Here lay a heape of *Romans* ſlaughtered,
Trode vnder foote by proud victorious Steedes,
And here one Friend another murthered,
Not able for to helpe him in his neede:
Here bruiſed Souldiers that alowd did cry,
Braue *Arthur* helpe vs in our miſerie.

And after he had wonne ſo great a Field,
And ouerthrew the *Romaine Lucius*,
He pardon'd thoſe that graciouſly would yeeld,
And leaue their Leader proud *Tiberius*:
Who left his men for feare, and would not fight,
But hid himſelfe in darkneſſe of the Night.

This baſe retraite and glorious Victorie,
To *Arthur's* honour and *Tiberius* ſhame,
Was ſpred through *Rome*, through *France*, through *Italy*,

An extollation to the *Brytiſh* name:
Who forraged about, yet all did flie,
Till *Arthur* tooke them to his pitying mercie.

Forwards towards *Rome* theſe *Britaines* make their way,
Sounding Defiance as they paſſe along,
Their conquering Enſignes ſtill they do diſplay,
In Armes and hautie courage paſſing ſtrong:
All Cities offer peace, all Townes ſubmit
To *Arthurs* greatneſſe, as a thing moſt fit.

But as they paſſe huge *Mirmedons* do ſtriue,
Surnamed *Giants*, for to ſtop this King.
And vow by Paganiſme (by which they thriue,)
His bodie in *Oceanus* to fling:
And daunt his followers, who as Fame hath ſaid,
Of great bigge monſtrous men were not afraid.

At laſt they march vpon a large broade plaine,
When firſt theſe hautie *Giants* he doth ſpie,
The *Britaines* ſcorne for to retire againe,
But either winne the honor, or elſe die:
Courage quoth *Arthur*, better die with fame,
Then yeeld or turne to our immortall ſhame.

At length they meete, and meeting cope together,
As when two ſauage Boares are full of ire,
The Victorie as yet inclin'd to neither,
But from their Creaſts and Shields did ſparckle fire:
Inkindled Wrath from *Arthurs* breaſt hath ſprong,
That he made paſſage through the thickeſt throng.

The

The King of *Giants Arthur* meetes withall,
And copes with him: for in his ſtrength did ſtand
His Kingdomes great aduancement, or his fall,
His Subiects peace, his quietneſſe of land:
But this renowne to *Britaine* doth remaine,
The *Giant, Arthur* hand to hand hath ſlaine.

When he was downe the reſt did faint for feare,
Which when the *Britiſh* armie had eſpied,
Their true-borne valour did they not forbeare,
But all the greene graſſe with their bloud they died:
And made ſuch ſlaughter of theſe monſtrous men,
That after-time hath regiſtred agen.

After this Conqueſt is King *Arthur* minded,
With all his royall power to march to *Rome*,
And with his Lords he hath determined,
This gallant Reſolution, and this Doome:
To crowne himſelfe by warre their Emperour,
And ouer all a mightie Gouernour.

And had not Fortune and Rebellion,
Stir'd vp his Couſin *Mordreds* hautie mind,
At home to make ciuill inuaſion,
Who ſought King *Arthurs* glory for to blind,
With honour had he re-inkindled fire,
To burne the wals of *Rome* to his deſire.

But O vnkinde *Mordred*, thou deceitfull Kinſman,
(Begot of Treaſons heyre) thus to rebell,
Againſt thy noble Nephew, who hath wonne

Cities and peopled Townes that did excell:
And all he did was for to glorifie
His Royall kindred and his Noble countrey.

But thou ſome baſe-borne Haggard mak'ſt a wing,
Againſt the Princely *Eagle* in his flight,
And like a hiſſing Serpent ſeek'ſt to ſting
The Lion that did ſhield thee from deſpight:
But now being wakened by his Countries wrong,
With warre he meanes to viſite you ere long.

The news of this proud Rebell in his Land,
Was like deepe piercing arrowes at his hart,
Intemperate Rage did make them vnderſtand
King *Arthurs* furie, and fond *Mordreds* ſmart,
Who vow'd reuengement moſt vnnaturall,
On him that ſought to bring his friends to thrall.

He ſounds Retraite with heart-ſwolne heauineſſe,
That he muſt leaue faire *Rome* vnconquered,
And marcheth through the Land in quietneſſe,
To be reueng'd on the Vſurper *Mordred*:
At this ſweet newes of his departing thence,
The *Romaines* praiſe the Rebels excellence.

King *Arthur* heard at his returne towards *Brytaine*,
How *Mordred* had proclaim'd himſelfe there King,
Thoſe that reſiſted, he by force hath ſlaine,
Vnto their Countries ground a gentle offring,
And to the *Saxon Cheldricke* is allide,
Who landing to their lawfull King denide.

By

By force they driue King *Arthur* from the ſhore,
And like rebellious Monſters kill his men,
Which when he viewes, he ſtriueth more and more,
And his great puiſſant ſtrength renewes againe,
And maugre all the power they withſtand,
At *Sandwich* Noble *Arthur* taketh Land:

And ioyning battel with his enemies,
The traytrous Rebels are diſcomfited,
And *Mordred* all in haſt away he flies,
By Treaſons bloudie Traine & murther led,
To gather Power to renew the fight,
Vrg'd forward by the *Saxon Cheldricks* ſpight.

The Noble *Arthur* in this conflict loſt
Some of his followers whom he lou'd too deare;
The death of gentle *Gawen* grieu'd him moſt,
As by his outward ſorrow did appeare:
This *Gawen* was proud *Mordreds* lawfull brother,
Legitimate by father and by mother.

O mirrour of true borne gentilitie,
Faire mappe of Honor in his gentle blood,
That rather choſe to loue his noble countrie,
And ſeeke the meanes to do his life Liege good,
Then to defend his kindred by that warre,
That made the Sonne and moſt kind Father iarre.

Kind *Gawen*, truſtie worthie Gentleman,
Belou'd of *Arthur*, as deſeruedly,
Recording Time thy faithfulneſſe ſhall ſcan,

And loyall Truth wrapt vp in memorie:
Shall ſay in thy Kings quarrell being iuſt,
At laſt thou diedſt, not in thy Brothers truſt.

Thy gentle King prepared thy Funeral,
And laid thy bodie in a Sepulchre,
In thine owne country richly done and royall,
At *Roſſe* whoſe aunceſtrie ſhall ſtill endure:
And like a Nephew, mourn'd and wept for thee,
Grieuing to looſe *Brytiſh* Nobilitie.

But to proceede in this vnluckie fight,
King *Anguſel* was ſlaine whom *Arthur* loued,
A man in whom his countrie tooke delight,
That ne're with home-bred Treacherie was moued
In falſe-faith'd *Scotland* was his bones interd,
To which before King *Arthur* him prefer'd.

That vniuſt *Mordred*, Miſchiefes nouriſher
Times bad infamer, Traitor to the State,
Of his whole Countrie bounds the chiefe perturber,
Whoſe name to this day mongſt them growes in hate.
Fled from the battell, getting ſhips he ſaild
Weſtward towards *Cornwail* whẽ his force was quail'd.

But when King *Arthur* heard of his departure,
Cauſing the refuſe Rebels for to flie,
To make the way of his defence more ſure,
With ſpeed he re-inforſt his royall armie,
With new ſupplie of hardie men at Armes,
Whoſe Reſolution fear'd no following harmes.

With

With his whole force he marcheth after him,
Where all the *Kentiſh* men reioyce to ſee
King *Arthurs* Colours, whoſe rich pride doth dim
The faire-fac'd Sunne in all his Maieſtie:
Not reſting till he came vnto the place,
Where *Mordred* was encamped for a ſpace.

By *Winchester* a Citie of renowne,
The Traitorous armie of this *Mordred* lay,
On whoſe proud gather'd troupe the Sunne did frowne,
Fore-ſhewing to his men a blacke-fac't day:
And ſo it prou'd before the ſelfe-ſame night;
Mordred and his beſt friends were ſlaine in fight.

At *Camblane* was this bloudie battell ended,
Where fame-acthieuing *Arthur* ſore was wounded,
With gallant *Britaine* Lords being attended,
Whoſe ſword (cald *Pridwin*) manie had confounded,
Yet Fortunes vnſeene immortalitie,
Sometimes cuts downe ſprigs of a Monarchie.

At this dayes dolefull ſtroke of *Arthurs* death,
The glorious ſhining Sunne lookt pale and wanne,
And when this *Monarch* loſed forth his breath,
The *Britaines* being amaz'd about him ranne:
And with their nailes did teare their fleſh aſunder,
That they had loſt their King the worlds great Wonder.

Ouer this litle Iland he had raigned,
The full iuſt terme of ſixe and twentie yeares,
When twelue moſt famous battels he obtained,

As in our auncient Chronicles appeares,
And in the Church-yard of faire *Glaſtenburie*,
They held King *Arthurs* wofull obſequie.

And in the time of ſecond *Henries* dayes,
Betweene two pillars was his body found,
That in his life deſeru's immortall praiſe,
Layd ſixteene foote deepe vnderneath the ground;
Becauſe his *Saxon* foes whom he did chaſe,
Should not with ſwords his liueleſſe corps deface.

In the laſt yeare of *Henries* royaltie,
More then ſixe hundred after his buriall,
By the Abbot of the houſe of *Glaſtenburie*,
At laſt they found King *Arthurs* funerall:
Henry de Bloys the Abbots name they gaue,
Who by the Kings commaund did find the graue.

The principall and chiefe occaſion
That moou'd King *Henry* for to ſeeke the place,
Was that a Bardth in Welſh diuiſion,
Recorded *Arthurs* actes vnto his Grace:
And in the foreſaid Church-yard he did ſing,
That they ſhould find the body of the King.

And thoſe that dig'd to find his bodie there,
After they enterd ſeuen foote deepe in ground,
A mightie broade ſtone to them did appeare,
With a great leaden Croſſe thereto bound,
And downwards towards the corpes the Croſſe did lie,
Containing this inſcripted poeſie.

Hic

Hic iacet ſepultus inclytus Rex,
Arthurus in Inſula Aualoniæ.

His bodie whoſe great actes the world recorded,
When vitall limitation gaue him life,
And Fames ſhrill golden Trump abroad had ſounded,
What Warres he ended, what Debate, what Strife,
What Honor to his countrey, what great Loue,
Amongſt his faithfull ſubiects he did proue.

Was not interd in ſumptuous royaltie,
With funerall pompe of kindred and of friends,
Nor cloſde in marble ſtone wrought curiouſly,
Nor none in mourning blacke his King attends,
But in a hollow tree made for the nonce,
They do enter King *Arthurs* princely bones.

Their outward habite did not ſhew their mind,
For many millions of ſad weeping eies,
In euery ſtreete and corner you might find,
Some beating their bare breaſt, and ſome with out cries,
Curſing and Banning that proud *Mordreds* ſoule,
That did by warre his princely life controule.

The Kings that were attendant on his traine,
Forgot their kingdomes, and their royall crownes,
Their high proud hautie hearts with griefe were ſlaine,
Strucke in amaze with Fortunes deadly frownes:
For they had loſt their Scepter, Seate, and all,
By princely *Arthurs* moſt vnhappie fall.

The trunke being opened, at the laſt they found
The bones of *Arthur* King of *Brytanie*,
Whoſe ſhin-bone being ſet vpon the ground,
(As may appeare by auncient Memorie)
Reacht to the middle thigh within a ſpanne,
Of a tall proper well ſet bigge lim'd Man.

And furthermore they found King *Arthurs* skull,
Of ſuch great largeneſſe that betwixt his eyes,
His foreheads ſpace a ſpanne broad was at full,
That no true *Hiſtoriographer* denies:
The forenam'd *Abbot* liuing in thoſe daies,
Saw what is written now to *Arthurs* praiſe.

The print of tenne wounds in his head appeared,
All grown together except onely one,
Of which it ſeemes this worthie *Brytaine* died:
A true Memoriall to his louing Nation;
But that was greater far then all the reſt,
Had it bene leſſer *Brytaine* had bene bleſt.

In opening of the Tombe they found his wife,
Queene *Guiniuere* interred with the King,
The Treſſes of her haire as in her life,
Were finely platted whole and gliſtering:
The colour like the moſt pure refin'd gold,
Which being toucht ſtraight turned into mould.

Henry de Bloyes at the length tranſlated
The bones of *Arthur* and his louely Queene,
Into the great Church where they were interred,

Within

Within a Marble toombe, as oft was ſeene:
Of whom a worthie Poet doth rehearſe,
This *Epitaph* in ſweete *Heroicke* Verſe.

Hic iacet Arthurus flos regum, gloria regni,
Quem mores, probitas commendant laude perenni.

Iohannis *Leylandij* antiquarij Encomion funerale, in vitam, facta, mortemq; Regis Arthuri inclitiſſimi.

SAxonicas toties qui fudit marte cruento
Turmas, & peperit ſpolijs ſibi nomen opimis,
Fulmineo toties Pictos qui contudit enſe,
Impoſuitque iugum Scoti ceruicibus ingens,
Qui tumidos Gallos, Germanos quiq. feroces
Pertulit, & Dacos bello confregit aperto:
Denique Mordredum è medio qui ſuſtulit illud
Monſtrum, horrendum ingens, dirum ſeuumque tyrannum,
Hoc iacet extinctus monumento Arthurius alto,
Militiæ clarum decus & virtutis alumnus,
Gloria nunc cuius terram circumuolat omnem,
Ætherij que petit, ſublimia tecta tonantis.
Vos igitur gentis Proles generoſa Britannæ
Induperatori ter magno aſſurgite veſtro:
Et tumulo ſacro Roſeas inferte Corollas,
Officij teſtes redolentia munera veſtri.

Thus Engliſhed.

He that ſo oft the *Saxon* Troupes did foile,
And got a name of worth with richeſt ſpoile:
He that with brandiſht ſword the *Picts* deſtroyd,
And yok'd the *Scots*, their ſtubborn necks annoy'd:
He that the loftie *French* and *Germaines* fierce did ſmite,

And *Dacians* force with Warre did vanquiſh quite :
He laſtly which cut off that monſter *Mordreds* life,
A cruell *Tyrant*, horrible, mightie, full of ſtrife :
Arthur lyes buried in this Monument,
Warres chiefeſt garland, Vertues ſole intent ;
Whoſe Glorie through the world ſtil ſwiftly flies,
And mounts with *Fames* wings vp to the thundring skies.
You gentle Offſpring of the *Britaines* blood,
Vnto this puiſſant Emperour do honours good,
And on his Tombe lay Garlands of ſweete Roſes,
Sweete gifts of Dutie, and ſweet louing poſies.

Finis Epitaphij.

No. Arth.

The true Pedigree of that famous VVorthie King Arthur, collected *out of many learned Authors.*

TWelue men in number entred the vale of *Aualon* :
Ioſeph of *Arimathea* was the chiefeſt we confeſſe,
Ioſue the ſonne of *Ioſeph* his father did attend on,
With other ten, theſe *Glaſton* did poſſeſſe,
Hilarius the Nephew of *Ioſeph* firſt begate
Ioſue the Wife : *Ioſue Aminadab*,
Aminadab Caſtellors had by fate :
Caſtellors got *Manael* that louely Lad,
And *Manael* by his wife had faire-fac'd *Lambard*,
With another deare ſonne ſurnamed *Vrlard* ;
And *Lambard* at the length begot a ſonne,

That

That had *Igrene* borne of his wife,
Of this *Igrene*, *Vter* the great *Pendragon*
Begot King *Arthur* famous in his life,
Where by the truth this Pedigree doth end,
Arthur from *Ioſephs* loynes did firſt deſcend.
Peter Couſin to *Ioſeph* of *Arimathea*,
Being ſometimes King of great *Arcadia*,
Begat *Erlan* that famous worthy Prince,
And *Erlan* gat *Melianus*, that did conuince
His neighbour foes, *Melianus* did beget
Edor, and *Edor Lothos* name did ſet,
That tooke to wife the ſiſter of King *Arthur*:
A Virgine faire, chaſte, louely, and moſt pure,
Of whom this *Lotho* had foure louely boyes,
Their fathers comfort and their mothers ioyes,
Walwanus, *Agranaius*, *Garelus* and *Guereliſe*,
That in their countrey much did ſoueragnize:
All which were men of great authoritie,
And famous in the land of *Britanie*.

Here endeth the Birth, Life, Death, and Pedigree of King Arthur of Britanie, & now, to where we left.

O *Nature* tell me one thing ere we part, *Phœnix.*
What famous towne and ſituated Seate
Is that huge Building that is made by Art,
Againſt whoſe wals the cryſtall ſtreames do beate,
As if the flowing tide the ſtones would eate:
That lies vpon my left hand built ſo hie,
That the huge top-made Steeple dares the Skie?

Nature. That is the *Britaines* towne old *Troynouant*,
The which the wandring-*Troyans* Sonne did frame
When after ſhipwracke he a place did want,
For to reuiue his Honor-ſplitted Name,
And raiſd againe the cinders of his Fame,
When from *Sydonian Dido* they did ſteale,
To reare the Pillars of a Common-weale.

Since when to come more nearer to our time,
Lud the great King did with his wealth enlarge,
The famous builded Citie of this Clime,
And *Ludſtone* to be cald he gaue in charge,
And *London* now that Towne is growne at large:
The flowing Riuer *Thamaſis* is nam'd,
Whoſe Sea-enſuing Tide can neare be tam'd.

Phœnix. O *London* I haue heard thee honoured,
And thy names Glorie rais'd to good intent,
Lawes Councell chamber in thy wals is bred,
The ſchoole of Knowledge and Experiment:
Wiſe Senators to gouerne thee is lent.
All things to beautifie a Royall Throne,
Where Scarſitie and Dearth did neuer grone.

Nature. Leaue off thy Praiſes till we haue more leaſure,
And to beguile the wearie lingring Day,
Whoſe long-drawne Howers do tire vs out of meaſure:
Our cunning in Loue-ſongs let vs aſſay,
And paint our Pleaſure as ſome good Array:
I will beginne my cunning for to taſt,
And your Experience we will try at laſt.

Here Nature ſingeth to this dittie following.

WHat is Loue but a toy,
To beguile mens Senſes?

Whta

What is *Cupid* but a boy,
Boy to cauſe expences,
A toy that brings to fooles oppreſſed thrall,
A boy whoſe folly makes a number fall.

What is Loue but a child,
Child of little ſubſtance,
Making Apes to be wild,
And their pride to aduance,
A child that loues with guegawes to be toying,
And with thinne ſhadowes alwaies to be playing.

Loue is ſweete, wherein ſweete?
In fading pleaſures, wanton toyes,
Loue a Lord, and yet meete,
To croſſe mens humours with annoyes:
A bitter pleaſure, pleaſing for a while,
A Lord is Loue that doth mans thoughts beguile.
O ſing no more, you do forget your Theame,
And haue prophan'd the ſacred name of Loue,
You dip your tongue in an vnwholſome Streame,
And from the golden Truth your notes remoue
In my harſh Dittie I will all reproue:
And vnaccuſtom'd I will trie my skill,
To pleaſure you, and to confute your will.

The Phœnix her Song to the Dittie before.

O Holy Loue, religious Saint,
Mans onely hony-taſting Pleaſure,
Thy glory, learning cannot paint,
For thou art all our wordly Treaſure:
Thou art the Treaſure, Treaſure of the ſoule,
That great celeſtiall powers doſt controule.

What greater bliſſe then to embrace

The perfect patterne of Delight
Whoſe heart-enchaunting Eye doth chaſe
All ſtormes of ſorow from mans ſight
Pleaſure, Delight, Wealth, and earth-ioyes do lye
In *Venus* boſome, boſome of pure beautie.

That mind that taſteth perfect Loue
Is farre remoted from annoy:
Cupid that God doth ſit aboue,
That tips his Arrowes all with ioy:
And this makes Poets in their Verſe to ſing
Loue is a holy, holy, holy thing.

Nature. O voice Angelicall, O heauenly ſong,
The golden praiſe of Loue that thou haſt made,
Deliuerd from thy ſweete ſmoothd honied tong,
Commaunds Loue ſelfe to lye within a ſhade,
And yeeld thee all the Pleaſures may be had:
Thy ſweete melodious voice hath beautifide
And guilded Loues rich amours in her pride.

Phœnix. Enough, enough, Loue is a holy thing,
A power deuine, deuine, maieſticall:
In ſhallow witted braines as you did ſing,
It cares not for the force materiall,
And low-borne Swaines it nought reſpects at all:
She builds her Bower in none but noble minds,
And there due adoration ſtill ſhe finds.

Nature. Stay *Phœnix* ſtay, the euening Starre drawes nie,
And *Phœbus* he is parted from our ſight,

And

And with this Wagon mounted in the Skie,
Affoording paſſage to the gloomie night,
That doth the way-faring Paſſenger affright:
And we are ſet on foote neere to that Ile,
In whoſe deep bottome plaines Delight doth ſmile.

O what a muskie ſent the ayre doth caſt, *Phœnix.*
As if the Gods perfum'd it with ſweete Myrrhe:
O how my bloud's inſpired and doth taſte,
An alteration in my ioynts to ſtirre,
As if the good did with the bad conferre:
The ayre doth moue my Spirites, purge my Sence,
And in my body doth new warre commence.

Looke round about, behold yon fruitfull Plaine,
Behold their meadow plots and paſture ground,
Behold their chryſtall Riuers runne amaine,
Into the vaſte huge Seas deuouring ſound,
And in her bowels all her filth is found:
It vomiteth by vertue all corruption,
Into that watrie plaine of deſolation.

And while the day giues light vnto our eies,
Be thou attentiue, and I will relate,
The glorie of the plaines that thou deſcri'ſt,
Whoſe fertill bounds farre doth extenuate,
Where *Mars* and *Venus* arme in arme haue ſate:
Of plants of hearbs, and of high ſpringing trees,
Of ſweete delicious ſauors, and of Bees.

In this delightſome countrey there doth grow,

The *Mandrake* cald in *Greeke Mandragoras*,
Some of his vertues if you looke to know,
The iuyce that freſhly from the roote doth paſſe,
Purgeth all fleame like blacke *Helleborus* :
Tis good for paine engendred in the eies ;
By wine made of the roote doth ſleepe ariſe.

Theres *Yellow Crowbels* and the *Daphadill*,
Good Harry, *herbe Robert*, and white *Cotula*,
Adders graſſe, *Eglantine*, and *Aphodill*,
Agnus Caſtus, and *Acatia*,
The *Blacke Arke-Angell*, *Coloquintida*,
Sweete *Sugar Canes*, *Sinkefoile*, and boies *Mercurie*,
Gooſefoote, *Goldſnap*, and good *Gratia Dei*.

Moſſe of the Sea, and *yellow Succorie*,
Sweete *Trefoile*, *Weedwind*, the wholeſome *Wormewood*,
Muskmealons, *Mouſtaile*, and *Mercurie*,
The dead *Arkeangell* that for wennes is good,
The *Souldiers perrow*, and great *Southernewood* :
Stone hearts tongue, *Bleſſed thiſtle*, and *Sea Trifoly*,
Our Ladies cuſhion, and *Spaines Pellitorie*.

Phœnix. No doubt this Clymate where as theſe remaine,
The women and the men are fam'd for faire,
Here need they not of aches to complaine,
For Phiſickes skill growes here without compare :
All herbes and plants within this Region are,
But by the way ſweete *Nature* as you go,
Of *Agnus Caſtus* ſpeake a word or two.

That

That ſhall I briefly ; it is the very handmaid *Nature.*
To *Veſta*, or to perfect Chaſtitie,
The hot inflamed ſpirite is allaid
By this ſweete herbe that bends to *Luxury*,
It drieth vp the ſeede of *Venerie* :
The leaues being laid vpon the ſleepers bed,
With chaſtneſſe, cleanneſſe, pureneſſe he is fed.

Burne me the leaues, and ſtraw them on the ground,
Whereas foule venemous Serpents vſe to haunt :
And by this vertue here they are not found,
Their operation doth ſuch creatures daunt,
It cauſeth them from thence for to auaunt :
If thou be ſtung with Serpents great or leſſe,
Drink but the ſeede, and thou ſhalt find redreſſe.

But to proceed, heres *Clary* or *Cleare-eie*,
Calues ſnout, *Cukoe flowers*, and the *Cuckoes meate*,
Calathian Violets, *Dandelion*, and the *Dewberrie*,
Leopards foote, and greene *Spinage* which we vſe to eate,
And the hot *Indian Sunne* procuring heate :
Great wild *Valerian*, and the *Withie wind*
The *water Creſſes*, or ague-curing *Woodbind*.

There's *Foxgloue*, *Forget me not*, and *Coliander*,
Galingal, *Goldcups*, and *Bupreſtis*,
Small honeſties, *Eyebright*, and *Coculus Panter*,
Double tongue, *Moly*, and the bright *Anthillis*,
Smelling Clauer, and *Æthiopis* :
Floramore, *Euphorbium*, and *Eſula*,
White bulbus violet, and *Caſſia fiſtula*.

Phœnix. By the way ſweete *Nature* tell me this,
Is this the *Moly* that is excellent,
For ſtrong enchauntments, and the Adders hiſſe?
Is this the *Moly* that *Mercurius* ſent
To wiſe *Vlyſſes*, when he did preuent
The witchcraft, and foule *Circe's* damned charmes,
That would haue compaſt him with twentie harmes?

Nature. This is the *Moly* growing in this land,
That was reueal'd by cunning *Mercurie*
To great *Vlyſſes*, making him withſtand
The hand of *Circes* fatall ſorcerie,
That would haue loden him with miſerie:
And ere we paſſe Ile ſhew ſome excellence,
Of other herbs in *Phiſickes* noble Science.

There *Mugwort*, *Sena* and *Tithimailes*,
Oke of Ieruſalem, and *Lyryconfaucie*,
Larkes ſpurre, *Larkes claw* and *Lentiles*,
Garden Nigella, *Mill*, and *Pionie*,
Woody Nightſhade, *Mints*, and *Sentorie*,
Sowbread, *Dragons*, and *Goates oregan*
Pelemeum, *Hellebore*, and *Oſmond the Waterman.*

Firſt of this *Mugwort* it did take the name,
Of *Artemeſia* wife to *Mauſoleus*,
Where ſunne-bred beautie did his heart inflame,
When ſhe was Queene of *Helicarnaſſus*,
Diana gaue the herbe this name to vs:
Becauſe this vertue to vs it hath lent,
For womens matters it is excellent.

And

And he that ſhall this herbe about him beare,
Is freed from hurt or daunger any way,
No poiſned Toade nor Serpent ſhall him feare,
As he doth trauell in the Sunne-ſhine day,
No wearineſſe his limmes ſhall ought aſſay:
And if he weare this *Mugwort* at his breaſt,
Being trauelling, he nere ſhall couet reſt.

There is blacke *Hellebore* cald *Melampodium*,
Becauſe an *Arcadian* ſhepheard firſt did find
This wholſome herbe *Melampus* nam'd of ſome,
Which the rich *Proetus* daughters wits did bind,
When ſhe to extreame madneſſe was inclind:
It cured and reuiu'd her memorie,
That was poſſeſt with a continuall frenzie.

There Centrie in Greeke *Centaurion*,
That from the Centaure *Chiron* tooke the name,
In *Spaine* t'was cald *Cintoria* long agone,
And this much honor muſt we giue the ſame,
Wild Tygers with the leaues a man may tame:
Tis good for ſinewed aches, and giues light
To the blacke miſtie dimneſſe of the ſight.

Fames golden glorie ſpreadeth this report,
Vpon a day that *Chiron* was a gueſt,
To arme-ſtrong *Hercules* and did reſort
Vnto his houſe to a moſt ſumptuous feaſt,
And welcome was the *Centaure* mongſt the reſt.
But ſee his lucke, he on his foote let fall,
Great *Hercul's* ſhaft, and hurt himſelfe withal.

A mightie arrow not for him to weeld,
The wound being deepe, and with a venom'd point,
To Deaths areſtment he began to yeeld,
And there with fundrie Balmes they did annoint,
His wounded foote being ſtrucken through the ioynt:
All would not ſerue till that an old man brought,
This *Centaurie* that eaſe to him hath wrought.

There's *Oſmond balepate*, *Plebane*, and *Oculus Chriſti*,
Sleeping nightſhade, *Salomons ſeale*, and *Sampire*,
Sage of Ieruſalem, and ſweete *Roſemarie*,
Great Piloſella, *Sengreene*, and *Alexander*,
Knights Milfoile, *Maſticke*, and *Stocke gillofer*,
Hearts eaſe, *herbe twopence*, and *Hermodactill*,
Narciſſus, and the red flower *Pimpernell*.

Phœnix. That word *Narciſſus* is of force to ſteale,
Cold running water from a ſtony rocke:
Alas poore boy thy beautie could not heale
The wound that thou thyſelfe too deepe didſt locke;
Thy ſhadowed eyes thy perfect eyes did mocke.
Falſe beautie fed true beautie from the deepe,
When in the glaſſie water thou didſt peepe.

O Loue thou art imperious full of might,
And doſt reuenge the crie diſdaining louer
His lookes to Ladies eyes did giue a light,
But pride of beautie, did his beautie ſmother,
Like him for faire you could not find another:
Ah had he lou'd, and not on Ladies lower,
He neare had bene transformed to a flower.

This

This is an Embleame for thoſe painted faces, *Nature.*
Where deuine beautie reſts her for awhile,
Filling their browes with ſtormes and great diſgraces,
That on the pained ſoule yeelds not a ſmile,
But puts true loue into perpetuall exile:
Hard hearted Soule, ſuch fortune light on thee,
That thou maiſt be tranform'd as well as he.

Ah had the boy bene pliable to be wonne,
And not abuſde his morne excelling face,
He might haue liu'd as beauteous as the Sunne,
And to his beautie Ladies would giue place,
But O proud Boy, thou wroughtſt thine owne diſgrace:
Thou lou'ſt thy ſelfe, and by the ſelfe ſame loue,
Didſt thy deuineſſe to a flower remoue.

But to proceed, theres *Chriſti oculus*,
The ſeede of this *Horminum* drunke with wine,
Doth ſtirre a procurations heate in vs,
And to Libidenous luſts makes men incline,
And mens vnable bodies doth refine:
It brings increaſe by operation,
And multiplies our generation.

There's *Carrets*, *Cheruile*, and the *Cucumer*,
Red Patiens, *Purſlane*, and *Gingidium*,
Oxe eie, ſheepe killing *Penygraſſes*, and the golden flower
Cuckoe pintell, our *Ladies ſeale*, and *Saga pinum*,
Theophraſtus violet, and *Vincetoxicum*:
Saint Peiers wort, and louely *Venus haire*,
And *Squilla*, that keepes men from foule deſpaire.

O this word *Carrets*, if a number knew
The vertue of thy rare excelling roote,
And what good help to men there doth enſue,
They would their lands, and their liues ſell to boote,
But thy ſweete operation they would view:
Sad dreaming Louers ſlumbring in the night,
Would in thy honie working take delight.

The *Thracian Orpheus* whoſe admired skill
Infernall Pluto once hath rauiſhed,
Cauſing high Trees to daunce againſt their will,
And vntam'd Beaſt with Muſicks Harpe hath fed,
And fiſhes to the ſhore hath often led,
By his experience oftentimes did proue,
This Roote procur'd in Maides a perfect loue,

Purſlane doth comfort the inflamed hart,
And healeth the exulcerated kidnies:
It ſtoppeth all defluxions falling ſmart,
And when we ſleepe expelleth dreames and fancies:
It driues Imaginations from our eyes,
The iuyce of *Purſlane* hindreth that deſire
When men to *Venus* games would faine aſpire.

Theres *Rocket*, *Iack by the hedge*, and *Loue in idleneſſe*,
Knights water Sengreene, and *Siluer maidenheare*,
Paris Nauews, *Torneſol*, and towne *Creſſes*,
Starre thiſtle that for many things is deare,
And *Seia* that in *Italy* Corne doth beare:
Wake-robbins, *Hyacinth*, and *Hartichocke*,
Letuce that mens ſence aſleepe doth rocke.

O poore

O poore boy *Hyacinthus* thy faire face *Phœnix.*
Of which *Apollo* was enamored,
Brought thy lifes Lord too timely to that place,
Where playing with thee thou waſt murdered,
And with thy bloud the graſſe was ſprinckled:
Thy bodie was transformed in that hower,
Into a red white mingled Gilli-flower.

But yet *Apollo* wept when he was ſlaine, *Nature.*
For playing with him, cleane againſt his will
He made him breathleſſe, this procur'd his paine:
True loue doth ſeldome ſeeke true loue to kill;
O Loue thou many actions doſt fulfill!
Search, ſeek, & learn what things there may be ſhown,
Then ſay that Loues ſweet ſecrets are vnknowne.

And as a token of *Apolloes* ſorrow,
A ſiluer coloured Lillie did appeare,
The leaues his perfect ſighes and teares did borrow,
Which have continued ſtill from yeare to yeare;
Which ſhewes him louing, not to be ſeuere,
Ai ai is written as a mourning Dittie,
Vpon this flower which ſhewes *Apolloes* pittie.

O Schoole-boyes I will teach you ſuch a ſhift,
As will be worth a Kingdome when you know it,
An herbe that hath a ſecret hidden drift,
To none but Treauants do I meane to ſhow it,
And all deepe read Phiſitions will allow it:
O how you play the wags, and faine would heare
Some ſecret matter to allay your feare.

Theres garden *Rocket*, take me but the ſeed,
When in your Maiſters brow your faults remaine,
And when to ſaue your ſelues there is great need,
Being whipt or beaten you ſhall feel no paine,
Although the bloud your buttocks ſeeme to ſtaine:
It hardneth ſo the fleſh and tender skin,
That what is ſeene without comes not within.

The Father that deſires to haue a boy,
That may be Heire vnto his land and liuing,
Let his eſpouſed Loue drinke day by day,
Good *Artichocks*, who buds in Auguſt bring,
Sod in cleare running water of the ſpring;
Wiues naturall Conception it doth ſtrengthen,
And their declining life by force doth lengthen.

In Sommer time, when ſluggiſh idleneſſe
Doth haunt the bodie of a healthfull man,
In Winter time when a cold heauie ſlowneſſe
Doth tame a womans ſtrength do what ſhe can,
Making her look both bloudleſſe, pale and wan,
The vertue of this *Artichocke* is ſuch,
It ſtirres them vp to labour very much.

Theres *Sowbread*, *Stanwort*, and *Starre of Hieruſalem*,
Baſe or flat *Veruine*, and the wholeſome *Tanſie*,
Go to bed at noone, and *Titimalem*,
Hundred headed thiſtle, and tree-claſping *Iuie*,
Storks bill, great *Stonecrop*, and ſeed of *Canary*,
Dwarfe gentian, *Snakeweed*, and ſommer *Sauory*,
Bell rags, prickly *Boxe*, and *Raſpis of Couentry*.

This

This *Sowbread* is an herbe that's perillous,
For howſoeuer this ſame Roote be vſed,
For women growne with child tis dangerous,
And therefore it is good to be refuſed :
Vnleſſe too much they ſeeke to be miſuſed.
O haue a care how this you do apply,
Either in inward things or outwardly.

Thoſe that about them carrie this ſame *Sowbread*
Or plant it in their gardens in the Spring,
If that they onely ouer it do tread,
Twill kill the iſſue they about them bring,
When Mother *Lullabie* with ioy ſhould ſing :
Yet wanton ſcaping Maides perhaps will taſt,
This vnkind herbe, and ſnatch it up in haſt.

Yet let me giue a warning to you all,
Do not preſume too much in dalliance,
Be not ſhort-heeld with euery wind to fall :
The Eye of heauen perhaps will not diſpence
With your raſh fault, but plague your fowle offence,
And take away the working and the vertue,
Becauſe to him you broke your promis'd dutie.

Theres *Iuie*, that doth cling about the tree,
And with her leauie armes doth round embrace
The rotten hollow withered trunke we ſee,
That from the maiden *Ciſſus* tooke that place,
Grape-crowned *Bacchus* did this damzell grace :
Loue-piercing windowes dazeled ſo her eye,
That in Loues ouer-kindneſſe ſhe did dye.

A rich-wrought ſumptuous Banquet was prepared,
Vnto the which the Gods were all inuited:
Amongſt them all this *Ciſſus* was inſnared,
And in the ſight of *Bacchus* much delighted:
In her faire boſome was true Loue vnited,
She daunc't and often kiſt him with ſuch mirth,
That ſudden ioy did ſtop her vitall breath.

Aſſoone as that the Nouriſher of things,
Our Grandam Earth had taſted of her bloud,
From foorth her bodie a freſh Plant there ſprings,
And then an *Iuy*-climing Herbe there ſtood,
That for the fluxe Diſſenterie is good:
For the remembrance of the God of wine,
It therefore alwaies claſpes about the Vine.

There is *Angellica* or Dwarfe Gentian,
Whoſe roote being dride in the hot ſhining Sunne,
From death it doth preſerue the poyſoned man,
Whoſe extreame torment makes his life halfe gone,
That from deaths mixed potion could not ſhunne:
No Peſtilence nor no infectious aire,
Shall do him hurt, or cauſe him to diſpaire.

Theres *Carduus benedictus* cald the *Bleſſed thiſtle*,
Neſwort, *Peniroyall*, and *Aſtrolochia*,
Yellow Wolfs-bane, and Roſe-ſmelling *Bramble*,
Our Ladies Bedſtraw, *Brookelime*, and *Lunaria*,
Cinque foile, *Cats taile*, and *Creſſe Sciatica*,
Hollihockes, *Mouſeare*, and *Pety Morrell*
Sage, *Scorpiades*, and the garden *sorrell*.

Firſt

Firſt of the *Neſewort*, it doth driue away,
And poyſoneth troubleſome Mice and long-tail'd Rats,
And being ſod in milke, it doth deſtroy
Bees, Waſpes, or Flies, and litle ſtinging Gnats:
It killeth Dogs, and reſt diſturbing Cats,
Boyled with vineger it doth aſſwage
The ach proceeding from the tooths hot rage.

Sage is an herbe for health preſeruatiue,
It doth expell from women barrenneſſe:
Ætius ſaith, it makes the child to liue,
Whoſe new-knit ioynts are full of feebleneſſe,
And comforteth the mothers wearineſſe:
Adding a liuely ſpirit, that doth good
Vnto the painefull labouring wiues ſicke bloud.

In *Egypt* when a great mortalitie,
And killing Peſtilence did infect the Land,
Making the people die innumerablie,
The plague being ceaſt, the women out of hand
Did drinke of iuyce of *Sage* continually,
That made them to increaſe and multiply,
And bring foorth ſtore of children preſently.

This herbe *Lunaria*, if a horſe do graſe
Within a medow where the ſame doth grow,
And ouer it doth come with gentle pace,
Hauing a horſlocke at his foote below,
As many haue, that ſauegard we do know,
It openeth the Locke, and makes it fall,
Deſpight the barre that it is lockt withall.

Theres *Standergras, Hares ballockes,* or great *Orchis,*
Prouoketh *Venus,* and procureth ſport,
It helpes the weakned body that's amiſſe,
And fals away in a conſumptuous ſort,
It heales the *Hectique* feauer by report:
But the dried ſhriueld roote being withered,
Hindreth the vertue we haue vttered.

If Man of the great ſpringing rootes doth eate,
Being in matrimoniall copulation,
Male children of his wife he ſhall beget,
This ſpeciall vertue hath the operation,
If Women make the withered rootes their meate,
Faire louely Daughters, affable, and wiſe,
From their freſh ſpringing loines there ſhall ariſe.

There's *Roſemarie,* the *Arabians* iuſtifie,
(*Phiſitions* of exceeding perfect skill,)
It comforteth the braine and Memorie,
And to the inward ſence giues ſtrength at will,
The head with noble knowledge it doth fill.
Conſerues thereof reſtores the ſpeech being loſt,
And makes a perfect Tongue with little coſt.

Theres *Dwale or Nightſhade,* tis a fatall plant,
It bringeth men into a deadly ſleepe,
Then Rage and Anger doth their ſenſes haunt,
And like mad *Aiax* they a coile do keepe,
Till leane-fac'd Death into their heart doth creepe,
In *Almaine* graue experience hath vs tought,
This wicked herbe for manie things is nought.

Oke

Oke of Ieruſalem being throughly dried,
And laid in preſſes where your clothes do lie,
No Mothes or venome mongſt them ſhall abide,
It makes them ſmell ſo odoriferouſly,
That it doth kill them all immediately:
It helpes the breaſt that's ſtopped with corruption,
And giues mans breath fit operation.

Bleſt be our mother Earth that nouriſheth, *Phœnix.*
In her rich womb the ſeede of Times increaſe,
And by her vertue all things flouriſheth,
When from her boſome ſhe doth them releaſe,
But are their Plants and Trees in this faire Ile,
Where *Floras* ſweete ſpread garden ſeemes to ſmile?

As plentifull vnto theſe *Ilanders*, *Nature.*
Are the fruit-bearing Trees, as be the Flowers:
And to the chiefeſt Lords that are commanders,
They ſerue as pleaſant ouer-ſhading bowers,
To banquet in the day, and ſport being late,
And moſt of them I meane to nominate.

Ther's the great ſturdie *Oke* and ſpreading *Vine*,
Vnder whoſe branches *Bacchus* vſd' to ſleepe,
The *Roſe-tree* and the loftie bearing *Pine*,
That ſeemes (being toucht with wind) full oft to weepe,
The *Hawthorne*, *Chriſts-thorne* and the *Roſemary*,
The *Tamariske*, *Willow*, and the *Almond-tree*.

The moſt chaſt tree, that Chaſtneſſe doth betoken,
The *Hollyholme*, the *Corke* and *Gooſeberrie*,

That neuer with tempeſtuous ſtormes is ſhooken,
The *Oliue*, *Philbert*, and the *Barberie*,
The *Maſticke* tree whoſe liquid gumme being dride,
Is good for them that Rheume hath terrified.

Theres *Iudas* tree, ſo cal'd becauſe that *Iew*,
That did betray the innocent Lambe of God,
There firſt of all his ſorrowes to renew,
Did hang himſelfe, plagu'd with a heauy rod,
A iuſt reward for ſuch an vniuſt ſlaue,
That would betray his Maiſter to the graue.

Theres *Aſh-tree*, *Maple*, and the *Sycamore*,
Pomegranate, *Apricockes* and *Iunipere*:
The *Turpentine* that ſweet iuyce doth deplore,
The *Quince*, the *Peare-tree*, and the young mans *Medlar*,
The *Fig-tree*, *Orenge*, and the ſweet moiſt *Lemmon*,
The *Nutmeg*, *Plum-tree*, and the louely *Cytron*.

Now for the *Mirtle* tree, it beares the name,
Being once the gods *Pallas* beſt beloued,
Of *Merſin* the younge fair *Athenian* Dame,
Becauſe in actiueneſſe ſhe much excelled:
The luſtie young men of *Athenia*,
She ſtill was honour'd of the wiſe *Minerua*.

Who willing her at Tilt and Tournament,
At running, vaulting, and Actiuitie,
And other exerciſe of gouernement,
Not to be abſent from her Deitie:
Becauſe that ſhe as Iudge might giue the Crowne,

And

And garland to the Victors great renowne.

But no forepaſſed age was free from *Enuie*,
That ſpitefull honor-crazing enemy:
For on a time giuing the equall glorie
To him that wan it moſt deſeruedly,
The vanquiſher in furie much diſpleaſed,
Slue *Merſin* whom the Goddeſſe fauoured.

Pallas offended with their crueltie,
Did gratefully reuenge her Maidens death,
Transforming her into a Mirtle tree,
Sweetly to flouriſh in the lower earth:
The berries are a meanes for to redreſſe
(Being decocted) ſwolne-fac'd Drunkenneſſe.

The ſtormie Winters greene remaining *Bay*
Was *Daphne*, *Ladon* and the Earths faire daughter,
Whom wiſe *Apollo* haunted in the day,
Till at the length by chaunce alas he caught her:
O if ſuch faults were in the Gods aboue,
Blame not poore ſilly men if they do loue.

But ſhe not able (almoſt out of breath)
For to reſiſt the wiſe Gods humble ſute,
Made her petition to her mother Earth,
That ſhe would ſuccour her, and make her mute:
The Earth being glad to eaſe her miſerie,
Did ſwallow her, and turn'd her to a Bay tree.

Apollo being amazed at this ſight,

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Named it *Daphne* for his *Daphnes* honour,
Twiſting a Garland to his hearts delight,
And on his head did weare it as a fauour:
And to this day the Bay trees memorie
Remaines as token of true Propheſie.

Some of the heathen, men of opinion,
Suppoſe the greene-leau'd Bay tree can reſiſt
Inchauntments, ſpirites, and illuſion,
And make them ſeeme as ſhadowes in a miſt,
This tree is dedicate onely to the Sunne,
Becauſe her vertue from his vice begonne.

The *Moſe*-tree hath ſuch great large ſpreading leaues,
That you may wrap a child of twelue months old
In one of them, vnleſſe the truth deceaues,
For ſo our *Herboriſts* haue truly told:
By that great Citie *Aleph* in *Aſſyria*,
This tree was found hard by *Venetia*.

The fruite hereof (the *Greekes* and *Chriſtians*)
That do remaine in that large-ſpreading Citie,
The misbeleeuing *Iewes* and *Perſians*,
Hold this opinion for a certaintie:
Adam did eate in liuely Paradiſe,
That wrapt mans free-borne ſoules in miſeries.

Phœnix. Theſe trees, theſe plants, and this deſcription,
Of their ſweete liquid gums that are diſtilling,
Are to be held in eſtimation,
For faire-fac'd *Tellus* glorie is excelling:

But

But what white siluer'd rich reſembling plaine,
Is that where wooddie mooving trees remaine?

That is the watry kingdome of *Neptunus*, *Nature.*
Where his high wood-made Towers dayly flote,
Bearing the title of *Oceanus*,
As hony-ſpeaking Poets oft do quote:
And as the branches ſpreading from the tree,
So do the Riuers grace this louely Countrie.

Wherein is bread for mans ſweete nouriſhment,
Fiſhes of ſundry ſorts and diuerſe natures,
That the inhabitants doth much content,
As a relieuement to all mortall creatures,
But for to make you perfect what they be,
I will relate them to you orderly.

There ſwimmes the gentle *Prawne* and *Pickerell*,
A great deuourer of ſmall little fiſh,
The *Puffin*, *Sole*, and Sommer louing *Mackrell*,
In ſeaſon held for a high Ladies diſh:
The bigge bon'd *Whale*, of whom the skilfull Marriner,
Sometimes God knowes ſtands in a mightie terrour.

The muſicke-louing *Dolphin* here doth ſwimme,
That brought *Arion* on his backe to ſhore,
And ſtayd a long while at the Seas deepe brimme,
To hear him play, in nature did deplore,
As being loth to leaue him, but at laſt
Headlong himſelfe into the Sea he caſt.

Here ſwimmes the *Ray*, the *Sea-calfe* and the *Porpoiſe*,
That doth betoken raine or ſtormes of weather,
The *Sea-horſe*, *Sea-hound*, and the wide-mouth'd *Plaice*,
A *Spitchcoke*, *Stocke-fiſh*, and the litle *Pilcher*,
Whoſe onely moiſture preſt by cunning Art,
Is good for thoſe troubled with Aches ſmart.

Here ſwimmes the *Shad*, the *Spitfiſh*, and the *Spurling*,
The *Thornebacke*, *Turbot*, and the *Perewincle*,
The *Twine*, the *Trout*, the *Scallop*, and the *Whiting*,
The *Scate*, the *Roch*, the *Tench* and pretie *Wrincle*:
The *Purple-fiſh*, whoſe liquor vſually,
A violet colour on the cloth doth die.

Here ſwimmes the *Pearch*, the *Cuttle* and the *Stocke-fiſh*,
That with a wooden ſtaffe is often beaten,
The *Crab*, the *Pearch*, which poore men alwayes wiſh,
The *Ruffe*, the *Piper* good for to be eaten:
The *Barbell* that three times in euery yeare,
Her natural young ones to the waues doth beare.

Phœnix. His great deuine Omnipotence is mightie,
That rides vpon the Heauens axeltree,
That by increaſe amongſt vs ſends ſuch plentie,
If to his Mightineſſe grateful we will be:
But ſtubborne necked *Iewes* do him prouoke,
Till he do loade them with a heauie yoke.

Nature. Truth haue you ſaid; but I will here expreſſe
The richeſſe of the Earths hid ſecrecie,
The ſalt Seas vnſeene, vnknowne worthineſſe,

That

That yeelds vs precious ſtones innumerably,
The rareneſſe of their vertue fit for Kings,
And ſuch this countrie climate often brings.

Herein is found the *Amatiſt*, and *Abeſtone*,
The *Topaze*, *Turches*, and *Gelatia*,
The *Adamant*, *Dioniſe*, and *Calcedon*,
The *Berill*, *Marble* and *Elutropia*,
The *Ruby*, *Saphire*, and *Aſterites*,
The *Iacinth*, *Sardonix*, and *Argirites*.

The *Smaragd*, *Carbuncle*, and *Alablaſter*,
Cornellis, *Cruſopaſſe*, and *Corrall*:
The ſparkling *Diamond*, and the louely *Iaſper*,
The *Margarite*, *Lodeſtone*, and the bright-ey'd *Chryſtall*,
Ligurius, *Onix*, *Nitrum*, and *Gagates*,
Abſiſtos, *Amatites*, and the good *Achates*.

Here in this Iland are there mines of *Gold*,
Mines of *Siluer*, *Iron*, *Tinne* and *Lead*,
That by the labouring workman we behold:
And mines of *Braſſe*, that in the Earth is fed,
The ſtone *Lipparia*, *Galactites*, and *Panteron*,
Enidros, *Iris*, *Dracontites*, and *Aſtrion*.

The *Adamant*, a hard obdurate ſtone,
Inuincible, and not for to be broken,
Being placed neare a great bigge barre of Iron,
This vertue hath it, as a ſpeciall token,
The *Lodeſtone* hath no power to draw away
The Iron barre, but in one place doth ſtay.

Yet with a Goates warme, freſh and liuely blood,
This *Adamant* doth breake and riue in ſunder,
That manie mightie, huge ſtrokes hath withſtood:
But I will tell you of a greater wonder,
It reconciles the womans loue being loſt,
And giueth proofe of Chaſtneſſe without coſt.

The purple coloured *Amatiſt* doth preuaile
Againſt the wit-oppreſſing Drunkenneſſe,
If euill Cogitations do aſſaile
Thy ſleepie thoughts wrapt vp in heauineſſe,
It ſoone will driue them from thy minds diſturbing,
And temporize thy braine that is offending.

The white-veind enterlin'd ſtone *Achates*,
Beſpotted here and there with ſpots like blood,
Makes a man gracious in the peoples eyes,
And for to cleare the ſight is paſſing good:
It remedieth the place that's venemous,
And in the fire ſmels odoriferous.

The Gemme *Amatites* hath this qualitie,
Let a man touch his veſture with the ſame,
And it reſiſteth fier mightily:
The vertue doth the force of burning tame,
And afterwards caſt in the fiers light,
Burnes not at all, but then it ſeemes moſt bright.

The faire ſtone *Berrill* is ſo precious,
That mightie men do hold it verie rare:
It frees a man from actions perillous,

If

If of his lifes deare blood he haue a care,
And now and then being put into the Eyes,
Defends a man from all his enemies.

The ſtone *Ceranicum* ſpotted ore with blue,
Being ſafe and chaſtly borne within the hand,
Thunders hote raging cracks that do enſue
It doth expell, and Lightnings doth withſtand,
Defending of the houſe that many keepe,
And is effectuall to bring men aſleepe.

The *Diamond* the worlds reflecting eye,
The *Diamond* the heauens bright ſhining ſtarre,
The *Diamond* the earths moſt pureſt glorie:
And with the *Diamond* no Stone can compare;
She teacheth men to ſpeake, and men to loue,
If all her rareſt vertues you will proue.

The *Diamond* taught *Muſicke* firſt his cunning,
The *Diamond* taught *Poetry* her skill,
The *Diamond* gaue Lawyers firſt their learning,
Arithmeticke the *Diamond* taught at will:
She teacheth all Arts: for within her eye,
The knowledge of the world doth ſafely lye.

Dradocos is a ſtone that's pale and wan,
It brings to ſome men thoughts fantaſticall:
It being layd vpon a cold dead Man,
Loſeth the vertue it is grac'd withall;
Wherefore tis called the moſt holy ſtone:
For, whereas Death frequenteth it is gone.

Achites is in colour violet,
Found on the Bankes of this delightſome place,
Both male and female in this Land we get:
Whoſe vertue doth the Princely Eagle grace;
For being borne by her into her neſt,
She bringeth foorth her young ones with much reſt.

This ſtone being bound faſt to a womans ſide,
Within whoſe pureſt wombe her child is lying,
Doth haſten child-birth, and doth make her bide
But litle paine, her humours is releaſing.
If anie one be guiltie of Deceit,
This ſtone will cauſe him to forſake his meate.

Enidros is the ſtone that's alwayes ſweating,
Diſtilling liquid drops continually:
And yet for all his daily moiſture melting,
It keepes the ſelfe ſame bigneſſe ſtedfaſtly:
It neuer leſſeneth, nor doth fall away,
But in one ſtedfaſt perfectneſſe doth ſtay.

Perpetui fletus lachrymas diſtillat Enidros,
Qui velut ex pleni fontis ſcaturigine manat.

Gagates ſmelling like to Frankenſence,
Being left whereas the poiſnous Serpents breed,
Driues them away, and doth his force commence,
Making this beaſt on barren plaines to feed,
And there to ſtarue and pine away for meate,
Becauſe being there he finds no foode to eate.

This ſtone being put in a faire womans drinke,

Will

Will teſtifie her pure Virginitie,
A moſt rare thing that ſome men neuer thinke,
Yet you ſhall giue your iugdement eaſily,
For if ſhe make her water preſently,
Then hath this Woman loſt her honeſtie.

The *Iacinth* is a neighbour to the *Saphire*,
That doth transforme it ſelfe to ſundrie ſights,
Sometimes tis blacke and cloudie, ſometimes cle
And from the mutable ayre borrowes lights:
It giueth ſtrength and vigor in his kind,
And faire ſweete quiet ſleepe brings to the m

Rabiates being clearely coloured,
Borne about one doth make him eloquent,
And in great honour to be fauoured,
If he do vſe it to a good intent,
Foule venemous Serpents it doth bring in awe,
And cureth paine and griefe about the mawe.

The iron-drawing Lode-ſtone if you ſet
Within a veſſell, either Gold or Braſſe,
And place a peece of Iron vnder it,
Of ſome indifferent ſize or ſmalleſt compaſſe,
The Lodeſtone on the top will cauſe it moue,
And by his vertue meete with it aboue.

The *Meade* ſtone coloured like the graſſie greene,
Much gentle eaſe vnto the Goute hath donne,
And helpeth thoſe being troubled with the Spleene,
Mingled with Womans milke bearing a Sonne:

It remedi'th the wit-aſſailing Frenzie,
And purgeth the ſad mind of Melancholie.

The ſtone *Orites* ſpotted ore with white,
Being worne, or hung about a womans necke,
Prohibiteth Conception and Delight,
And the child-bearing wombe by force doth checke:
Or elſe it haſt'neth her deliuerie,
And makes the birth vnperfect and vntimely.

Skie colour'd *Saphire* Kings and Princes weare,
Being held moſt precious in their iudging ſight:
The verie touch of this doth throughly cure
The Carbuncles enraging hatefull ſpight:
It doth delight and recreate the Eyes,
And all baſe groſſeneſſe it doth quite deſpiſe.

If in a boxe you put an inuenomd Spider,
Whoſe poiſonous operation is annoying,
And on the boxes top lay the true *Saphire*,
The vertue of his power ſhewes vs his cunning,
He vanquiſheth the Spider, leaues him dead,
And to *Apollo* now is conſecrated.

The freſh greene colour'd *Smaragd* doth excell
All Trees, Boughs, Plants, and new freſh ſpringing Leaues:
The hote reflecting Sunne can neuer quell
His vertue, that no eyeſight ere deceiues,
But ore faire *Phœbus* glorie it triumpheth,
And the dimme duskie Eyes it poliſheth.

The

The valiant *Cæſar* tooke his chiefe delight,
By looking on the Σμαρους excellence,
To ſee his *Romane* ſouldiers how they fight,
And view what wards they had for their defence,
And who exceld in perfect chiualrie,
And nobleſt bore himſelfe in victorie.

This Stone doth ſerue to Diuination,
To tell of things to come, and things being paſt,
And mongſt vs held in eſtimation,
Giuing the ſicke mans meat a gentle taſt:
If things ſhall be, it keepes in the Mind,
If not, forgetfulneſſe our Eyes doth blind.

The *Turches* being worne in a Ring,
If any Gentleman hath cauſe to ride
Supports, and doth ſuſtaine him from all falling,
Or hurting of him ſelfe what ere betide:
And ere he ſuffer anie fearefull danger,
Will fall it ſelfe, and breake, and burſt a ſunder.

Theſe wondrous things of *Nature* to mens eares *Phœnix.*
Will almoſt prove (ſweete *Nature*) incredible,
But by *Times* ancient record it appeares,
Theſe hidden ſecrets to be memorable:
For his diuineſſe that hath wrought this wonder,
Rules men and beaſts, the lightning and the thunder.

For the worlds blindneſſe and opinion, *Nature.*
I care not *Phœnix*, they are misbeleeuing,
And if their eyes trie not concluſion,

They will not truſt a ſtrangers true reporting.
With Beaſts and Birds I will conclude my ſtorie,
And to that All-in-all yeeld perfect glorie.

In yonder woodie groue and fertile plaine,
Remaines the *Leopard* and the watrie *Badger*,
The *Bugle* or wild *Oxe* doth there remaine,
The *Onocentaure* and the cruell *Tyger*,
The *Dromidary* and the princely *Lion*,
The *Bore*, the *Elephant*, and the poiſnous *Dragon*.

The ſtrong neck'd *Bull* that neuer felt the yoke,
The *Cat*, the *Dog*, the *Wolfe*, and cruell *Viper*,
The lurking *Hare* that pretie ſport prouokes,
The *Goatebucke*, *Hedgehogge*, and the ſwiftfoote *Panther*,
The *Horſe*, *Cameleopard* and ſtrong pawd *Beare*,
The *Ape*, the *Aſſe*, and the moſt fearefull *Deare*.

The *Mouſe*, the *Mule*, the *Sow* and *Salamander*,
That from the burning fire cannot liue,
The *Weaſell*, *Cammell* and the hunted *Beauer*,
That in purſute away his ſtones doth giue:
The *Stellio*, *Camelion* and *Vnicorne*,
That doth expell hot poiſon with his Horne.

The cruell *Beare* in her conception,
Brings forth at firſt a thing that's indigeſt,
A lump of fleſh without all faſhion,
Which ſhe by often licking brings to reſt,
Making a formal body good and ſound,
Which often in this Iland we have found.

Hic

Hic format lingua fætum, quem protulit Vrſa.

The great wild *Bore* of nature terrible,
With two ſtrong Tuſhes for his Armorie,
Sometimes aſſailes the *Beare* moſt horrible,
And twixt them is a fight both fierce and deadly:
He hunteth after *Marioram* and *Organie*,
Which as a whetſtone doth his need ſupplie.

The *Bugle* or wild *Oxe* is neuer tam'd,
But with an iron ring put through his ſnout,
That of ſome perfect ſtrength muſt needs be fram'd,
Then may you leade him all the world about:
The Huntſmen find him hung within a tree,
Faſt by the hornes and then thy vſe no pittie.

The *Camell* is of nature flexible,
For when a burden on his backe is bound,
To eaſe the labourer, he is knowne moſt gentle,
For why he kneeleth downe vpon the ground:
Suffering the man to put it off or on,
As it ſeemes beſt in his diſcretion.

They liue ſome fiftie or ſome hundred yeares,
And can remaine from water full foure dayes,
And moſt delight to drinke when there appeares,
A muddie ſpring that's troubled many wayes:
Between them is a naturall honeſt care,
If one conioyneth with his Damme, tis rare.

The *Dragon* is a poiſnous venom'd beaſt,

With whom the *Elephant* is at enmitie,
And in contention they do neuer reſt,
Till one hath ſlaine the other cruelly:
The *Dragon* with the *Elephant* tries a fall,
And being vnder he is ſlaine withall.

The bunch-backt, big-bon'd, ſwift-foote *Dromidary*
Of *Dromas* the Greeke word borrowing the name,
For his quicke flying ſpeedy property:
Which eaſily theſe countreymen do tame,
Hel' go a hundredth miles within one day,
And neuer ſeeke in any place to ſtay.

The *Dogge* a naturall, kind, and louing thing,
As witneſſeth our Hiſtories of old:
Their maiſter dead, the poore foole with lamenting
Doth kill himſelfe before accounted bold:
And would defend his maiſter if he might,
When cruelly his foe begins to fight.

The *Elephant* with tuſhes Iuorie,
Is a great friend to man as he doth trauell:
The *Dragon* hating man moſt ſpitefully,
The *Elephant* doth with the *Dragon* quarell:
And twixt them two is a moſt deadly ſtrife,
Till that the man be paſt, and ſau'd his life.

The *Elephant* ſeene in Aſtronomy,
Will euery month play the Phiſition:
Taking delight his cunning for to try,
Giuing himſelfe a ſweete purgation,

And

And to the running ſprings himſelfe addreſſe,
And in the ſame waſh off his filthineſſe,

The *Gote-bucke* is a beaſt laſciuious,
And giuen much to filthy venerie;
Apt and prone to be contentious,
Seeking by craft to kill his enemy:
His bloud being warme ſuppleth the Adamant,
That neither fire or force could euer daunt.

The *Hedghogge* hath a ſharpe quicke thorned garment,
That on his backe doth ſerue him for defence:
He can preſage the winds incontinent,
And hath good knowledge in the difference
Betweene the Southerne and the Northren wind,
Theſe vertues are allotted him by kind.

Whereon in *Conſtantinople* that great City,
A marchant in his garden gaue one nouriſhment:
By which he knew the winds true certainty,
Becauſe the *Hedgehogge* gaue him iuſt preſagement:
Apples, or peares, or grapes, ſuch is his meate,
Which on his backe he caries for to eate.

The ſpotted *Linx* in face much like a *Lyon*,
His vrine is of ſuch a qualitie,
In time it turneth to a precious ſtone,
Called *Ligarius* for his property:
He hateth man ſo much, that he doth hide
His vrine in the earth, not to be ſpide.

The princely *Lion* King of forreſt-Kings,
And chiefe Commaunder of the Wilderneſſe,
At whoſe faire feete all Beaſts lay downe their offrings,
Yeelding alleageance to his worthineſſe:
His ſtrength remaineth moſt within his head,
His vertue in his heart is compaſſed.

He neuer wrongs a man, nor hurts his pray,
If they will yeeld ſubmiſsiue at his feete,
He knoweth when the *Lioneſſe* playes falſe play,
If in all kindneſſe he his loue do meete:
He doth defend the poore and innocent,
And thoſe that cruel-hearted Beaſts haue rent.

Then is't not pittie that the craftie *Foxe*,
The rauenous *Wolfe*, the *Tyger*, and the *Beare*,
The ſlow-paſt-dull-brain'd heauie *Oxe*,
Should ſtriue ſo good a ſtate to ouerweare?
The *Lion* ſleepes and laughes to ſee them ſtriue,
But in the end leaues not a beaſt aliue.

The *Onocentaur* is a monſtrous beaſt;
Suppoſed halfe a man and halfe an aſſe,
That neuer ſhuts his eyes in quiet reſt,
Till he his foes deare life hath round encompaſt,
Such were the *Centaures* in their tyrannie,
That liu'd by humane fleſh and villanie.

The *Stellio* is a beaſt that takes his breath,
And liueth by the deaw thats heauenly,
Taking his Food and Spirit of the earth,

And

And ſo maintaines his life in chaſtitie,
He takes delight to counterfeit all colours,
And yet for all this he is venimous.

Tis ſtrange to heare ſuch perfect difference, *Phœnix.*
In all things that his Mightineſſe hath fram'd
Tis ſtrange to heare their manner of defence,
Amongſt all creatures that my *Nurſe* hath nam'd:
Are there no Wormes nor Serpents to be found
In this ſweete ſmelling Ile and fruitful ground?

Within a little corner towards the Eaſt, *Nature.*
A mooriſh plot of earth and dampiſh place,
Some creeping Wormes and Serpents vſe to reſt,
And in a manner doth this bad ground grace:
It is vnpeopled and vnhabited,
For there with poiſonous ayre they are fed.

Here liues the *Worme*, the *Gnat* and *Graſhopper*,
Rinatrix, *Lizard*, and the fruitfull *Bee*,
The *Mothe*, *Chelidras*, and the *Bloodſucker*,
That from the fleſh ſuckes bloud moſt ſpeedily:
Ceraſtis, *Aſpis* and the *Crocadile*,
That doth the way-faring paſſenger beguile.

The labouring *Ant*, and the berpeckled *Adder*,
The *Frogge*, the *Tode*, and Sommer-haunting *Flie*,
The prettie *Silkeworme*, and the poiſnous *Viper*,
That with his teeth doth wound moſt cruelly:
The *Hornet* and the poiſonous *Cockatrice*,
That kills all birds by a moſt ſlie deuice.

The *Aſpis* is a kind of deadly Snake,
He hurts moſt perillous with venom'd ſting,
And in purſute doth neare his foe forſake,
But ſlaies a Man with poyſnous venoming :
Betweene the male and female is ſuch loue,
As is betwixt the moſt kind *Turtle doue.*

This is the Snake that *Cleopatra* vſed,
The *Egyptian* Queene belou'd of *Anthony*,
That with her breaſts deare bloud was nouriſhed,
Making her die (faire ſoule) moſt patiently,
Rather than *Cæſars* great victorious hand,
Should triumph ore the Queene of ſuch a land.

The *Lizard* is a kind of louing creature,
Eſpecially to man he is a friend :
This property is giuen him by nature,
From dangerous beaſts poore Man he doth defend :
For being ſleepy he all ſence forſaketh,
The *Lizard* bites him till the man awaketh.

The *Ant* or *Emote* is a labouring thing,
And haue amongſt them all a publike weale,
In ſommer time their meate they are prouiding,
And ſecrets mongſt themſelues they do conceale :
The monſtrous huge big Beare being ſickly,
Eating of theſe, is cured preſently.

The fruitfull prety *Bee* liues in the hiue,
Which unto him is like a peopled City,
And by their daily labour there they thriue,

Bringing

Bringing home honied waxe continually :
They are reputed ciuill, and haue kings,
And guides for to direct them in proceedings.

When that their Emperour or King is preſent,
They live in peacefull ſort and quietneſſe,
But if their officer or king be abſent,
They flie and ſwarme abroad in companies :
If any happen caſuall-wiſe to dye,
They mourne and bury him right ſolemnly.

The *Crocadile* a ſaffron colour'd Snake,
Sometimes vpon the earth is conuerſant,
And other times liues in a filthy lake,
Being oppreſſed with foule needy want :
The skin vpon his backe as hard as ſtone,
Reſiſteth violent ſtrokes of ſteele or iron.

Rinatrix is a poyſenous enuenom'd Serpent,
That doth infect the riuers and the fountaines,
Bringing to cattell hurt and detriment :
When thirſty they forſake the ſteepy mountaines,
Rinatrix violator Aquæ, and infects the earth,
With his moſt noyſome ſtinking filthy breath.

The *Scorpion* hath a deadly ſtinging taile,
Bewitching ſome with his faire ſmiling face,
But preſently with force he doth aſſaile
His captiu'd praie, and brings him to diſgrace :
Wherefore tis cald of ſome the flattering worme,
That ſubtilly his foe doth ouerturne.

Orion made his boaſt the earth ſhould bring
Or yeeld no ſerpent forth but he would kill it,
Where preſently the *Scorpion* vp did ſpring,
For ſo the onely powers above did will it :
Where in the peoples preſence they did ſee,
Orion ſtung to death moſt cruelly.

Of *Wormes* are diuers ſorts and diuers names,
Some feeding on hard timber, ſome on trees,
Some in the earth a ſecret cabbine frames,
Some liue on tops of Aſhes, ſome on Oliues ;
Some of a red watriſh colour, ſome of greene,
And ſome within the night like Fire are ſeene.

The *Silkeworme* by whoſe Webbe our Silkes are made,
For ſhe doth dayly labour with her weauing,
A *Worme* that's rich and precious in her trade,
That whilſt poore ſoule ſhe toyleth in her ſpinning,
Leaues nothing in her belly but empty aire,
And toyling too much falleth to deſpaire.

Here liues the *Caddes* and the long leg'd *Crane*,
With whome the *Pigmies* are at mortall ſtrife,
The *Larke* and *Lapwing* that with nets are tane,
And ſo poore ſilly ſoules do end their life :
The *Nightingale* wrong'd by Adulterie,
The *Nightcrow*, *Goſhawke*, and the chattring *Pie*.

The *Pheaſant*, *Storke*, and the high towring *Faulcon*,
The *Swanne* that in the riuer takes delight,
The *Goldfinch*, *Blackebird*, and the big neck'd *Heron*

The

The skreeching *Owle* that loues the duskie night,
The *Partridge, Griffon,* and the liuely *Peacocke,*
The *Linnet, Bulfinch, Snipe,* and rauening *Puttocke.*

The *Robin Redbreaſt* that in Winter ſings,
The *Pellican,* the *Iay,* and the chirping *Sparrow,*
The little *Wren* that many yong ones brings,
Hercin, Ibis, and the ſwift wingd *Swallow*:
The princely *Eagle* and *Caladrius*
The *Cuckow* that to ſome is proſperous.

The ſnow-like colour'd bird, *Caladrius,*
Hath this ineſtimable natural proſperitie,
If any man in ſickneſſe dangerous,
Hopes of his health to haue recouerie,
This bird will alwayes looke with chearefull glance,
If otherwiſe, ſad is his countenance.

The *Crane* directed by the leaders voice,
Flies ore the ſeas, to countries farre vnknowne,
And in the ſecret night they do reioice
To make a watch among them of their owne;
The watchman in his clawes holds faſt a ſtone,
Which letting fall the reſt are wak'd anone.

The Spring-delighting bird we call the *Cuckow,*
Which comes to tell of wonders in this age,
Her prettie one note to the world doth ſhow,
Some men their deſtinie, and doth preſage
The womans pleaſure and the mans diſgrace,
Which ſhe ſits ſinging in a ſecret place.

The Winters enuious blaſt ſhe neuer taſteth,
Yet in all countries doth the *Cuckoe* ſing,
And oftentimes to peopled townes ſhe haſteth,
Ther for to tell the pleaſures of the Spring:
Great Courtiers heare her voyce, but let her flye,
Knowing that ſhe preſageth Deſtiny.

This prety bird ſometimes vpon the ſteeple,
Sings *Cuckoe*, *Cuckoe*, to the pariſh Prieſt,
Sometimes againe ſhe flies amongſt the people,
And on their Croſſe no man can her reſiſt,
But there ſhe ſings, yet ſome diſdaining Dames,
Do charme her hoarſe, leſt ſhe ſhould hit their names.

She ſcornes to labour or make vp a neſt,
But creepes by ſtealth into ſome others roome,
And with the *Larkes* deare yong, her yong-ones reſt,
Being by ſubtile dealing ouercome:
The yong birds are reſtoratiue to eate,
And held amongſt vs as a Princes meate.

The Princely *Eagle* of all Birds the King,
For none but ſhe can gaze againſt the Sunne,
Her eye-ſight is ſo cleare, that in her flying
She ſpies the ſmalleſt beaſt that euer runne,
As ſwift as gun-ſhot vſing no delay,
So ſwiftly doth ſhe flie to catch her pray.

She brings her birds being yong into the aire,
And ſets them for to looke on *Phœbus* light,
But if their eyes with gazing chance to water,

Thoſe

Thoſe ſhe accounteth baſtards, leaues them quight,
But thoſe that haue true perfect conſtant eyes,
She cheriſheth, the reſt ſhe doth deſpiſe.

The *Griffon* is a bird rich feathered,
His head is like a *Lion*, and his flight
Is like the *Eagles*, much for to be feared,
For why he kils men in the vgly night:
Some ſay he keepes the *Smaragd* and the *Iaſper*,
And in purſute of Man is monſtrous eager.

The gentle birds called the faire *Hircinie*,
Taking the name of that place where they breed,
Within the night they ſhine ſo glorioufly,
That mans aſtonied ſenſes they do feed:
For in the darke being caſt within the way
Giues light vnto the man that goes aſtray.

Ibis the bird flieth to *Nilus* flood,
And drinking of the water purgeth cleane:
Vnto the land of *Ægypt* he doth good,
For he to rid their Serpents is a meane;
He feedeth on their egges, and doth deſtroy
The Serpents neſts that would their Clime annoy.

The *Lapwing* hath a piteous mournefull cry,
And ſings a ſorrowfull and heauy ſong,
But yet ſhee's full of craft and ſubtilty,
And weepeth moſt being fartheſt from her yong:
In elder age ſhe ſeru'd for Southſayers
And was a Propheteſſe to the Augurers.

The birds of *Ægypt* or *Memnodides*,
Of *Memnon* that was ſlaine in reſcuing *Troy*,
Are ſaid to flie away in companies,
To *Priams* pallace, and there twice a day
They fight about the turrets of the dead,
And the third day in battell are confounded.

The *Nightingale* the nights true Choriſter,
Muſickes chiefe louer in the pleaſant Spring,
Tunes Hunts-vp to the Sunne that doth delight her,
And to *Arions* harp aloud will ſing:
And as a Bridegroome that to church is comming,
So he ſalutes the Sunne when he is riſing.

The *Romane Cæſars*, happie Emperours,
Eſpecially thoſe of the yongeſt ſort,
Haue kept the *Nightingale* within their towers,
To play, to dally, and to make them ſport,
And oftentimes in *Greeke* and *Latine* tong,
They taught thoſe birds to ſing a pleaſant ſong.

This bird as *Hiſtories* make mention,
Sung in the infant mouth of *Steſichorus*,
Which did foretell due commendation,
In all his actions to be proſperous:
So *Bees* when *Plato* in his bed did lie,
Swarm'd round about his mouth, leauing their honie.

The ſluggiſh ſlouthfull and the daſtard *Owle*,
Hating the day, and louing of the night,
About old ſepulchers doth daily howle,

Frequenting

Frequenting barnes and houſes without light,
And hides him often in an Iuy tree,
Leaſt with ſmall chattring birds wrong'd he ſhould be.

Fœdaque ſic volucris venturi nuntia luctus,
Ignauus Bubo, dirum mortalibus omen.

The filthy meſſenger of ill to come
The fluggiſh *Owle* is, and to danger ſome.

This ill bedooming *Owle* ſate on the ſpeare,
Of warlike *Pirrhus* marching to the field,
When to the *Græcian* armie he drew neare,
Determining to make his foes to yeeld,
Which did foreſhew ſiniſter happineſſe,
And balefull fortune in his buſineſſe.

The *Parrat* cald the counterfeiting bird,
Deckt with all colours that fair *Flora* yeelds,
That after one will ſpeake you word for word:
Liuing in wooddie groues neare fertile fields,
They haue bene knowne to giue great Emperors wine,
And therefore ſome men hold them for deuine.

The proud ſun-brauing *Peacocke* with his feathers,
Walkes all along, thinking himſelfe a King,
And with his voyce prognoſticates all weathers,
Although God knowes but badly he doth ſing:
But when he lookes downe to his baſe blacke Feete,
He droopes, and is aſham'd of things unmeete.

The mighty *Macedonian Alexander*,

Marching in louely triumph to his foes,
Being accounted the worlds conquerour,
In *Indie* ſpies a *Peacocke* as he goes,
And maruelling to ſee ſo rich a ſight,
Charg'd all men not to kill his ſweete delight.

The *Pellican* the wonder of our age,
(As *Ierome* ſaith) reuiues her tender yong,
And with her pureſt bloud, ſhe doth aſſwage
Her yong ones thirſt, with poiſonous Adder ſtong,
And thoſe that were ſuppoſed three dayes dead.
She giues them life once more being nouriſhed.

The vnſatiate *Sparrow* doth prognoſticate,
And is held good for diuination,
For flying here and there, from gate to gate,
Foretels true things by animaduertion :
A flight of *Sparrowes* flying in the day,
Did propheſie the fall and ſacke of *Troy*.

The artificiall neſt-compoſing *Swallow*,
That eates his meate flying along the way,
Whoſe ſwiftneſſe in our eyſight doth allow,
That no imperiall Bird makes her his pray :
His yong ones being hurt within the eies,
His helpes them with the herbe *Calcedonies*.

Cecinna and the great *Volateran*,
Being *Pompeis* warlike and approued knights,
Sent letters by theſe Birds without a man,
To many of their friends and chiefe delights,

And

And all their letters to their feete did tie,
Which with great ſpeed did bring them haſtily.

The ſweete recording Swanne *Apolloes* ioy,
And firy ſcorched *Phaetons* delight,
In footed verſe ſings out his deep annoy,
And to the ſiluer riuers takes his flight,
Prognoſticates to Sailers on the ſeas,
Fortunes proſperitie and perfect eaſe.

Cignus in auſpicijs ſemper lætiſſimus ales,
Hoc optant nautæ, quia ſe non mergit in vndis.

But what ſad-mournefull drooping ſoule is this, *Phœnix.*
Within whoſe watry eyes ſits Diſcontent,
Whoſe ſnaile-pac'd gate tels ſomething is amiſſe:
From whom is baniſht ſporting Meriment:
Whoſe feathers mowt off, falling as he goes,
The perfect picture of hart pining woes?

This is the carefull bird the *Turtle* Doue, *Nature.*
Whoſe heauy croking note doth ſhew his griefe,
And thus he wanders ſeeking of his loue,
Refuſing all things that may yeeld reliefe:
All motions of good turnes, all Mirth and Ioy,
Are bad, fled, gone, and falne into decay.

Is this the true example of the Heart? *Phœnix.*
Is this the Tutor of faire *Conſtancy?*
Is this Loues treaſure, and Loues pining ſmart?
Is this the ſubſtance of all honeſty?

And comes he thus attir'd, alas poore ſoule,
That Deſtinies foule wrath ſhould thee controule.

See Nourſe, he ſtares and lookes me in the face,
And now he mournes, worſe then he did before,
He hath forgot his dull ſlow heauy pace,
But with ſwift gate he eyes vs more and more:
O ſhall I welcome him, and let me borrow
Some of his griefe to mingle with my ſorrow.

Nature. Farwell faire bird, Ile leaue you both alone,
This is the *Doue* you long'd ſo much to ſee,
And this will proue companion of your mone,
An Vmpire of all true humility:
Then note my *Phœnix*, what there may enſue,
And ſo I kiſſe my bird. *Adue, Adue.*

Phœnix. Mother farewell; and now within his eyes,
Sits ſorrow clothed in a ſea of teares,
And more and more the billowes do ariſe:
Pale Griefe halfe pin'd vpon his brow appeares,
His feathers fade away, and make him looke,
As if his name were writ in Deaths pale booke.

Turtle. O ſtay poore *Turtle*, whereat haſt thou gazed,
At the eye-dazling Sunne, whoſe ſweete reflection,
The round encompaſt heauenly world amazed?
O no, a child of Natures true complexion,
The perfect *Phœnix* of rariety,
For wit, for vertue, and excelling beauty.

Haile

Haile map of ſorrow : *Tur.* Welcome *Cupid's* child. *Phœnix.*
Let me wipe off thoſe teares vpon thy cheekes,
That ſtain'd thy beauties pride, and haue defil'd
Nature it ſelfe, that ſo vſurping ſeekes
To ſit vpon thy face, for Ile be partener,
Of thy harts wrapped ſorrow more hereafter.

Natures faire darling, let me kneele to thee, *Turtle.*
And offer vp my true obedience,
And ſacredly in all humility,
Craue pardon for preſumptions foule offence :
Thy lawne-ſnow-colour'd hand ſhall not come neare
My impure face, to wipe away one teare.

My teares are for my *Turtle* that is dead,
My ſorrow ſprings from her want that is gone,
My heauy note ſounds for the ſoule that's fled,
And I will dye for him left all alone :
I am not liuing, though I ſeeme to go,
Already buried in the graue of wo.

Why I haue left *Arabia* for thy ſake, *Phœnix.*
Becauſe thoſe fires haue no working ſubſtance,
And for to find thee out did vndertake :
Where on the mountaine top we may aduance
Our fiery alter ; let me tell thee this,
Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris.

Come poore lamenting ſoule, come ſit by me,
We are all one, thy ſorrow ſhall be mine,
Fall thou a teare, and thou ſhalt plainly ſee,

Mine eyes ſhall anſwer teare for teare of thine:
Sigh thou, Ile ſigh, and if thou giue a grone,
I ſhall be dead in anſwering of thy mone.

Turtle. Loues honorable Friend, one grone of yours,
Will rend my ſicke-loue-pining hart aſunder,
One ſigh brings teares from me like *Aprill* ſhowers,
Procur'd by Sommers hote loud cracking thunder:
Be you as mery as ſweet mirth may be,
Ile grone and ſigh, both for your ſelfe and me.

Phœnix. Thou ſhalt not gentle *Turtle*, I will beare
Halfe of the burdenous yoke thou doſt ſuſtaine,
Two bodies may with greater eaſe outweare
A troubleſome labour, then Ile brooke ſome paine,
But tell me gentle *Turtle*, tell me truly
The difference betwixt falſe Loue and true Sinceritie.

Turtle That ſhall I briefly, if youle giue me leaue,
Falſe loue is full of Enuie and Deceit,
With cunning ſhifts our humours to deceiue,
Laying downe poiſon for a ſugred baite,
Alwayes inconſtant, falſe and variable,
Delighting in fond change and mutable.

True loue, is louing pure, not to be broken,
But with an honeſt eye, ſhe eyes her louer,
Not changing variable, nor neuer ſhoken
With fond Suſpition, ſecrets to diſcouer,
True loue will tell no lies, nor ne're diſſemble,
But with a baſhfull modeſt feare will tremble.

Falſe

Falſe loue puts on a Maske to ſhade her folly,
True loue goes naked wiſhing to be ſeene,
Falſe loue will counterfeite perpetually,
True loue is Troths ſweete emperizing Queene:
This is the difference, true Loue is a iewell,
Falſe loue, hearts tyrant, inhumane, and cruell.

What may we wonder at? O where is learning? *Phœnix.*
Where is all difference twixt the good and bad?
Where is *Apelles* art? where is true cunning?
Nay where is all the vertue may be had?
Within my *Turtles* boſome, ſhe refines,
More then ſome louing perfect true deuines.

Thou ſhalt not be no more the *Turtle*-Doue,
Thou ſhalt no more go weeping al alone,
For thou ſhalt be my ſelfe, my perfect Loue,
Thy griefe is mine, thy ſorrow is my mone,
Come kiſſe me ſweeteſt ſweete, O I do bleſſe
This gracious luckie Sun-ſhine happineſſe.

How may I in all gratefulneſſe requite, *Turtle.*
This gracious fauor offred to thy ſeruant?
The time affordeth heauineſſe not delight,
And to the times appoint weele be obſeruant:
Command, O do commaund, what ere thou wilt,
My hearts bloud for thy ſake ſhall ſtraight be ſpilt.

Then I command thee on thy tender care, *Phœnix.*
And chiefe obedience that thou owſt to me,
That thou eſpecially (deare Bird) beware

Of impure thoughts, or vncleane chaſtity:
For we muſt waſt together in that fire,
That will not burne but by true Loues deſire.

Turtle. A ſpot of that foule monſter neare did ſtaine,
Theſe drooping feathers, nor I neuer knew
In what baſe filthy clymate doth remaine
That ſpright incarnate; and to tell you true,
I am as ſpotleſſe as the pureſt whight,
Cleare without ſtaine, of enuy, or deſpight.

Phœnix. Then to yon next adioyning groue we'le flye,
And gather ſweete wood for to make our flame,
And in a manner ſacrificingly,
Burne both our bodies to reuiue one name:
And in all humbleneſſe we will intreate
The hot earth parching Sunne to lend his heate.

Turtle. Why now my heart is light, this very doome
Hath baniſht ſorrow from my penſiue breaſt:
And in my boſome there is left no roome,
To ſet blacke melancholy, or let him reſt;
Ile fetch ſweete mirrhe to burne, and licorice,
Sweete Iuniper, and ſtraw them ore with ſpice.

Phœnix. Pile vp the wood, and let vs inuocate
His great name that doth ride within his chariot,
And guides the dayes bright eye, let's nominate
Some of his bleſſings, that he well may wot,
Our faithfull ſeruice and humility,
Offer'd vnto his higheſt Deiety.

Great

Great God *Apollo*, for thy tender loue,
Thou once didſt beare to wilful *Phaeton*,
That did deſire thy chariots rule aboue,
Which thou didſt grieue in hart to thinke vpon :
Send thy hot kindling light into this wood,
That ſhall receiue the Sacrifice of bloud.

Turtle.

For thy ſweete *Daphnes* ſake thy beſt beloued,
And for the Harpe receiu'd of *Mercury*,
And for the *Muſes* of thee fauored,
Whoſe gift of wit excels all excellency :
Send thy hot kindling fire into this wood,
That ſhall receiue the Sacrifice of bloud.

Phœnix.

For thy ſweet fathers ſake great *Iupiter*,
That with his thunder-bolts commands the earth,
And for *Latonas* ſake thy gentle mother,
That firſt gaue *Phœbus* glories liuely breath :
Send thy hot kindling light into this wood,
That ſhall receiue the ſacrifice of bloud.

Stay, ſtay, poore *Turtle*, ô we are betraid,
Behind yon little buſh there ſits a ſpy,
That makes me bluſh with anger, halfe afraid,
That in our motions ſecrecly would pry :
I will go chide with him, and driue him thence,
And plague him for preſumptions foule offence.

Turtle.

Be not affraid, it is the *Pellican*,
Looke how her yong-ones make her breſt to bleed,
And drawes the bloud foorth, do the beſt ſhe can,

And with the ſame their hungry fancies feede,
Let her alone to vew our Tragedy,
And then report our Loue that ſhe did ſee.

See beauteous *Phœnix* it begins to burne,
O bleſſed *Phœbus*, happy, happy light,
Now will I recompence thy great good turne,
And firſt (deare bird) Ile vaniſh in thy ſight,
And thou ſhalt ſee with what a quicke deſire,
Ile leape into the middle of the fire.

Phœnix. Stay *Turtle* ſtay, for I will firſt prepare;
Of my bones muſt the Princely *Phœnix* riſe,
And iſt be poſſible thy bloud wele ſpare,
For none but for my ſake, doſt thou deſpiſe
This frailty of thy life, ô liue thou ſtill,
And teach the baſe deceitfull world Loues will.

Turtle. Haue I come hither drooping through the woods,
And left the ſpringing groues to ſeeke for thee?
Haue I forſooke to bathe me in the flouds,
And pin'd away in carefull miſery?
Do not deny me *Phœnix* I muſt be
A partner in this happy Tragedy.

Phœnix. O holy, ſacred, and pure perfect fire,
More pure then that ore which faire *Dido* mones,
More ſacred in my louing kind deſire,
Then that which burnt old *Eſons* aged bones,
Accept into your euer hallowed flame,
Two bodies, from the which may ſpring one name.

O ſweet

O ſweet perfumed flame, made of thoſe trees, *Turtle.*
Vnder the which the *Muſes* nine haue ſong
The praiſe of vertuous maids in miſteries,
To whom the faire fac'd *Nymphes* did often throng;
Accept my body as a Sacrifice
Into your flame, of whom one name may riſe.

O wilfulneſſe, ſee how with ſmiling cheare, *Phœnix.*
My poore deare hart hath flong himſelfe to thrall,
Looke what a mirthfull countenance he doth beare,
Spreading his wings abroad, and ioyes withall:
Learne thou corrupted world, learne, heare, and ſee,
Friendſhips vnſpotted true ſincerity.

I come ſweet *Turtle*, and with my bright wings,
I will embrace thy burnt bones as they lye,
I hope of theſe another Creature ſprings,
That ſhall poſſeſſe both our authority:
I ſtay to long, ô take me to your glory,
And thus I end the *Turtle* Doues true ſtory.

Finis. R. C.

Pellican.

WHat wondrous hart-grieuing ſpectacle,
Haſt thou beheld the worlds true miracle?
With what a ſpirit did the *Turtle* flye
Into the fire, and chearfully did dye?
He look't more pleaſant in his countenance
Within the flame, then when he did aduance,
His pleaſant wings vpon the naturall ground,

True perfect loue had ſo his poore heart bound,
The *Phœnix Natures* deare adopted child,
With a pale heauy count'nance, wan and mild,
Grieu'd for to ſee him firſt poſſeſſe the place,
That was allotted her, her ſelfe to grace,
And followes cheerfully her ſecond turne,
And both together in that fire do burne.
O if the rareſt creatures of the earth,
Becauſe but one at once did ere take breath
Within the world, ſhould with a ſecond he,
A perfect forme of loue and amitie
Burne both together, what ſhould there ariſe,
And be preſented to our mortall eyes,
Out of the fire, but a more perfect creature?
Becauſe that two in one is put by Nature,
The one hath giuen the child inchaunting beautie,
The other giues it loue and chaſtitie:
The one hath giuen it wits rarietie
The other guides the wit moſt charily:
The one for vertue doth excell the reſt,
The other in true conſtancie is bleſt.
If that the *Phœnix* had bene ſeparated,
And from the gentle *Turtle* had bene parted,
Loue had bene murdred in the infancie,
Without theſe two no loue at all can be.
Let the loue wandring wits but learne of theſe,
To die together, ſo their griefe to eaſe:
But louers now a dayes do loue to change,
And here and there their wanton eyes do range,
Not pleaſed with one choiſe, but ſeeking many,
And in the end ſcarce is content with any:

Loue

Loue now adayes is like a ſhadowed ſight,
That ſhewes it ſelfe in *Phœbus* golden light,
But if in kindneſſe you do ſtriue to take it,
Fades cleane away, and you muſt needs forſake it.
Louers are like the leaues with Winter ſhoken,
Brittle like glaſſe, that with one fall is broken.
O fond corrupted age, when birds ſhall ſhow
The world their dutie, and to let men know
That no ſiniſter chaunce ſhould hinder loue,
Though as theſe two did, deaths arreſt they proue.
I can but mourne with ſadneſſe and with griefe,
Not able for to yeeld the world reliefe,
To ſee theſe two conſumed in the fire,
Whom Loue did copulate with true deſire:
But in the worlds wide eare I meane to ring
The fame of this dayes wondrous offring,
That they may ſing in notes of Chaſtitie,
The *Turtle* and the *Phœnix* amitie

Concluſion.

GEntle conceiuers of true meaning Wit,
Let good Experience iudge what I haue writ,
For the Satyricall fond applauded vaines,
Whoſe bitter worme-wood ſpirite in ſome ſtraines,
Bite like the Curres of *Ægypt* thoſe that loue them,
Let me alone, I will be loth to moue them,
For why, when mightie men their wit do proue,
How ſhall I leaſt of all expect their loue?
Yet to thoſe men I gratulate ſome paine,
Becauſe they touch thoſe that in art do faine.

But thoſe that haue the ſpirit to do good,
Their whips will will neuer draw one drop of bloud:
To all and all in all that view my labour,
Of euery iudging ſight I craue ſome fauour
At leaſt to reade, and if you reading find,
A lame leg'd ſtaffe, tis lameneſſe of the mind:
That had no better skill: yet let it paſſe,
For burdnous lodes are ſet vpon an Aſſe.
From the ſweet fire of perfumed wood,
Another princely *Phœnix* vpright ſtood:
Whoſe feathers purified did yeeld more light,
Then her late burned mother out of ſight,
And in her heart reſtes a perpetuall loue,
Sprong from the boſome of the *Turtle-Doue.*
Long may the new vpriſing bird increaſe,
Some humors and ſome motions to releaſe,
And thus to all I offer my deuotion,
Hoping that gentle minds accept my motion.

Finis R. C.

Cantoes Alphabet-wiſe to faire Phœ-
nix made by the Paphian Doue.
A. 1.

A Hill, a hill, a *Phœnix* ſeekes a Hill;
A promontorie top, a ſtately Mountaine,
A Riuer, where poore ſoule ſhe dippes her bill,
And that ſweete ſiluer ſtreame is *Natures* fountaine,
Accompliſhing all pleaſures at her will:
Ah, be my *Phœnix*, I will be thy *Doue*,
And thou and I in ſecrecie will loue.

B. 2.

B. 2.

Blaze not my loue, thou Herald of the day,
Bleſſe not the mountaine tops with my ſweet ſhine,
Beloued more I am then thou canſt ſay,
Bleſſed and bleſſed be that Saint of mine,
Balme, honie ſweet, and honor of this Clime:
Blotted by things vnſeene, belou'd of many,
But Loues true motion dares not giue to any.

C. 3.

Chaſtneſſe farewell, farewell the bed of Glorie,
Conſtraint adew, thou art loues Enemie,
Come true Report, make of my Loue a Storie,
Caſt lots for my poore heart, ſo thou enioy me,
Come come ſweet *Phœnix*, I at length do claime thee,
Chaſte bird, too chaſte, to hinder what is willing,
Come in mine armes and wele not ſit a billing.

D. 4.

Deuout obedience on my knees I profer,
Delight matcht with delight, if thou do craue it,
Denie not gentle *Phœnix* my ſweet offer,
Deſpaire not in my loue, for thou ſhalt haue it,
Damne not the ſoule to woe if thou canſt ſaue it:
Doues pray deuoutly, O let me requeſt,
Delicious loue to build within thy neſt.

E. 5.

Enuie is baniſht, do not thou deſpaire,
Euill motions tempt thee ſooner then the good:
Enrich thy beautie that art fam'd for faire,
Euery thing's ſilent to conioyne thy blood,
Eſteeme the thing that cannot be withſtood:
Eſteeme of me, and I will lend thee fire,

Euen of mine owne to fit thy ſweet deſire.

F. 6.

Faint harted ſoule, why doſt thou die thy cheekes,
Fearfull of that which will reuiue thy ſence,
Faith and obedience thy ſweet mercy ſeekes,
Friends plighted war with thee I will commence,
Feare not at all, tis but ſweet Loues offence,
Fit to be done, ſo doing tis not ſeene,
Fetcht from the ancient records of a Queene.

G. 7.

Gold beautifying *Phœnix*, I muſt praiſe thee,
Granut gracious heauens a delightſome Muſe,
Giue me old *Homers* ſpirit, and Ile raiſe thee,
Gracious in thought do not my Loue refuſe,
Great map of beauty make thou no excuſe,
Gainſt my true louing ſpirit do not carpe,
Grant me to play my Sonnet on thy Harpe.

H. 8.

Health to thy vertues, health to all thy beauty,
Honour attend thy ſteps when thou art going,
High heauens force the birds to owe thee duty;
Hart-groning care to thee ſtill ſtands a woing,
Haue pitty on him *Phœnix* for ſo doing:
Helpe his diſeaſe, and cure his malady,
Hide not thy ſecret glory leaſt he die.

I. 9.

I Loue, ô Loue how thou abuſeſt me,
I ſee the fire, and warme me with the flame,
I note the errors of thy deity:
In *Veſtas* honor, *Venus* luſts to tame,
I in my humors yeeld thee not a name,

I count

I count thee fooliſh, fie Adultrous boy,
I touch the ſweete, but cannot taſt the ioy.

K. 10.

Kiſſes are true loues pledges, kiſſe thy deare *Turtle*,
Keepe not from him the ſecrets of thy youth:
Knowledge he'le teach thee vnder a greene ſpred Mirtle,
Kend ſhalt thou be of no man, of my truth,
Know firſt the motion, when the life enſueth:
Knocke at my harts dore, I will be thy porter,
So thou wilt let me enter in thy dorter.

L. 11.

Loue is my great Aduotrix, at thy ſhrine
Loue pleads for me, and from my tongue doth ſay,
Lie where thou wilt, my hart ſhall ſleepe with thine,
Lamenting of thy beauty freſh as May,
Looke *Phœnix* to thy ſelfe do not decay:
Let me but water thy dead ſapleſſe floure,
Loue giues me hope t'will flouriſh in an houre.

M. 12.

Make not a Iewell of nice Chaſtity,
Muſter and ſummon all thy wits in one,
My heart to thee ſweares perfect conſtancy:
Motions of zeale are to be thought vpon,
Marke how thy time is ouerſpent, and gone,
Miſ-led by folly, and a kind of feare,
Marke not thy beauty ſo my deareſt deare.

N. 13.

Note but the freſh bloom'd Roſe within her pride,
(No Roſe to be compared vnto thee)
Nothing ſo ſoone vnto the ground will ſlide,
Not being gathered in her chiefeſt beauty,

Neglecting time it dies with infamy:
Neuer be coy, leſt whil'ſt thy leaues are ſpred,
None gather thee, and then thy grace is dead.

O. 14.

O looke vpon me, and within my brow,
Officious motions of my hart appeares,
Opening the booke of Loue, wherein I vow,
Ouer thy ſhrine to ſhed continuall teares:
O no, I ſee my *Phœnix* hath no Eares,
Or if ſhe haue Eares, yet no Eyes to ſee,
O all diſgraced with continuall follie.

P. 15.

Proud Chaſtity, why doſt thou ſeeke to wrong
Phœnix my Loue, with leſſons too preciſe?
Pray thou for me, and I will make a ſong,
Pend in thine honor, none ſhall equalize,
Poſſeſſe not her, whoſe beauty charmes mine eyes,
Plead, ſue, and ſeeke, or I will baniſh thee,
Her body is my Caſtle and my fee.

Q. 16.

Queſtion not *Phœnix* why I adore thee,
Quite captiuate and priſner at thy call,
Quit me with Loue againe, do not abhor me,
Queld downe with hope as ſubiugate to thrall,
Quail'd will I neuer be deſpight of all;
Quaking I ſtand before thee, ſtill expecting
Thine owne conſent, our ioyes to be effecting.

R. 17.

Remember how thy beauty is abuſed,
Ract on the tenter-hookes of foule diſgrace,
Riuers are dry, and muſt be needs refuſed

Reſtore

Reſtore new water in that dead founts place,
Refreſh thy feathers, beautifie thy face :
Reade on my booke, and there thou ſhalt behold
Rich louing letters printed in fine gold.

S. 18.

Shame is aſhamed to ſee thee obſtinate,
Smiling at thy womaniſh conceipt,
Swearing that honor neuer thee begat,
Sucking in poyſon for a ſugred baite,
Singing thy pride of beauty in her height :
Sit by my ſide, and I will ſing to thee
Sweet ditties of a new fram'd harmony.

T. 19.

Thou art a *Turtle* wanting of thy mate,
Thou crok'ſt about the groues to find thy Louer,
Thou fly'ſt to woods, and fertile plaines doſt hate :
Thou in obliuion doſt true vertue ſmother,
To thy ſweete ſelfe thou canſt not find another :
Turn vp my boſome, and in my pure hart,
Thou ſhalt behold the *Turtle* of thy ſmart.

V. 20.

Vpon a day I ſought to ſcale a Fort,
Vnited with a Tower of ſure defence ;
Vncomfortable trees did marre my ſport,
Vnlucky Fortune with my woes expence,
Venus with *Mars* would not ſweet war commence,
Vpon an Alter would I offer Loue,
And Sacrifice my ſoule poore *Turtle* Doue.

W. 21.

Weepe not my *Phœnix*, though I daily weepe,
Woe is the Herald that declares my tale,

Worthy thou art in *Venus* lap to ſleepe,
Wantonly couered with God *Cupids* vale,
With which he doth all mortall ſence exhale:
Waſh not thy cheekes, vnleſſe I ſit by thee,
To dry them with my ſighes immediatly.

X. 22.

Xantha faire Nimph; reſemble not in Nature,
Xantippe Loue to patient *Socrates*,
Xantha my Loue is a more milder creature,
And of a Nature better for to pleaſe:
Xantippe thought her true loue to diſeaſe,
But my rare *Phœnix* is at laſt well pleaſ'd,
To cure my paſſions, paſſions ſeldom eaſ'd.

Y. 23.

Yf thou haue pitty, pitty my complaining,
Yt is a badge of Vertue in thy ſexe,
Yf thou do kill me with thy coy diſdaining,
Yt will at length thy ſelfe-will anguiſh vexe,
And with continuall ſighes thy ſelfe perplexe:
Ile helpe to bring thee wood to make thy fire,
If thou wilt giue me kiſſes for my hire.

Z. 24.

Zenobia at thy feete I bend my knee,
For thou art Queene and Empreſſe of my hart,
All bleſſed hap and true felicity,
All pleaſures that the wide world may impart,
Befall thee for thy gracious good deſart:
Accept my meaning as it fits my turne,
For I with thee to aſhes meane to burne.

Finis.

Cantoes Verbally written.

1.

Pittie me that dies for thee.

Pittie PIttie my plainings thou true nurſe of pittie,
me Me hath thy piercing lookes enioynd to ſighing,
that That cannot be redreſſed, for thy beautie
dies Dies my ſad heart, ſad heart that's drown'd with weeping:
for For what ſo ere I thinke, or what I doe,
thee. Thee with mine eyes, my thoughts, my heart, I woe.

2.

My life you ſaue, if you I haue.

My My eyes, my hand, my heart ſeeke to maintaine
life Life for thy loue, therefore be gracious,
you You with your kindneſſe haue my true heart ſlaine,
ſaue Saue my poore life, and be not tyrannous,
if If any grace do in thy breaſt remaine,
you You women haue bene counted amorous;
I I pine in ſadneſſe, all proceeds from thee,
haue. Haue me in liking through thy clemencie.

3.

Do thou by me, as I by thee.

Do Do not exchange thy loue, leſt in exchanging,
thou Thou beare the burd'nous blot of foule diſgrace,
by By that bad fault are many faults containing,
me, Me ſtill aſſuring nothing is ſo baſe,
as As in the worlds eye alwayes to be ranging:
I I ſweare ſweete *Phœnix* in this holy caſe,
by By all the ſacred reliques of true loue,

thee. Thee to adore whom I ſtill conſtant proue.

4.

Voutſafe to thinke how I do pine,
In louing thee that art not mine.

Voutſafe Voutſafe with ſplendor of thy gracious looke,
to To grace my paſſions, paſſions ſtill increaſing:
thinke Thinke with thy ſelfe how I thy abſence brooke,
how How day by day, my plaints are neuer ceaſing,
I I haue for thee all companies forſooke;
do Do thou reioyce, and in reioycing ſay,
pine, Pine nere ſo much Ile take thy griefe away.

In In that great gracing word ſhalt thou be counted
louing Louing to him, that is thy true ſworne louer,
thee Thee on the ſtage of honor haue I mounted,
that That no baſe miſtie cloud ſhall euer couer:
art Art thou not faire? thy beautie do not ſmother;
not Not in thy flouring youth, but ſtill ſuppoſe
mine. Mine owne to be, my neuer dying Roſe.

5.

My deſtinie to thee is knowne,
Cure thou my ſmart, I am thine owne.

My My time in loues blind idleneſſe is ſpent,
deſtinie Deſtinie and Fates do will it ſo,
to To *Circes* charming tongue mine eare I lent,
thee Thee louing that doſt wiſh my ouerthrow:
is Is not this world wrapt in inconſtancie,
knowne. Knowne to moſt men as hels miſerie?

Cure Cure of my wound is paſt all Phiſickes skill,
thou Thou maiſt be gracious, at thy very looke

My

my My wounds will cloſe, that would my bodie kill,
ſmart Smart will be eaſde that could no plaiſters brooke ;
I I of my *Phœnix* being quite forſooke,
am Am like a man that nothing can fulfill :
thine Thine euer-piercing eye of force will make me,
owne. Owne heart, owne loue, that neuer will forſake thee.

6.

Ore my heart your eyes do idolatrize

Ore Ore the wide world my loue-layes Ile be ſending.
my My loue-layes in my Loues praiſe alwayes written,
heart Heart comfortable motions ſtill attending,
your Your beautie and your vertuous zeale commending,
eyes Eyes that no froſts-cold-rage hath euer bitten :
do Do you then thinke that I in Loues hot fire,
idola- Idolatrize and furphet in deſire.
trize

7.

I had rather loue though in vaine that face,
Then haue of any other grace.

I I being forc'd to carrie *Venus* ſhield,
had Had rather beare a *Phœnix* for my creſt,
rather Rather then any bird within the field,
loue Loue tells me that her beautie is the beſt :
though Though ſome deſire faire *Veſtas Turtle-doue,*
in In my Birds boſome reſteth perfect loue.

Vaine Vaine is that blind vnskilfull herauldrie,
that That will not cauſe my bird that is ſo rare,
face, Face all the world for her rarietie,
then Then who with her for honor may compare ?
haue Haue we one like her for her pride of beautie,
of Of all the feathered Quier in the aire ?

any Any but unto her do owe their dutie :
other Other may blaze, but I will alwaies ſay,
grace. Grace whom thou liſt, ſhe beares the palme away.

8.

What euer fall, I am at call.

What What thunder ſtormes of enuie ſhall ariſe,
euer Euer to thee my heart is durable,
fall, Fall fortunes wheele on me to tyrrannize,
I I will be alwayes found inexorable :
am Am I not then to thee moſt ſtable ?
at At morne, midnight, and at mid-dayes ſunne,
call. Call when thou wilt, my deare, to thee Ile runne.

9.

I had rather loue, though in vaine that face,
Then haue of any other grace,

I I now do wiſh my loue ſhould be releiued,
had Had I my thoughts in compaſſe of my will,
rather Rather than liue and ſurfeit being grieued,
loue Loue in my breaſt doth wondrous things fulfill,
though Though loues vnkindneſſe many men do kill,
in In her I truſt, that is my true ſworne louer,
vaine Vaine he doth write that doth her vertues ſmother.

that That ſhe is faire, *Nature* her ſelfe alloweth,
face, Face full of beauty, eyes reſembling fire,
then Then my pure hart to loue thy hart ſtill voweth,
haue Haue me in fauour for my good deſire,
of Of holy loue, Loues Temple to aſpire ;
any Any but thee my thoughts will nere require,
other Other ſweet motions now I will conceale
grace. Grace theſe rude lines that my hearts thoughts reueale.

10. *Diſ-*

10.

Diſgrace not me, in louing thee.

Diſgrace Diſgrace be baniſht from thy heauenly brow,
not Not entertained of thy piercing eie,
me Me thy ſweete lippes, a ſweet touch will allow,
in In thy faire boſome would I alwayes lie,
louing Louing in ſuch a downe-bed to be placed,
thee. Thee for to pleaſe, my ſelfe for euer graced.

11.

I had rather loue though in vaine that face,
Then haue of any other grace.

I I liue enricht with gifts of great content,
had Had my deſires the guerdon of good will,
rather Rather then taſte of Fortunes fickle bent,
loue Loue bids me die, and ſcorne her witleſſe skill,
though Though Loue command, Deſpaire doth ſtil attend,
in In hazard proues oft times but doubtfull end.
vaine Vaine is the loue encountred with denayes,
that That yeelds but griefe, where grace ſhould rather grow,
face, Face full of furie, voide of curteous praiſe:
then Then ſince all loue conſiſts of weale and woe,
haue Haue ſtill in mind, that loue deſerues the beſt,
of Of hearts the touchſtone, inward motions louing,
any Any that yeelds the fruite of true-loues reſt,
other Other I loue vnworthie of commending,
grace. Grac'd with bare beautie, beautie moſt offending.

12.

My ſelfe and mine, are alwayes thine.

My My care to haue my blooming Roſe not wither,
ſelfe Selfe-louing Enuie ſhall it not denie,
and And that baſe weed thy growth doth ſeeke to hinder,

mine Mine hands ſhall pull him vp immediatly,
are Are they not enuious monſters in thine eie,
alwayes Alwayes with vaine occaſions to incloſe
thine. Thine euer growing beautie, like the Roſe?

13.

The darting of your eies, may heale or wound,
Let not empiring lookes my heart confound.

The The ey-bals in your head are *Cupids* fire,
darting Darting ſuch hot ſparkles at my breſt,
of Of force I am enthrald, and do deſire
your Your gracious loue, to make me happie bleſt:
eyes Eyes, lippes, and tongue haue cauſed my vnreſt,
may May I vnto the height of grace aſpire,
heale Heale my ſicke heart with loues great griefe oppreſt,
or Or if to fire thou wilt not yeeld ſuch fuell,
wound. Wound me to death, and ſo be counted cruell.

Let Let the wide ope-mouth'd world ſlaunder the guiltie,
not Not my dead *Phœnix*, that doth ſcorne ſuch ſhame,
empiring Empiring honor blots ſuch infamie,
lookes Lookes dart away the blemiſh of that name;
my My thoughts prognoſticate thy Ladies pittie:
heart Hearts-eaſe to thee, this counſell will I giue,
confound Confound thy foes, but let true louers liue.

14.

You are my ioy, be not ſo coy.

You You beſt belou'd, you honor of delight,
are Are the bright ſhining Starre that I adore,
my My eyes like Watchmen gaze within the night,

Ioy

ioy, Ioy fils my heart when you do ſhine before,
be not Be not diſgraſiue to thy friend therefore:
too Too glorious are thy lookes to entertaine
coy. Coy thoughts, fell peeuiſh deeds, our baſe diſdaine.

15.

For you I die, being abſent from mine eye.

For For all the holy rites that *Venus* vſeth,
you You I coniure to true obedience:
I I offer faith, which no kind hart refuſeth,
die, Die periur'd Enuie for thy late offence,
being Being enamored of rich Beauties pride,
abſent Abſent, I freeze in Winters pining cold,
from From thee I ſit, as if thou hadſt denide,
my My loue-ſicke paſſions twentie times retold:
eye. Eye-dazling Miſtris, with a looke of pittie,
Grace my ſad Song, and my hearts pining Dittie.

16.

Send me your heart, to eaſe my ſmart.

Send Send but a glaunce of amours from thine eie,
me Me will it rauiſh with exceeding pleaſure,
your Your eye-bals do enwrap my deſtinie,
heart Heart ſicke with ſorrow, ſorrow out of meaſure,
to To thinke vpon my loues continuall folly:
eaſe Eaſe thou my paine from pitties golden treaſure;
my My griefe proceeds from thee, and I ſuppoſe
ſmart. Smart of my ſmart will my lifes bloud incloſe.

17.

Seeing you haue mine, let me haue thine.

Seeing Seeing my paſſions are ſo penetrable,
you You of all other ſhould be pittifull,
haue Haue mind of me, and you'le be fauourable,

mine Mine hart doth tell me you are mercifull,
let Let my harts loue be alwayes violable,
me Me haue you found in all things dutifull,
haue Haue me in fauour, and thy ſelfe ſhalt ſee,
thine. Thine and none others, will I all wayes be.

18.

Within thy breſt, my hart doth reſt.

Within Within the circuit of a Chriſtall ſpheare,
thy Thy eyes are plaſt, and vnderneath thoſe eyes,
breſt, Breſt of hard flint, eares that do ſcorne to heare
my My dayes ſad gronings, and night waking cries,
hart Hart ſore ſicke paſſions, and Loues agonies,
doth Doth it become thy beauty? no, a ſtaine
reſt. Reſts on thy bright brow wrinckled with diſdaine.

19.

O let me heare, from thee my deare.

O O tongue thou haſt blaſphem'd thy holy Goddeſſe,
let Let me do penance for offending thee,
me Me do thou blame for my forgetfulneſſe:
heare, Heare my ſubmiſſion, thou wilt ſuccor me:
from From thy harts cloſet commeth gentleneſſe:
thee Thee hath the world admir'd for clemency,
my My hart is ſorrie, and Ile bite my tongue,
deare. Deare that to thee, to thee I offred wrong.

20.

My Phœnix rare, is all my care.

My My life, my hart, my thoughts, I dedicate,
Phœnix *Phœnix* to thee, *Phœnix* of all beauty,
rare, Rare things in hart of thee I meditate,
is Is it not time, I come to ſhew my duty?
all All fauors vnto thee I conſecrate,

My

my My goods, my lands, my ſelfe, and all is thine,
care. Care thoſe that liſt, ſo thou faire bird be mine.

21.

I would I might, be thy delight.

I I wiſh for things, would they might take effect,
would Would they might end, and we enioy our pleaſure,
I I vow I would not proffred time neglect,
might, Might I but gather ſuch vnlook't for treaſure,
be Be all things enuious I would the reſpect,
thy Thy fauours in my hart I do enroule,
delight. Delight matcht with delight, doth me controule.

22.

If I you haue, none elſe I craue.

If If adoration euer were created,
I I am a Maiſter of that holy Art,
you You my aduotrix, whom I haue admired,
haue, Haue of my true deuotion bore a part:
none None but your ſelfe may here be nominated,
elſe Elſe would my tongue my true obedience thwart:
I I cannot flatter, Loue will not allow it,
craue. Craue thou my hart, on thee I will beſtow it.

23.

Be you to me, as I to thee.

Be Bee the poore Bee, ſucke hony from the flower,
you You have a ſpacious odoriferous field,
to To taſt all moyſture, where in ſweet *Floras* bower,
me, Me ſhall you find ſubmiſſiuely to yeeld,
as As a poore Captiue looking for the hower;
I I may haue gracious lookes, elſe am I kild,
to To dye by you were life, and yet thy ſhame,
thee. Thee would the wide world hate, my folly blame.

24

You are the firſt, in whom I truſt.

You You in your boſome hauing plac'd a light,
are Are the chiefe admirall vnto my Fleet,
the The Lanthorne for to guide me in the night,
firſt, Firſt to the ſhore, where I may ſet my feet
in In ſafegard, void of Dangers cruell ſpight,
whom Whom in diſgrace Loue and fel Enuie meet,
I I muſter vp my ſpirits, and they flie;
truſt. Truſt of thy faith controules mine enemie.

25.

You are the laſt my loue ſhall taſte.

You You ſtanding on the tower of hope and feare,
are Are timerous of ſelfe-will fooliſhneſſe,
the The onely Viper that doth loue-laies teare,
laſt, Laſt can it not, tis womans peeuiſhneſſe,
my My kind affections can it not forbeare,
loue Loue tells me that tis bred in idleneſſe,
ſhall Shall ſuch occaſion hinder thee or me?
taſte. Taſte firſt the fruit, and then commend the tree.

26.

If you I had, I ſhould be glad.

If If the Sunne ſhine, the harueſt man is glad,
you You are my Sunne, my dayes delightſome Queene,
I I am your harueſt laborer almoſt mad,
had, Had I not my glorious commet ſeene,
I I wiſh that I might ſit within thy ſhade,
ſhould Should I be welcome ere thy beautie fade:
be Be not *Narciſſus*, but be alwaies kind,
glad. Glad to obtain the thing thou neare couldſt find.

27. *Thou*

Though place be far, my heart is nar.

Though Though thou my Doue from me be ſeparated,
place Place, nor the diſtance ſhall not hinder me,
be Be conſtant for a while, thou maiſt be thwarted,
far, Far am I not, Ile come to ſuccour thee.
my My heart and thine, my ſweet ſhall nere be parted,
heart Heart made of loue, and true ſimplicitie:
is Is not Loue lawleſſe, full of powerfull might,
nar. Nar to my heart that ſtill with Loue doth fight.

28.

My thoughts are dead, cauſe thou art ſped.

My My inward *Muſe* can ſing of nought but Loue,
thoughts Thoughts are his Heralds, flying to my breaſt
are Are entertained, if they thence remoue,
dead, Dead ſhall their maſter be, and in vnreſt;
cauſe Cauſe all the world thy hatred to reproue,
thou Thou art that All-in-all that I loue beſt:
art Art thou then cruell? no thou canſt not be
ſped. Sped with ſo foule a fiend as Crueltie.

29.

I ſend my heart to thee, where gladly I would be.

I I of all other am faire *Venus* thrall,
ſend Send me but pleaſant glances of thine eie,
my My ſoule will leape with ioy and dance withall,
heart Heart of my heart, and ſoules felicitie:
to To beauties Queene my heart is ſanctified,
thee. Thee aboue all things haue I deified.

Where Where is Affections? fled to Enuies caue?
gladly Gladlie my Thoughts would beare her companie,
I I from foule bondage will my *Phœnix* ſaue,

would be. Would ſhe in loue requite my courteſie,
Be louing as thou art faire, elſe ſhall I ſing,
Thy beautie a poiſnous bitter thing.

30.

If you me iuſt haue knowne,
Then take me for your owne.

If you me iuſt haue knowne, If you be faire, why ſhould you be vnkind?
You haue no perfect reaſon for the ſame,
Me thinkes it were your glorie for to find
Iuſt meaſure at my hands, but you to blame
Haue from the deepeſt cloſet of your heart,
Knowne my pure thoughts, and yet I pine in ſmart.

Then take me for your owne. Then in the deepeſt meaſure of pure loue,
Take pittie on the ſad ſicke pining ſoule,
Me may you count your vnknowne *Turtle-Doue,*
For in my boſomes chamber, I enroule
Your deepe loue-darting eie, and ſtill will be
Owne of your owne, deſpight extremitie.

31.

My heart I ſend, to be your friend.

My heart I ſend, My deare ſoules comfort, and my hopes true ſolace,
Heart of my heart, and my liues ſecret ioy,
I in conceit do thy ſweete ſelfe embrace,
Send cloudie exhalations cleane away
To the blind miſtie North, there for to ſtay:
Be thou my arbour, and my dwelling place,
Your armes the circling folds that ſhall encloſe me,
Friend me with this, and thou ſhalt neuer loſe me.

32.

I haue no loue, but you my doue.

I I pine in ſadneſſe, and in ſad ſongs ſinging
haue Haue ſpent my time, my ditties harſh and ill,
no No ſight but thy faire ſight would I be ſeeing:
loue Loue in my boſome keepes his caſtle ſtill,
but But being diſſeuered I ſit alwayes pining,
you You do procure me *Niobes* cup to fill,
my My dutie yet remembred I dare proue,
doue. Doues haue no power for to exchange their Loue.

34.

I will not change, though ſome be ſtrange.

I I cannot ſtir one foote from *Venus* gate,
will Will you come ſit, and beare me company?
not Not one but you can make me fortunate:
change Change when thou wilt, it is but cruelty,
though Though vnto women it is giuen by fate,
ſome Some gentle minds theſe ranging thoughts do hate:
be Be thou of that mind, elſe I will conclude,
ſtrange. Strange haſt thou alter'd Loue, to be ſo rude.

Thoughts keepe me waking.

Thoughts Thoughts like the ayrie puffing of the wind,
keepe Keepe a ſweet faining in my Loue-ſicke breſt,
me Me ſtill aſſuring that thou art moſt kind,
waking. Waking in pleaſure, ſleeping ſure in reſt:
That no ſleepes dreamings, nor no waking cries,
To our ſweet louing thoughts, ſweet reſt denies.

Seeing that my heart made choiſe of thee,
Then frame thy ſelfe to comfort me.

Seeing Seeing Loue is pleaſ'd with Loues enamor'd ioyes,
that That Fortune cannot croſſe ſweet *Cupids* will,

my My Loues content, not with fond wanton toyes:
heart Hart of my hart doth Loues vnkindneſſe kill,
made Made by fond tongues vpbraiding hurtfull skill:
choiſe Choiſe now is fram'd to further all annoyes:
of Of all ſweete thoughts, of all ſweete happie reſt,
thee, Thee have I choſe, to make me three times bleſt.

Then Then let our holy true aſpiring loue,
frame Frame vs the ſweeteſt muſicke of Deſire:
thy Thy words ſhall make true concord, and remoue
ſelfe Selfe-will it ſelfe, for *Venus* doth require
to To be acquainted with thy beauties fire:
comfort Comfort my heart, for comfort tels me this,
me. Me haſt thou choſe of all to be thy bliſſe.

My heart is bound to fauour thee,
Then yeeld in time to pittie me.

My My *Phœnix* hath two ſtarre-reſembling Eyes,
heart Heart full of pittie, and her ſmiling looke,
is Is of the Sunnes complexion, and replies,
bound Bound for performance by faire *Venus* booke
to To faithfulneſſe, which from her nurſe ſhe tooke:
fauour Fauour in her doth ſpring, in vertuous praiſe,
thee, Thee Eloquence it ſelfe ſhall ſeeke to raiſe.

Then Then in performance of this gracious right,
yeeld Yeeld vp that piteous heart to be my Louer,
in In recompence how I haue lou'd thy ſight,
time Time ſhall from time to time to thee diſcouer:
to To thee is giuen the power of *Cupids* might,
pittie Pittie is writ in gold vpon thy hart,

Me

me. Me promiſing to cure a cureleſſe ſmart.

I ioy to find a conſtant mind.

I I am encompaſt round about with ioy,
ioy Ioy to enioy my ſweete, for ſhe proteſteth
to To comfort me that languiſh in annoy,
find Find eaſe if any ſorrow me moleſteth,
a A happie man that ſuch a loue poſſeſſeth':
conſtant Conſtant in words, and alwayes vowes to loue me,
mind. Mind me ſhe will, but yet ſhe dares not proue me.

My heart by hope doth liue,
Deſire no ioy doth giue.

My My loue and deareſt life to thee I conſecrate,
heart Heart of my hearts deare treaſure, for I ſtriue
by By thy deuineneſſe too deuine to nominate,
hope Hope of approued faith in me muſt thriue :
doth Doth not the God of Loue that's moſt deuine,
liue. Liue in thy boſomes cloſet and in mine ?

Deſire Deſire to that vnſpeakable delight,
no No ſharpe conceited wit can nere ſet downe,
ioy Ioy in the world to worldly mens ey-ſight,
doth Doth but ignoble thy imperiall crowne :
giue. Giue thou the onſet and the foe will flie,
Amazed at thy great commanding beautie.

Death ſhall take my life away,
Before my friendſhip ſhall decay.

Death Death that heart-wounding Lord, ſweet louers foe,
ſhall Shall lay his Ebone darts at thy faire feete,

take Take them into thy hand and worke my woe,
my My woe that thy minds anguiſh will regreet:
life Life, hart, ioy, greeting and all my pleaſure,
away. Away are gone and fled from my deare treaſure.

Before Before one ſtaine ſhal blot thy ſcarlet die,
my My bloud ſhall like a fountaine waſh the place,
friendſhip Friendſhip it ſelfe knit with mortality,
ſhall Shall thy immortal blemiſh quite diſgrace:
decay. Decay ſhall all the world, my Loue in thee
Shall liue vnſtain'd vntoucht perpetually

Let truth report what hart I beare,
To her that is my deareſt deare.

Let Let not foule pale-fac'd Enuy be my foe,
truth Truth muſt declare my ſpotleſſe loyalty,
report Report vnto the world ſhall plainely ſhow
what What hart deare Loue I alwayes bore to thee,
heart Hart fram'd of perfect Loues ſincerity:
I I cannot flatter, this I plainely ſay,
beare, Beare with falſe words, ile beare the blame away.

To To change in loue is a baſe ſimple thing,
her Her name will be oreſtain'd with periury,
that That doth delight in nothing but diſſembling?
is Is it not ſhame ſo for to wrong faire beauty,
my My true approued toung muſt anſwer I
deareſt Deareſt beware of this, and learne of me,
deare. Deare is that Loue combin'd with Chaſtity.

Seene hath the eye, choſen hath the hart:

Firme

Firme is the faith, and loth to depart.

Seene Seene in all learned arts is my beloued,
hath Hath anie one ſo faire a Loue as I?
the The ſtony-hearted ſauage hath ſhe moued,
eie, Eye for her eye tempts bluſhing chaſtitie,
choſen Choſen to make their nine a perfect ten,
hath Hath the ſweet *Muſes* honored her agen.

The The bright-ey'd wandring world doth alwaies ſeeke,
heart, Heart-curing comfort doth proceed from thee,
firme Firme truſt, pure thoughts, a mind that's alwayes meeke,
is Is the true Badge of my loues Soueraigntie:
the The honor of our age, the onely faire,
faith, Faiths miſtris, and Truths deare adopted heire.

And And thoſe that do behold thy heauenly beautie,
loth Loth to forſake thee, ſpoile themſelues with gazing,
to To thee all humane knees proffer their dutie,
depart. Depart they will not but with ſad amazing:
To dimme their ey-ſight looking gainſt the ſunne,
Whoſe hot reflecting beames will neare be donne.

No woe ſo great in loue, not being heard,
No plague ſo great in loue, being long deferd.

No No tongue can tell the world my hearts deepe anguiſh,
woe Woe, and the minds great perturbation
ſo So trouble me, that day and night I languiſh,
great Great cares in loue ſeeke my deſtruction:
in In all things gracious, ſauing onely this,
loue. Loue is my foe, that I account my bliſſe.

Not Not all the world could profer me diſgrace,
being Being maintained faireſt faire by thee,
hard, Hard-fortune ſhall thy ſeruant nere outface,
no No ſtormes of Diſcord ſhould diſcomfort me:
plague Plague all the world with frownes my *Turtle-Doue,*
ſo So that thou ſmile on me and be my loue.

great Great Miſtris, matchleſſe in thy ſoueraigntie,
in In lue and recompence of my affection,
loue Loue me againe, this do I beg of thee,
being Being bound by *Cupids* kind direction:
long Long haue I ſu'd for grace, yet ſtil I find,
deferd. Deferd I am by her that's moſt vnkind.

And if my loue ſhall be releeu'd by thee,
My heart is thine, and ſo account of me.

And And yet a ſtedfaſt hope maintaines my hart,
if If anie fauour fauourably proceede
my My deare from thee, the curer of my ſmart,
loue Loue that eaſeth minds oppreſt with neede,
ſhal be Shall be the true Phiſition of my griefe,
releeu'd Releeu'd alone by thee that yeeld'ſt reliefe.

by By all the holy rites that Loue adoreth,
thee, Thee haue I lou'd aboue the loue of any,
My My heart in truth thee alwayes fauoureth,
heart Heart freed from any one, then freed from many:
is Is it not baſe to change? yea ſo they ſay,
thine Thine owne confeſſion loue denies delay.

and And by the high imperiall ſeate of *Ioue,*
ſo So am I forc'd by *Cupid* for to ſweare,
account Account I muſt of thee my *Turtle-doue,*

Of

of me. Of thee that Times long memorie ſhall outweare:
Me by thy ſtedfaſt truth and faith denying,
To promiſe any hope on thee relying.

My paſſions are a hell and death to me,
Vnleſſe you feele remorce and pitie me.

My paſſions are a hell and My ſweeteſt thoughts ſweet loue to thee I ſend,
Paſſions deeply ingrafted, vnremouable
Are my affections, and I muſt commend
A ſtedfaſt truſt in thee moſt admirable:
Hell round enwraps my bodie by diſdaine,
And then a heauen if thou loue againe.

death to me, vnleſſe you feele Death haunts me at the heeles, yet is affraid,
To touch my boſome, knowing thou lou'ſt me,
Me ſometimes terrifying by him betraid,
Vnleſſe ſweete helpfull ſuccour come from thee:
You well I know, the honor of mine eie,
Feele ſome remorcefull helpe in miſerie.

remorce and pittie me. Remorce ſits on thy brow triumphantly,
And ſmiles vpon my face with gentle cheere;
Pittie, loues gracious mother dwels in thee,
Me fauouring, abandoning baſe feare,
Death is amazed, viewing of thy beautie,
Thinking thy ſelfe perfect eternitie.

My pureſt loue doth none but thee adore,
My heartie thoughts are thine, I loue no more.

My pureſt loue My comfortable ſweete approued Miſtris,
Pureſt of all the pure that nature framed,
Loue in the height of all our happineſſe,

doth Doth tell me that thy vertues are not named:
none None can giue forth thy conſtancie approued,
but But I that tride thy faith, my beſt beloued.

Thee Thee in the temple of faire *Venus* ſhrine
adore, Adore I muſt, and kneele vpon my knee,
my My fortunes tell me plaine that thou art mine,
heartie Heartie in kindneſſe, yeelding vnto me:
thoughts Thoughts the much-great diſturbers of our reſt
are Are fled, and lodge in ſome vnquiet breſt.

Thine Thine euer vnremou'd and ſtill kept word,
I I pondred oftentimes within my mind:
loue Loue told me that thou neuer wouldſt afford,
none None other grace but that which I did find,
more. More comfortable did this ſound in mine eare,
Then ſweet releaſement to a man in feare.

I do reſolue to loue no loue but thee,
Therefore be kind, and fauour none but me.

I I ſometime ſitting by my ſelfe alone,
do Do meditate of things that are enſuing,
reſolue Reſolue I do that thou muſt end my mone,
to To ſtrengthen Loue if loue ſhould be declining.
loue Loue in thy boſome dwels, and tells me ſtill,
no No enuious ſtormes ſhall thwart affections will.

Loue Loue hath amaz'd the world, plac'd in thy brow,
but But yet ſlauiſh diſdaine ſeekes for to croſſe
thee Thee and my ſelfe, that haue combin'd our vow,
therefore Therefore that monſter cannot worke our loſſe:

Be

be Be all the winds of Anger bent to rage,
kind. Kind ſhalt thou find me, thus my hart I gage.

and And from my faith that's vnremoueable,
fauour Fauour be ſeated in thy maiden eie,
none None can receiue it loue more acceptable
but But I my ſelfe, waiting thy pittying mercie:
me. Me haſt thou made the ſubſtance of delight,
By thy faire ſunne-reſembling heauenly ſight.

Ah quoth ſhe, but where is true Loue?
Where quoth he? where you and I loue.
I *quoth ſhe, were thine like my loue.*
Why quoth he, as you loue I *loue.*

Ah Ah thou imperious high commaunding Lord,
quoth (Quoth he) to *Cupid* gentle god of Loue,
[ſ]he, He that I honor moſt will not accord,
but But ſtriues againſt thy Iuſtice from aboue,
where Where I haue promiſt faith, my plighted word
is Is quite refuſed with a baſe reproue:
true True louing honour this I onely will thee,
loue? Loue thy true loue, or elſe falſe loue will kill me.

Where Where ſhall I find a heart that's free from guile?
quoth Quoth Faithfulneſſe, within my louers breſt.
he, He at theſe pleaſing words began to ſmile,
where Where Anguiſh wrapt his thoughts in much vnreſt:
you You did with pretie tales the time beguile,
and And made him in conceited pleaſure bleſt,
I I grac'd the words ſpoke with ſo ſweet a tong,
loue, Loue being the holy burden of your ſong.

I I grac'd your ſong of Loue, but by the way,
quoth (Quoth true Experience,) ſit and you ſhall ſee,
ſhe She will enchaunt you with her heauenly lay:
were Were you fram'd all of heauenly Pollicie,
thine Thine eares ſhould drinke the poiſon of Delay,
like Like as I ſaid, ſo did it proue to be,
my My Miſtris beautie grac'd my Miſtris ſong,
loue. Loue pleaſ'd more with her Eyes than with her Tong.

Why Why then in deepeneſſe of ſweete Loues delight,
quoth Quoth ſhe, the perfect Miſtris of Deſire,
he He that I honor moſt bard from my ſight,
as As a bright Lampe kindles Affections fire:
you You Magicke operations worke your ſpight,
loue Loue to the mountaine top of will aſpires:
I I chalenge all in all, and this I ſing,
loue. Loue is a holy Saint, a Lord, a King.

Ah Loue, where is thy faith in ſweete loue?
Why loue where hearts conioyne in true loue:
Why then my heart hopes of thy Loues loue,
Elſe let my heart be plagu'd with falſe loue.

Why art thou ſtrange to me my Deare?
Not ſtrange when as I loue my deare:
But thou eſteem'ſt not of thy deare.
Yes when I know my deareſt deare.

Why is my Loue ſo falſe to me?
My loue is thine if thou lou'ſt me:
Thee I loue, elſe none contents me.

If

If thou lou'ſt me, it not repents me.

Ah quoth he, wher's faith in ſweete loue?
Why quoth ſhe, conioynd in true loue.
Ah quoth he, I hope of thy loue:
Elſe quoth ſhe, Ile die a falſe loue.

Ah my Deare, why doſt thou kill me?
No my deare, Loue doth not will me.
Then in thine armes thou ſhalt enfould me.
I, my deare, there thou ſhalt hold me:
And holding me betweene thine armes,
I ſhall embrace ſweete Louers Charmes.

Though death from life my bodie part,
Yet neare the leſſe keepe thou my hart.

Though Though ſome men are inconſtant, fond, and fickle,
death Deaths aſhie count'nance ſhall not alter me:
from From glaſſe they take their ſubſtance being brittle,
life Life, Heart, and Hand ſhall awaies fauour thee,
my My Pen ſhall write thy vertues regiſtrie,
bodie Bodie conioyn'd with bodie, free from ſtrife,
part, Part not in ſunder till we part our life.

Yet Yet my ſoules life to my deare lifes concluding,
nere Nere let Abſurditie that villaine, theefe,
the The monſter of our time, mens praiſe deriding,
leſſe Leſſe in perſeuerance, of ſmall knowledge chiefe,
keepe Keep the baſe Gate to things that are excelling,
thou Thou by faire vertues praiſe maiſt yeeld reliefe,

my heart. My lines are thine, then tell Abſurditie,
Hart of my deare, ſhall blot his villainie.

Where hearts agree, no ſtrife can be.

Where Where faithfulneſſe vnites it ſelfe with loue,
hearts Hearts pin'd with ſorrow cannot diſagree:
agree, Agree they muſt of force, for from aboue
no No wind oppreſſing miſchiefe may we ſee:
ſtrife Strife is quite baniſht from our companie.
can Can I be ſad? no, Pleaſure bids me ſing,
be. Be bleſſed, for ſweete Loue's a happie thing.

Thy vowes my loue and heart hath wonne,
Till thy vntruth hath it vndonne.

Thy Thy true unſpeakable fidelitie,
vowes Vowes made to *Cupid* and his faire-fac'd mother,
my My thoughts haue wonne to vertuous chaſtitie:
loue Loue thee alone I will, and loue none other,
and And if thou find not my loues ſecrecie,
heart Heart fauouring thee, then do thou Fancie ſmother.
hath Hath all the world ſuch a true Bird as I,
wonne, Wonne to this fauour by my conſtancie?

Till Till that leane fleſhles cripple, pale-fac'd Death,
thy Thy louely Doue ſhall pierce with his fell dart,
vntruth Vntruth in my faire boſome nere takes breath:
hath Hath any loue ſuch a firme conſtant heart?
it It is thine owne, vnleſſe thou keepe it ſtill
vndonne. Vndone ſhall I be, cleane againſt my will.

Time

Time ſhall tell thee, how well I loue thee,

Time Time the true proportioner of things,
ſhall Shall in the end ſhew my affection,
tell Tell thee from whence all theſe my paſſions ſpring,
thee, Thee honoring that of loue haue made election:
how How often I haue made my offerings,
well Well knowne to *Venus* and her louely ſonne,
I I to the wide world ſhall my paſſions runne:
loue Loue is a Lord of hearts, a great Commander,
thee. Thee chalenging to be my chiefe defender.

Moſt deuine and ſacred,
Haue I found your loue vnſpotted.

Moſt Moſt reuerend Miſtris honor of mine eie,
deuine Deuine, moſt holy in religious loue,
and And Lord itſelfe of my hearts emperie,
ſacred Sacred in thoughts admitted from aboue,
haue Haue in remembrance what affection willeth:
I I it reuiues the mind, and the mind killeth.
found Found haue I written in your skie-like brow,
your Your neuer ceaſing kind humilitie,
loue Loue for your ſake to me hath made a vow,
vnſpotted Vnſpotted ſhall I find your conſtancie,
And without ſtaine, to thy pure ſtainleſſe beautie,
Shall my hearts boſome offer vp his dutie.

The want of thee is death to me.

The The day ſhall be all night, and night all day
want Want of the Sunne and Moone to giue vs light,

of Of a blacke darkneſſe, before thy loue will ſtay
thee Thee from thy pleaſure of thy hearts delight.
is Is not Affection nurſe to long Delay?
death Deaths Meſſenger, that barres me from thy ſight?
to To be in abſence, is to burne in fire,
me. Me round enwrapping with hot Loues deſire.

I loue to be beloued.

I I do acknowledge of all conſtant pure,
loue Loue is my true thoughts herrald, and Ile ſing
to To be of thy thoughts cloſet, firme and ſure,
be Be the world ſtill thy vertues deifying:
beloued. Beloued of the moſt, yet moſt of many,
Affirme my deare, thou art beloued of any.

I ſcorne if I be ſcorned.

I I being not belou'd by my affection,
ſcorne Scorne within my thoughts ſuch bad diſgrace,
if If thou of me do make thy firme election,
I I to none other loue will giue my place:
be Be thou my Saint, my boſomes Lord to proue,
ſcorned. Scorned of all, Ile be thy trueſt loue.

The heart's in paine, that loues in vaine.

The The griefe poore louers feele being not beloued,
heart's Hearts anguiſh, and ſad lookes may teſtifie:
in In night they ſleepe not, and in day perplexed,
paine, Paine of this ſorrow makes them melancholy,

That

that That in diſdaine their ſilly minds are vexed,
loues Loues terror is ſo ſharpe, ſo ſtrong, ſo mightie,
in In all things vnreſiſtable, being aliue,
vaine. Vaine he reſiſts that gainſt loues force doth ſtriue.

What greater ioy can be then this,
Where loue enioys each louers wiſh?

What What may we count the world if loue were dead?
greater Greater in woe, then woe it ſelfe can be,
ioy Ioy from mans ſecret boſome being fled,
can Cannot but kill the heart immediatly,
be Becauſe by ioy the heart is nouriſhed:
then Then entertaine ſweete loue within thy breſt,
this, This motion in the end will make thee bleſt.

Where Where two harts are vnited all in one,
loue Loue like a King, a Lord, a Soueraigne,
enioyes Enioyes the throne of bliſſe to ſit vpon,
each Each ſad heart crauing aid, by *Cupid* ſlaine:
louers Louers be merrie, Loue being dignified,
wiſh. Wiſh what you will, it ſhall not be denied.

Finis. quoth R. Cheſter.

HEREAFTER
FOLLOVV DIVERSE

Poeticall Eſſaies on the former Sub-
iect; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phœnix.*

Done by the beſt and chiefeſt of our
moderne writers, with their names ſub-
ſcribed to their particular workes:
neuer before extant.

And (now firſt) conſecrated by them all generally,
to the loue and merite of the true-noble Knight,
Sir Iohn Salisburie.

Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori.

Anchora Spei.

MDCI.

INVOCATIO,

Ad Apollinem & Pierides.

GOod Fate, faire *Theſpian Deities*,
And thou bright God, whoſe golden Eies,
Serue as a Mirrour to the ſiluer Morne,
When (in the height of Grace) ſhe doth adorne
Her Chryſtall preſence, and inuites
The euer-youthfull *Bromius* to delights,
Sprinckling his ſute of *Vert* with Pearle,
And (like a looſe enamour'd Girle)
Ingles his cheeke; which (waxing red with ſhame)
Inſtincts the ſenſleſſe Grapes to do the ſame,
Till by his ſweete reflection fed,
They gather ſpirit, and grow diſcoloured.

To your high influence we commend
Our following Labours, and ſuſtend
Our mutuall palmes, prepar'd to gratulate
An *honorable friend*: then propagate
With your illuſtrate faculties
Our mentall powers: Inſtruct vs how to riſe
In weighty Numbers, well purſu'd,
And varied from the Multitude:
Be lauiſh once, and plenteouſly profuſe
Your holy waters, to our thirſtie *Muſe*,
That we may giue a Round to him
In a *Caſtalian* boule, crown'd to the brim.

Vatum Chorus.

To the worthily honor'd Knight
Sir Iohn Salisburie.

NObleſt of minds, here do the Muſes *bring*
Vnto your ſafer iudgements taſt,
Pure iuice that flow'd from the Pierian *ſprings,*
Not filch'd, nor borrow'd, but exhauſt
By the flame-hair'd Apollos *hand:*
And at his well-obſerv'd command,
For you infuſde in our retentiue braine,
Is now diſtild thence, through our quilles againe.

Value our verſe, as you approue the worth;
And thinke of what they are create,
No Mercenarie hope did bring them forth,
They tread not in that ſeruile Gate;
But a true Zeale, borne in our ſpirites,
Reſponſible to your high Merites,
And an Inuention, *freer then the* Times,
Theſe were the Parents to our ſeuerall Rimes,
Wherein Kind, Learned, Enuious, *al may view,*
That we haue writ worthy our ſelues and you.

Vatum Chorus.

The firſt.

THe ſiluer Vault of heauen, hath but one Eie,
And that's the Sunne: the foule-maskt Ladie, Night
(Which blots the Cloudes, the white Booke of the Skie,)
But one ſicke *Phœbe*, feuer-ſhaking Light:
The heart, one ſtring: ſo, thus in ſingle turnes,
The world one *Phœnix*, till another burnes.

The burning.

SVppoſe here burnes this wonder of a breath,
In righteous flames, and holy-heated fires:
(Like Muſicke which doth rapt it ſelfe to death,
Sweet'ning the inward roome of mans Deſires;)
So ſhe waſt's both her wings in piteous ſtrife;
"The flame that eates her, feedes the others life:
Her rare-dead aſhes, fill a rare-liue vrne:
"One *Phœnix* borne, another *Phœnix* burne.

Ignoto.

LEt the bird of lowdeſt lay,
On the ſole *Arabian* tree,
Herauld ſad and trumpet be:
To whoſe ſound chaſte wings obay.

But thou ſhriking harbinger,
Foule precurrer of the fiend,
Augour of the feuers end,
To this troupe come thou not neere.

From this Seſſion interdict
Euery foule of tyrant wing,
Saue the Eagle feath'red King,
Keepe the obſequie ſo ſtrict.

Let the Prieſt in Surples white,
That defunctiue Muſicke can,
Be the death-deuining Swan,
Leſt the *Requiem* lacke his right.

And thou treble dated Crow,
That thy ſable gender mak'ſt.
With the breath thou giu'ſt and tak'ſt,
Mongſt our mourners ſhalt thou go.

Here the Antheme doth commence,
Loue and Conſtancie is dead,
Phœnix and the *Turtle* fled,
In a mutuall flame from hence.

So they loued as loue in twaine,
Had the eſſence but in one,

Two diſtincts, Diuiſion none,
Number there in loue was ſlaine.

Hearts remote, yet not aſunder;
Diſtance and no ſpace was ſeene,
Twixt this *Turtle* and his Queene;
But in them it were a wonder.

So betweene them Loue did ſhine,
That the *Turtle* ſaw his right,
Flaming in the *Phœnix* ſight;
Either was the others mine.

Propertie was thus appalled,
That the ſelfe was not the ſame:
Single Natures double name,
Neither two nor one was called.

Reaſon in itſelfe confounded,
Saw Diuiſion grow together,
To themſelues yet either neither,
Simple were ſo well compounded.

That it cried, how true a twaine,
Seemeth this concordant one,
Loue hath Reaſon, Reaſon none,
If what parts, can ſo remaine.

Whereupon it made this *Threne*,
To the *Phœnix* and the *Doue*,
Co-ſupremes and ſtarres of Loue,
As *Chorus* to their Tragique Scene.

Threnos.

BEautie, Truth, and Raritie,
Grace in all ſimplicitie,
Here encloſde, in cinders lie.

Death is now the *Phœnix* neſt,
And the *Turtles* loyall breſt,
To eternitie doth reſt.

Leauing no poſteritie,
Twas not their infirmitie,
It was married Chaſtitie.

Truth may ſeeme, but cannot be,
Beautie bragge, but tis not ſhe,
Truth and Beautie buried be.

To this vrne let thoſe repaire,
That are either true or faire,
For theſe dead Birds, ſigh a prayer.

William Shake-ſpeare.

A narration and deſcription of a moſt exact wondrous creature, ariſing *out of the Phœnix and Turtle Doues aſhes.*

O Twas a mouing *Epicidium!*
Can Fire? can Time? can blackeſt Fate conſume
So rare creation? No; tis thwart to ſence,
Corruption quakes to touch ſuch excellence,
Nature exclaimes for Iuſtice, Iuſtice Fate,
Ought into nought can neuer remigrate.
Then looke; for ſee what glorious iſſue (brighter
Then cleareſt fire, and beyond faith farre whiter
Then *Dians* tier) now ſprings from yonder flame?
Let me ſtand numb'd with wonder, neuer came
So ſtrong amazement on aſtoniſh'd eie
As this, this meaſureleſſe pure Raritie.
Lo now; th' xtracture of deuineſt *Eſſence*,
The Soule of heauens labour'd *Quinteſſence*,
(*Peans* to *Phœbus*) from deare Louers death,
Takes ſweete creation and all bleſſing breath.
What ſtrangeneſſe is't that from the *Turtles* aſhes
Aſſumes ſuch forme? (whoſe ſplendor clearer flaſhes,
Then mounted *Delius*) tell me genuine Muſe.
Now yeeld your aides, you ſpirites that infuſe
A ſacred rapture, light my weaker eie:
Raiſe my inuention on ſwift Phantaſie,
That whilſt of this fame *Metaphiſicall*
God, Man, nor Woman, but elix'd of all
My labouring thoughts, with ſtrained ardor ſing,
My Muſe may mount with an vncommon wing.

The deſcription of this Perfection.

DAres then thy too audacious ſenſe
Preſume, define that boundleſſe *Ens*,
That ampleſt thought tranſcendeth?
O yet vouchſafe my *Muſe*, to greete
That wondrous rareneſſe, in whoſe ſweete
All praiſe begins and endeth.
Diuineſt Beautie? that was ſlighteſt,
That adorn'd this wondrous Brighteſt,
Which had nought to be corrupted.
In this, Perfection had no meane
To this, Earths pureſt was vncleane
Which vertue euen inſtructed.
By it all Beings deck'd and ſtained,
Ideas that are idly fained
Onely here ſubſiſt inueſted.
Dread not to giue ſtrain'd praiſe at all,
No ſpeech is Hyperbolicall,
To this perfection bleſſed.
Thus cloſe my Rimes, this all that can be ſayd,
This wonder neuer can be flattered.

To Perfection.
A Sonnet.

OFt haue I gazed with aſtoniſh'd eye,
At monſtrous iſſues of ill ſhaped birth,
When I haue ſeene the Midwife to old earth,
Nature produce moſt ſtrange deformitie.

So

So haue I marueld to obſerue of late,
  Hard fauor'd Feminines ſo ſcant of faire,
  That Maskes ſo choicely, ſheltred of the aire,
As if their beauties were not theirs by fate.

But who ſo weake of obſeruation,
  Hath not diſcern'd long ſince how vertues wanted,
  How parcimonioufly the heauens haue ſcanted,
Our chiefeſt part of adornation.

But now I ceaſe to wonder, now I find
  The cauſe of all our monſtrous penny-ſhowes:
  Now I conceit from whence wits ſcarc'tie growes,
Hard fauour'd features, and defects of mind.
    Nature long time hath ſtor'd vp vertue, faireneſſe,
    Shaping the reſt as foiles vnto this Rareneſſe.

Perfectioni Hymnus.

WHat ſhould I call this creature,
    Which now is growne vnto maturitie?
How ſhould I blaſe this feature
    As firme and conſtant as Eternitie?
Call it Perfection? Fie!
    Tis perfecter thẽ brighteſt names can light it:
Call it Heauens mirror? I.
    Alas, beſt attributes can neuer right it.
Beauties reſiſtleſſe thunder?
    All nomination is too ſtraight of ſence:
Deepe Contemplations wonder?
    That appellation giue this excellence.
Within all beſt confin'd,
    (Now feebler *Genius* end thy ſlighter riming)

No Suberbes* all is *Mind*,
As farre from ſpot, as poſſible defining.

Iohn Marſton.

** Differentia Deorum & hominum (apud Senecam) ſic habet noſtri melior pars animus in illis nulla pars extra animum.*

Periſteros: or the male Turtle.

NOt like that looſe and partie-liuer'd Sect
Of idle Louers, that (as different Lights,
On colour'd ſubiects, different hewes reflect;)
Change their Affections with their Miſtris Sights,
That with her Praiſe, or Diſpraiſe, drowne, or flote,
And muſt be fed with freſh Conceits, and Faſhions;
Neuer waxe cold, but die: loue not, but dote:
"Loues fires, ſtaid Iudgemẽts blow, not humorous Paſ-
Whoſe Loues vpon their Louers pomp depend, (ſions,
And quench as faſt as her Eyes ſparkle twinkles,
"(Nought laſts that doth to outward worth contend,
"Al Loue in ſmooth browes born is tomb'd in wrinkles.)
* *The Turtle.* But like the conſecrated *Bird of loue,
* *The Phœnix.* Whoſe whole lifes hap to his *ſole-mate alluded,
Whome no prowd flockes of other Foules could moue,
But in her ſelfe all companie concluded.
She was to him th' *Analiſde* World of pleaſure,
Her firmeneſſe cloth'd him in varietie;
Exceſſe of all things, he ioyd in her meaſure,
Mourn'd when ſhe mourn'd, and dieth when ſhe dies.
Like him I bound th' inſtinct of all my powres,
In her that bounds the Empire of deſert,
And Time nor Change (that all things elſe deuoures,
But truth eterniz'd in a conſtant heart)
Can change me more from her, then her from merit,
That is my forme, and giues my being, ſpirit.

George Chapman.

Præ-

Præludium.

WE *muſt ſing too? what* Subiect *ſhal we chuſe?*
Or whoſe great Name *in* Poets Heauen *vſe,*
For the more Countenance *to our Actiue* Muſe?

Hercules? *alaſſe his bones are yet ſore,*
With his old earthly Labors; *t' exact more*
Of his dull Godhead, *were Sinne: Lets implore*

Phœbus? *No: Tend thy* Cart *ſtill. Enuious Day*
Shall not giue out, that we haue made thee ſtay,
And foundred thy hote Teame, *to tune our Lay.*

Nor will we beg of thee, Lord of the Vine,
To raiſe our ſpirites with thy coniuring Wine,
In the green circle of thy Iuy twine.

Pallas, *nor thee we call on,* Mankind Maide,
That (at thy birth) mad'ſt the poore Smith *afraide,*
Who with his Axe thy Fathers *Mid-wife plaide.*

Go, crampe dull Mars, *light* Venus, *when he ſnorts,*
Or with thy Tribade *Trine, inuent new ſports,*
Thou, nor their looſeneſſe with our Making *ſorts.*

Let the old Boy *your ſonne ply his old Taske*
Turne the ſtale Prologue *to ſome painted Maske,*
His Abſence in our Verſe *is all we aske.*

Hermes *the cheater, cannot mixe with vs,*
Though he would ſteale his ſiſters Pegaſus,
And rifle him; or pawne his Petaſus.

Nor all the Ladies *of the* Theſpian Lake,
(Though they were cruſht into one forme) could make
A Beauty *of that* Merit, *that ſhould take*

Our Muſe *vp by* Commiſſion: *No, we bring*
Our owne true Fire; Now our Thought takes wing
And now an Epode *to deep eares we ſing.*

Epos.

"NOt to know *Vice* at all, and keepe true ſtate,
"Is *Vertue*; and not Fate:
"Next to that *Vertue*, is, to know *Vice* well,
"And her blacke ſpight expell.
Which to effect (ſince no breſt is ſo ſure,
Or ſafe, but ſhee'l procure
Some way of entrance) we muſt plant a guard
Of *Thoughts*, to watch and ward
At th' *Eye* and *Eare*, (the *Ports* vnto the *Mind*;)
That no ſtrange or vnkind
Obiect arriue there, but the *Heart* (our ſpie)
Giue knowledge inſtantly.
To wakefull *Reaſon*, our *Affections* King:
Who (in th' examining)
Will quickly taſte the *Treaſon*, and commit

Cloſe

Cloſe, the cloſe cauſe of it.
"Tis the ſecureſt Pollicie we haue,
"To make our *Senſe* our Slaue.
But this fair courſe is not embrac'd by many;
By many? ſcarce by any:
For either our *Affections* do rebell,
Or elſe the *Sentinell*,
(That ſhal ring larum to the *Heart*) doth ſleepe,
Or ſome great *Thought* doth keepe
Backe the Intelligence, and falſely ſweares
They'r baſe, and idle Feares,
Whereof the loyall *Conſcience* ſo complaines.
Thus by theſe ſubtill traines,
Do ſeuerall *Paſſions* ſtill inuade the *Mind*,
And ſtrike our *Reaſon* blind:
Of which vſurping ranke, ſome haue thought *Loue*,
The firſt; as prone to moue
Moſt frequent Tumults, Horrors, and Vnreſts,
In our enflamed breſts.
But this doth from their cloud of Error grow,
Which thus we ouerblow.
The thing they here call *Loue*, is blind *Deſire*,
Arm'd with *Bow*, *Shafts*, and *Fire*;
Inconſtant like the Sea, of whence 'tis borne,
Rough, ſwelling, like a Storme:
With whome who ſailes, rides on the ſurge of *Feare*,
And boiles as if he were
In a continuall Tempeſt. Now true *Loue*
No ſuch effects doth proue:
That is an *Eſſence* moſt gentile, and fine.
Pure, perfect; nay diuine:
It is a golden Chaine let down from Heauen,

Whoſe linkes are bright, and euen
That fals like Sleepe on Louers; and combines
The ſoft and ſweeteſt *Minds*
In equal knots: This beares no *Brands* nor *Darts*
To murder different harts,
But in a calme and God-like vnitie,
Preſerues *Communitie.*
O who is he that (in this peace) enioyes
Th' *Elixir* of all ioyes?
(A Forme more freſh then are the *Eden* bowers,
And laſting as her flowers:
Richer then *Time*, and as *Times Vertue* rare,
Sober, as ſaddeſt *Care*,
A fixed *Thought*, an *Eye* vntaught to glance;)
Who (bleſt with ſuch high chance)
Would at ſuggeſtion of a ſteepe *Deſire*
Caſt himſelfe from the ſpire
Of all his Happineſſe? But ſoft: I heare
Some vicious *Foole* draw neare,
That cries we dreame; and ſweares, there's no ſuch thing
As this chaſte *Loue* we ſing.
Peace *Luxurie*, thou art like one of thoſe
Who (being at ſea) ſuppoſe
Becauſe they moue, the *Continent* doth ſo:
No (*Vice*) we let thee know,
Though thy wild Thoughts with *Sparrowes* wings do flie,
"*Turtles* can chaſtly die;
And yet (in this t'expreſſe our ſelfe more cleare)
We do not number here
Such Spirites as are onely continent,
Becauſe *Luſts* meanes are ſpent:
Or thoſe, who doubt the common mouth of *Fame*,

Becauſe

And for their *Place*, or *Name*,
Cannot ſo ſafely ſinne; Their *Chaſtitie*
Is meere *Neceſſitie*,
Nor meane we thoſe, whom *Vowes* and *Conſcience*
Haue fild with *Abſtinence*:
(Though we acknowledge who can ſo abſtaine,
Makes a moſt bleſſed gaine:
"He that for loue of goodneſſe hateth ill,
"Is more Crowne-worthy ſtill,
"Then he which for ſinnes *Penaltie* forbeares,
"His *Heart* ſinnes, though he feares.)
But we propoſe a perſon like our *Doue*,
Grac'd with a *Phœnix* loue:
A beauty of that cleare and ſparkling Light,
Would make a Day of Night,
And turne the blackeſt ſorrowes to bright ioyes:
Whoſe Od'rous breath deſtroyes
All taſte of Bitterneſſe, and makes the Ayre
As ſweete as ſhe is faire:
A Bodie ſo harmonioufly compoſde,
As if *Nature* diſcloſde
All her beſt *Symmetrie* in that one *Feature*:
O, ſo diuine a Creature
Who could be falſe too? chiefly when he knowes
How onely ſhe beſtowes
The wealthy treaſure of her Loue in him;
Making his Fortunes ſwim
In the full floud of her admir'd perfection?
What ſauage, brute Affection,
Would not be fearefull to offend a *Dame*
Of this excelling frame?
Much more a noble and right generous *Mind*,

(To vertuous moodes enclin'd)
That knowes the weight of *Guilt*: He will refraine
From thoughts of ſuch a ſtraine:
And to his *Sence* obiect this Sentence euer,
"*Man may ſecurely ſinne, but ſafely neuer.*

Ben Iohnſon.

The Phœnix Analyſde.

NOw, after all, let no man
Receiue it for a *Fable*,
If a *Bird* ſo amiable,
Do turne into a Woman.

Or (by our *Turtles* Augure)
That *Natures* faireſt Creature,
Proue of his *Miſtris* Feature,
But a bare *Type* and *Figure.*

Ode 'ενθουσιαστικὴ.

SPlendor! O more then mortall,
For other formes come short all
Of her illuſtrate brightneſſe,
As farre as Sinne's from lightneſſe.

Her wit as quicke, and ſprightfull
As fire; and more delightfull
Then the ſtolne ſports of *Louers*,
When night their meeting couers.

Iudgement

Iudgement (adornd with Learning)
Doth ſhine in her diſcerning,
Cleare as a naked veſtall
Cloſde in an orbe of Chriſtall.

Her breath for ſweete exceeding
The *Phœnix* place of breeding,
But mixt with ſound, tranſcending
All *Nature* of commending.

Alas: then whither wade I,
In thought to praiſe this *Ladie*,
When ſeeking her renowning,
My ſelfe am ſo neare drowning?

Retire, and ſay; Her *Graces*
Are deeper then their Faces:
Yet ſhee's nor nice to ſhew them,
Nor takes ſhe pride to know them.

Ben: Iohnſon.

FINIS.

[*In consequence of Dr. Grosart having top-paged his* NOTES *from the foot-pagings of his* TEXT, *the top-numbers* 189—196 *are wanting. The* NOTES *begin with* 197.]

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

*** *The References are to the Pagination at the bottom, not at the top.*

Title-page (1601), p. 1. On this see our Introduction. Therein the significance of these words, "Loves Martyr"—"Rosalins Complaint"—"truth of Loue"—"the constant Fate of the Phœnix and Turtle"—"enterlaced with much varietie and raritie"—"now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Cæliano"—"some new compositions, of seuerall moderne Writers"—"whose names are subscribed to their seuerall workes, vpon the first subject: viz. the Phœnix and Turtle," &c., are elucidated. The Latin motto is from Martial, Epigr. i, lxvi, 9.

" (1611), p. 7. On this, similarly see as above. "Anuals" is a misprint of the original for "Annals."

Epiſtle-dedicatory, pp. 3, 4. SIR JOHN SALISBURIE. See Introduction for full notices of this specially "honored Knight." Page 3, l. 8, "*Poſse & nolle, nobile*"—see our Introduction on this motto; l. 14, "*ripe iudging*" = ripe-judging; ll. 16-17, "*his owne child to be faireſt although an Æthiopian*"—a proverbial saying found in all languages; cf. Love's L. L., iv, 3, "Ethiops . . . . their sweet complexion"; l. 18, "*infant wit*" = first literary production—answering to the title-page "*the firſt Eſſay* of a *new Britiſh Poet.*" Page 4, ll. 6-7, "*To the World*," &c. = this shews that "Imprinted for E. B." does not mean a privately-printed book, but one 'published' for 'learned' and 'vulgar,' if so they were minded to buy.

The Authors request to the Phœnix, p. 5. For abundant proofs that by the 'Phœnix' was meant Queen Elizabeth, and by the 'Turtle-doue' the Earl of Essex—see our Introduction; also the same for the further confirmation herein of Shakespere's having favoured Essex. Note—this is the 'Author's request,' not a translation. Line 1, "*beauteous Bird of any*" = the most "beauteous" of "any" one, and of all birds; l. 9, "*paſſing*" = surpassing; l. 12, "*Endeuoured haue to pleaſe in praiſing thee*"—noticeable and noticed in our Introduction.

To the kind Reader, p. 6, l. 1, "*the ſacke of Troy*" = Homer; l. 2, "*Pryams murdred Sonnes*" = Homer; *ib.*, "*nor Didoes fall*" = Virgil; ll. 4-5, "*Of Cæſars Victories*," &c., &c. = Shakespere—"Julius Cæsar" is now generally attributed to 1599–1601; l. 8, "*vntun'd ſtringed*" = untuned-stringed. The motto 'Mea mecum Porto,' are found in Emblem books under a tortoise.

Page 9, *Heading*, l. 2, "*Metaphorically applied to Dame Nature*"—See page 232 on this; l. 4, "*high Star-chamber*" = in the starry sphere—a sphere above the mundane; l. 6, "*heauie burdend*" = heavy-burdened; st. 2, l. 5, "*Lordlike cowardice*"—on this allusion, see Introduction; l. 6, "*fond*" = foolish; *ib.*, "*nice*" = precise, scrupulous, as in Shakespeare, *frequenter*; st. 4, l. 1, "*Imperator*" = supreme ruler, emperor (so Love's L. L., iii, l. 187)—one of Jupiter's titles was "Imperator," and "firie chair" is used because he was the prince of light and thunder: cf. p. 16, st. 1, and p. 15, st. 3; l. 4 (p. 10), "*firie chair*" = throne.

,, 10, st. 1, l. 2, "*none-like*," cf. l. 5, "*none fuch.*" Hence not = nun-like, albeit there may possibly have been intended, after the manner of the times and Shakespeare, a quibbling pun and the secondary meaning of 'nun-like' hinted at; l. 4, "*milke-white Doue*"—not = the "turtle-dove," but = the Phœnix; st. 2, l. 1, "*heauenly map*" = a representation in miniature of the heavens; l. 5, "*locks of pureſt gold.*" The 'lock' of Elizabeth's hair preserved at Wilton (within lines by Sir Philip Sidney), remains to attest that her's was of sunbeam-gold, and 'red' only as 'gold' was called "red monie" in ancient ballad and story; st. 4, l. 2, "*cenſure*" = judge; l. 5, "*find*" = find [wherewithal] to cure the wound? "*Tablet*" = table-book—which were often made of ivory.

,, 11, st. 1, l. 2, "*Two Carbuncles*"—from the brilliance, not certainly from the 'red' colour of this gem. "Shineth as Fire . . . . whose shining is not overcome by night . . . . and it seemeth as it were a flame" (Batman upon B. B., xvi, c. 26; cf. p. 16, st. 4, l. 5). l. 3, "*ſoueraignize*" = rule as a sovereign; l. 5, "*Sonne*" = sun. Spenser, without *metri gratia*, thus spells the word. See *Shepherd's Calendar*, *frequenter*, and throughout. St. 2, l. 6, "*heauenly Front*"—hyperbolical and explained by l. 5 as the "front of Heaven," the sky. So Shakespeare, "the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes," *Henry IV*, act i, sc. 1, l. 14, *et alibi*; st. 3, l. 5, "*Enuie*"—it would seem that 'crystal' was supposed to prevent or "over-come"—envy; st. 4, ll. 1–2. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, ll. 451–2.

> "Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
> Which to his speech did honey passage yield."

ll. 5-6—universally said of Elizabeth; and st. 1, p. 12, and indeed throughout the portraiture. See Introduction. Ll. 5-6 (p. 12), ought to have been put back as in the other stanzas. This has been inadvertently neglected in two or three instances; but is here noted once for all.

,, 12, st. 2, l. 2, "*powers*" = disyllabic form of "pours"; l. 4, "*ratiefie*,"

sic; but doubtless a misprint for 'rarietie'=rarity, *metri causa*; st. 3, l. 5, "*loue-babies*"=reflections of himself in her eyes; *ibid.*, "*wanton* eyes." See st. 2, l. 2, "perfect chaſtitie" and l. 6 of the present stanza, "*doth chaſtesize*"=make chaste, with a play perhaps on 'chastize' in its ordinary sense. Hence 'wanton' is used here much as Shakespeare speaks of "wanton boys," *i.e.*, pleasure-loving or gamesome or fondling. See SCHMIDT, *s.v.* So in Spenser, &c., &c. St. 4, ll. 1–2—mingling of ancient and (apparently) modern fable; l. 4, "*glories*" = glories'.

Page 13, st. 1, ll. 1–2, "*men* may reade *His*"— men = each man of all men; l. 2, evidently the comma after 'woe' is a misprint for a period(.) Note — all these celebrations from "Head" to "Bellie" and onward (p. 6 to "Feete"), shew that a person and a female was intended by the "Phœnix." The "Arabian Phœnix," or bird so-called, is distinguished from the other (st. 3, ll. 3–4); st. 2, l. 1, see our Introduction for an incident in Elizabeth's life illustrative of this; st. 4, "*yee*"— this is misprinted in the original "yea," and perhaps ought to have been so left and noted here. See Postscript to our Introduction for other similar errors, and also certain 'slips' of our own (of no great moment). St. 5, l. 2, "*Gehon*"= Gihon, *Genesis* ii, 13; l. 3, "*prize*"=prized with such honour.

" 14, st. 2, ll. 5–6. Punctuate (*meo judicio*) "why, . . . ſhe . . . Angell"; st. 3, l. 4, "*ſweet writ*"=sweet-writ; l. 6, "*corporate Soule*"= soul existing in her conjoint body; st. 4=the "Marigold" that has at night, *i.e.*, after the setting and so absence of the sun, closed the glory of her eye, now at her approach unfolds again as she would at the sun's approach; l. 5, "*Phœnix*" = Phœnix'; l. 6, "*yeeld*"= yield obeisance, as acknowledging their inferiority.

" 15, st. 1, l. 2, "*Arras cloth*" = a rich kind of tapestry, and so named because the best was made at Arras the capital of Artois; l. 3, "*Satires*"=Satyrs; st. 2, l. 1, "*This Phœnix I do feare me will decay*," &c. Elizabeth in 1601, when *Love's Martyr* was published, was well nigh the close of her long life and reign; and making as long an interval as one can well suppose between the composition and publication of the poem, she must have been long past possible maternity before these words could have been written. In the Epistle-dedicatory the Author speaks of his "*long expected* labour"; but the "*long*" could scarcely cover more than comparatively a few years. Every one knows, however, that strong-brained as was the great Queen, she sniffed to the last gratefully and graciously whatever incense of flattery of her person courtiers and poets chose to offer her.

See our Introduction for more on this; st. 4, "*wight*"=white—to agree with its rhyme "outright" (l. 4); l. 5, "*ſtrucke*"=[was] ſtrucke; l. 6, "*Doue*"—again as in page 10, st. 1, l. 4, not the "turtle doue" but = the Phœnix still; l. 5 (p. 16), "*vaſtie*"=vast, limitless. So in Shakespeare, *frequenter*.

Page 16, st. 1, l. 1, "*temeritie*"—used as from timor = timority, fear; st. 2, l. 3, "*extallation*=extollation; l. 4, either "deuine-maiesticall" or comma after "deuine"; l. 5, "*painted picture there*"=portrait of Elizabeth as was her wont in all the splendor of "rich wrought . . . gold" and jewels; st. 4, l. 5, "*Eyes wanting fire*"=wanting the fire of living eyes. Or does he mean that they flamed or gleamed, but wanted the anger or rage of fire like the carbuncle, as before?

,, 17, st. 1, ll. 5–6. In plain prose, get Elizabeth to marry—see next stanza, ll. 5–6; st. 2, l. 2, "*plaind*"= made smooth. So Dr. Henry More (*Chertsey Worthies'* Library edition of his complete Poems, p. 15):

> "Such as this Phyllis would, whenas she *plains*
> Their Sunday-cloths, and the washt white with azure stains."
> (*Psychozoia*, st. 21.)

l. 3, "*painted ſhape*"= portrait, as before; st. 3, l. 3, "*il working*"=ill-working; l. 4, "*white Brytania*"—so that the 'Phœnix,' beside which that of Arabia was but "fruitlese ayre," was within the "white cliffs" of Britain. Be it noted specially — for the punctuation is bad — that while it is "leaue" (l. 2) and "leaue" (l. 3) as = let alone, seek not there, in l. 4, it is "leaue *me*"= leave to me, in my keeping, or qu., Do you leave? So that neither in Arabia (named as the seat of the mythical 'phœnix') nor in "white Brytania"= England, was there a fitting 'mate' (husband) for the Phœnix. Cf. st. 3, ll. 5–6; st. 4, ll. 1–2, "*There is a country*, &c. . . . *Paphos Ile.*" See our Introduction on this very noticeable *bit*; meanwhile, I here record, that by "Paphos Ile," I understand Ireland, whither Essex—as we all know—proceeded. The description that follows is idealized in correspondence with the love-imaginative name given to it of "Paphos Ile," a name than which none could have been more happily chosen, being that of the supreme seat of the worship of Venus (*i.e.*, in such a love-story as this of *Love's Martyr*). l. 5, "*Ciparifſus groue*" = Cyparissus — the 'grove' of Phocis, not far from Delphi; l. 6, "*a ſecond Phœnix loue*"= Phœnix' love; st. 5, l. 1, "*champion*"= champaign.

,, 18, st. 1, l. 1, "*bigge-arm'd*"= big-arm'd; st. 2, l. 5, "*lie*"= lay; l. 6, "*round*"= dance; st. 3, l. 3, "*delight ſome*"— clearly mis-

print for 'delightsome'; st. 4, l. 4, "*ſhelues*" = banks; ll. 5-6 = but the country Gallants with Ulysses eares.

Page 19, st. 1, ll 1–2 and 4, "*hiſſing Adders ſting, May not come neere this holy plot of ground*" and, "*Nor poiſon-ſpitting Serpent may be found.*" How could Ireland have been more deftly indicated than by the two-fold characteristics of (1) The banishing of all serpents (by St. Patrick), (2) Its proud title of "the Isle of Saints"? st. 2, l. 4, "*Lycorice*" = a plant of the genus Glycyrrhiza; *ib.*, "*ſweet Arabian ſpice*" = cinnamon; sts. 3–4, with equal deftness are the Irish residence, and the personal characteristics, and personal appearance, and the services of Essex herein set forth. Who, of all her subjects, could have taken this name of "*Liberall honor*" save Essex? See our Introduction for quotations from Churchyard, Peele, and others, wherein he is exactly thus spoken of. St. 5, l. 3, "*preſident*" = precedent, exemplar; l. 4 (p. 20), "*his gentle humour ſpited*" — very noticeable in relation to Essex; ll. 5–6 — a word-photograph of Essex.

„ 20 st. 1, l. 4, "*high hill*" = royal crag-enthroned Windsor; st. 2, l. 2, "*Cenſure*" = judgment; st. 2, l. 6, "*Ioue ioyne theſe fires*," &c. = marry Elizabeth and Essex.

„ 20, *An Introduction to the Prayer*, st. 1, l. 2, "*Thou elementall fauourer of the Night*" — Is the reference to God's manifestation of Himself, *e.g.*, on Sinai, and within the temple in "clouds and darkness"? Cf. *Deuteronomy*, iv, 11; 2 *Samuel*, xxii, 12; *Psalm*, xcvii, 2; and 1 *Kings*, viii, 10–12; *Leviticus*, xvi, 2; and cognate passages. St. 2 (p. 21), l. 6, "*Turtle-doue*" = Essex — as hereafter will appear.

„ 21, *A Prayer made, &c.* See Introduction on this "*ſiluer coloured Doue*" (*not* the "Turtle-doue"), and the force of "*applyed*"; st. 1, l. 4, "*ſad*" = serious or solemn: or qu. intentive?

„ 22, st. 2, l. 1, "*her*" — shewing it is not the 'Turtle-doue' (described as "he" onward); l. 4, the comma after "*baite*" certainly ought to have been a period (.); st. 4, l. 1, "*leadſt*" = ledst, *i.e.*, past tense; *ib.*, "*red coloured waues*" = red-coloured. The 'Red Sea' is meant — see *Exodus*, xiv, and parallel passages. I remember seeing the 'Red Sea,' off the Desert of Sinai, red as blood, not merely under the purple splendor of the marvellous sunset — a hue common to all sunsets — but from myriad infusoria so far as I could make out. So that "red-coloured waues" is not a mere fancy, much less a blunder — such as Wordsworth's when he speaks of Baalbec rising from bare sands, whereas its site is a glorious fertile plain. l. 5 (p. 23) "*what*" — qu. misprint for 'that' or 'which'?

„ 23, st. 1, ll. 6–7 = do not let her [Elizabeth] remain a "*Virgin* Queen"

—let her marry—she the "siluer coloured doue" to him the "turtle-doue."

Page 23, *To thoſe of light beleefe*, st. 1, l. 6, "*abandoning deceit*"= fiction has hitherto been mingled with fact, *e.g.*, in the hyperbolical and so 'deceptive' description of Ireland as "Paphos Ile"; st. 3, l. 1, "*gentle Reader*"—another note of publication.

,, 24, *A meeting Dialogue-wiſe betweene Nature, &c.*, st. 1, l. 6, "*thy breaſts beauteous Eie*"=spots eye-like, as of the peacock, pheasant, and (of course) the mythical 'phœnix'; st. 2, l. 4, "*neuer with*"=never [be] with; st. 3, l. 4, "*relenting*"= sorrowful or sorrowing. Here is touched the popular and indestructible belief that the only genuine love-passion Elizabeth ever had was for Essex. More anon. L. 6 (p. 25), "*for vertue*"=on account of thy, or in admission of thy virtue, &c., sing; l. 7, "*reuerend*"=reuerenced.

,, 25, st. 1, l. 7, "*I do bayte my hooke*"—a throb of penitent confession of her laying 'baits' for Essex, drawing him on and 'hooking him, winning his burning love and devotion, yet playing him false; st. 2, l. 5, "*sullen Mirth*"—the very type of Elizabeth's moody mirth and sadness, bursts of scorn and passion and aching melancholy; st. 3, l. 1, "*vading*." I may refer here to a note in my edition of Southwell, *s. v.*, for the distinction between 'vading' and 'fading.' l. 5, "*Sunne-bred*"—speaking as the 'Phœnix'; *ibid.*, "*exhall*"=exhale; ll. 6–7—"*Enuie*" is the uttermost word that the Poet dared use. He makes the Queen hint at the contest between the Queen and the woman, the passionate love and the self-restraint thought to be due to herself. She fain "would loue" and follow it up with marriage; but what, marry a subject? "There was the rub." Other considerations were also blended, *e. g.*, I fear what my subjects may say to my marrying a subject and what their 'envy' may attempt on him. We must remember that the nobles were far more powerful and jealous of one another than in our day, and even Elizabeth might well fear displeasing them by such a step. See st. 4, l. 5, beginning at p. 26, and p. 26, st. 1, ll. 3–6; also p. 27, st. 1, and p. 28, st. 2 and 3. See too "Enuie" is changed to "Malice" (p. 26) ll. 6–7; st. 4, l. 1, "*Tablitorie*"= the old tablet (*metri gratia*, as "glorie" is the rhyming word) given by Minsheu as a necklet, necklace or brooch: "Monile quod gestantem virtutis admoneat, nam primum ob aliquod egregium factum clari solebat." One can't vouch for the accuracy of this Latin explanation; but it shews the prevalent idea, and it agrees with the use of "tablitorie" in the text—a *tablerium* is called mappula, mantile.

Page 26, st. 1, l. 4, "*fond ſuſpitions cage*"—here and elsewhere there is a glance back on the early perilous years of Elizabeth under her sister Mary; l. 7, "thy"—*sic*, but somewhat obscure; st. 2, l. 7, "*And waſte*"=while I waste; st. 3, l. 6, "*yong, freſh, greene*"—no doubt with application to the 'Phœnix,' but underlying this a reference, as already noted, to Elizabeth's beautiful youthhood, when beyond all question she was a magnificent creature; *ibid*, "*paſſe*"=pass away, die; l. 7, "*ſteeled glaſſe*"=mirror of steel. Note—There is intentional anachronism in order to give scope for just 'praise' of Elizabeth; nor are these touches on her 'yong' maiden days the least precious *bits* for us to-day; st. 4, l. 1, "*Continent*"= container is that which contains anything. So *frequenter* in Shakespeare and contemporaries, and later.

,, 27, st. 1, l. 5, "*totterd*"=tattered—as in Shakespeare and contemporaries; *ibid*, "*ragd*"=ragged; st. 2, l. 7, "*the performance bears the greater ſway*"=deed better than words, action than threats.

,, 28, st. 1, l. 3, "*Toades themſelues did wound*"—*i.e.*, did wound one another—so letting out by their 'wounds' their unfragrant poison (mythical); l. 4, "*poysoned*," *i.e.*, infected with poison, being a poison-natured thing=poisonous; l. 5, "*ſent*"= scent; st. 2, l. 3, "*As he hath had in his dayes ſecret prying*"—hints at 'secret' influences against Elizabeth in the days of Mary; l. 4, "*calmie*"=calming or qu.—tranquil? l. 7, "*Amarous*"—*sic*=amorous; st. 3, l. 1, "*Villanie*"=Envie—as previously described; l. 4, "*true harted*"=true-hearted; ll. 6–7—another genuine cry out of the woman's heart—let the title of the poem be remembered of *Love's Martyr*, &c. Let it also be remembered, that so early as Peele's "*Eglogve Gratvlatorie.* Entituled: To the right honourable, and renowmed Shepheard of Albions Arcadia: Robert Earle of Essex and Ewe, for his welcome into England from Portugall" (1589), the burden is "*Envy* doth aye true honours deeds despise." See our Introduction.

,, 29, st. 1, l. 4, "*coyle*"=tumult. Cf. *Tempest*, act. i, sc. 2. St. 2, l. 2, "*his Throne*," *i.e.*, of Essex, who really held the 'Throne' of Elizabeth's heart—the 'his' here is subtle and fine; l. 5, "*ore charge*"=o'er charge; st. 3, l. 1, "*peeuiſh*"=petulant, fretful; l. 7, "*I*"=Aye; st. 4,—query, should the punctuation be 'Light.' 'deplore;'

,, 30, st. 1, l. 7, "*Balſamum*"=balsam. *Comedy of Errors*, act iv, sc. 1. st. 2, l. 2, "*Anker-hold*" and l. 6, "*plot of Ground*"=the soil that holds your anchor, or fastners of the flukes on the ground; st. 3, l. 3, "*the Rocke my ſhip did ſeeke to ſhiuer*"=seeke to shiver my Ship; l. 7, "*diſſembling Loue*"—another sting of

conscience — she dissembled the love that was really in her heart; st. 4, l. 5, "*peruſe* = survey or run over with an observant eye; l. 6, "*where*" = which?

Page 31, st. 1, l. 3, "*Mace*" = sceptre, as before; l. 7, "*Paphos Ile*" = the island of Venus (Love) as before; st. 2–3 — a passionate description of Elizabeth's 'suspect' and dangerous early years; st. 3, l. 2, "*ſhadow*" = over-shadow, eclipse; st. 4, l. 2, "*In youth*," &c. — peculiarly true of Elizabeth — 'tyred' seems a misprint for 'tryed'; l. 7, "*feathered head*" = adorned with feathers as young high-stationed maidens were, but of course here as being to the 'Phœnix'; *ib.*, "*a crowne*" — explicit enough surely as to the "Phœnix" being Elizabeth, albeit this 'crown' (in 1601) is a heavenly crown, or perchance of marriage. See l. 3, *et seq.* of the stanza.

,, 32, st. 1. The real heart-thoughts of the Queen are here expressed. Be it thoughtfully marked, that this "Ile of Paphos" (l. 3) "this rich Ile" had held the 'Turtle' and that the 'Turtle' is a male — "*his* neſt" (l. 7) and so Nature conducts them thither, *i.e.*, to Ireland — as before; st. 2, l. 5, "*vnderſtand*" = learn of his whereabouts; st. 3, l. 3, "*fond*" = foolish; l. 4, "*vaſte Cell*," *i.e.*, however "vaste," a palace itself becomes a prison-cell where Suspicion and Envy are the keepers — as in Elizabeth's case.

,, 33, st. 1, l. 5, "*vnfret*" = musical term with reference to *frets* or cross bars; l. 7, "*Honor that Isle that is my ſure defence*" — here the Queen speaks rather than the 'Phœnix,' and thus throughout the mask (not unintentionally) slips aside and shews not 'bird' (however lustrous and wonderful), but the august face of Elizabeth herself; st. 2, l. 3, "*high ſtates*" = people of state; l. 6, "*Pyramides*" — a quadrisyllable as *frequenter* contemporaneously, being long of naturalizing; l. 7, "*Strond*" = strand, shore; st. 3, l. 2, "*Greene Springing*" = Green-springing; l. 4, "*Faire running*" = Faire-running; l. 5, "*Sweet flowers . . . . . Deaw*" [= dew] distils — example of verb singular after nom. plural (perhaps through the interposition of 'that') and so the previous line; *ib.*, "*balmy Deaw*" — on Hermon I found the abundant dew thus fragrant. The southern-wood and thyme and other richly-scented under-growths, being literally steeped in the dew, so filled the air with perfume as to 'nip' (so-to-say) one's eyes. I have found the same in Greece, and indeed in many places. l. 6, "*Great peopled*" = Great-peopled; st. 4, l. 3, "*intreate*" = treat, elongated, *i.e.*, speak of; l. 4, "*Their Founder*" = [And of] their Founder; l. 6, "*Warres wald*" — this must be intended for 'walled,' albeit the meaning is not

exactly clear. Query — each of the 'cities' being 'walled' was a 'Defender' in time of 'Warres.' The singular 'Defender' answers to the singular 'Founder' where we might have expected the plural. It cannot well have been a misprint for 'wild,' *i.e.*, wild warres Defender, "wa" coming in through the "wa" of "warres"; l. 7, "*Not battred yet with Times controlling Mace,*" *i.e.*, the 'walls' of the cities celebrated, which, though no longer in their original strength, were still to be seen in part, as is still the case.

Page 34, Margin — "*Northumbers*" = Northumberland; l. 3, "*this large Ile of ſweete Britania*" — be it noted once more that the 'Phœnix' as = Elizabeth is naturally observant of the 'cities' of her own "Large Ile." There is no meaning in the full enumeration and description of these cities except as they were under the sovereignty of Elizabeth. It is not deemed expedient to annotate here the numerous persons and places celebrated. The historical and county authorities are readily accessible, and thither the student-reader is referred; st. 2, l. 3, "*well planted*" = well-planted; l. 4, "*Called in this age the newly-builded Minſter, Still kept in notable reparation*" — Stowe, in his *Chronicles*, tells us of the 'reparation' of Winchester Cathedral in Elizabeth's reign, *s.v.*; l. 6, "*famous builded*" = famous-builded; st. 3, l. 5, "*Neotus direction*" = Neotus'; st. 4, "*new got*" = new-got.

" 35, st. 1, ll. 3–4, "*the whole Romiſh Legion to ſing. And to record,*" &c. — "*ſing*" points apparently to ballads of his exploits, albeit there is the objection that it was his defeated enemies whom he made to sing. But our poet is not skilful and o' times oblivious. Line 4 can scarcely be otherwise explained. Does this use of 'sing' reveal the age of our present expression or of an equivalant to it, of 'singing small,' as evidence of defeat. There is also "singing in a lower key," and the like. St. 4, l. 5, "*His*" = its; *ib.*, "*Leyls*" = Leil of st. 3, l. 2. But all this semi-fabulous or wholly fabulous chronicle calleth for no 'pains' of elucidation; l. 7, "*large Brytania*" = "*large Ile,*" p. 34, st. 1, l. 3. So also p. 36, st. 3, l. 3, "*large Britanicus*" — doubtless an early phrase for "Great Britain" — for he evidently supposed that Scotland was, at that time, a tributary of England, and the last name he avoids. See p. 36, st. 3, l. 3. His use of the word (Scottish) "sect" agrees; for a "sect" is a part cut off. But "sect" in text is applied to the people, not to the country.

" 35, st. 4, ll. 6–7 = the city doth only remain under the newer name of Edingburgh, *i.e.*, Edinburgh.

" 37, st. 1, l. 4, "*ſtay'd*" = out stay'd; st. 2, On this significant stanza, see

our Introduction; st. 3, l. 2, "*the Princes*"=James VI; l. 3, "*graces*"—singular verb, instead of the previous plural one, "beautifie," *metri causa*; l. 4, "*Emperizing.*" This type of verb is frequent contemporaneously. The meaning is—imperial towers so magnificent as to be worthy of an emperor, or such as will, of themselves, imperialize either the statues adorning it, or the persons inhabiting. l. 5, "*Times controlling houres,*" cf. p. 33, st. 4, l. 7, "*Times controlling Mace*"—"*Controlling* seems a favorite word. See again here, st. 4, l. 4, "*controlling neighbours.*"

Page 38, st. 1, l. 1, "*Pagon*"—metri causa, *i.e.*, "yron" in l. 3; st. 2, l. 5, "*after time*"=after-time; l. 6, "*deare begotten*"=deare-begotten. What an odd jumble of mythology and history we have here! St. 3, l. 2, "*this worlds great wonder*"=the great wonder of this world; l. 6, "*Regiment*"=government; st. 4, l. 5, "*lightned*"=gave light to; l. 7, "*That to her weake Sexe yeelded Hector's name*"—qu.=that the stronger sex had to yield or vail Hectors name to hers?

,, 39, st. 2, l. 2, "*bountie*"—deriving it from *bonitas,* one sense of which is goodness or honesty; l. 3, "*vncomprehenſible*"=[The character of her deed] not to be duly estimated. The word is used as justification of her act in killing a 'guest.' l. 7, "*Siſar*"=Sisera; st. 3, l. 1, a comma after Hebrew would have shewn 'worthie' to be an adjective here.

,, 40, st. 1, l. 4, "*indubitate*"—we should say 'indubitable,' *i.e.*, not to be questioned; l. 7, "*vſurped*"=usurping—the common interchange of such words is explained by considering that the ed form is not passive, and that as a past or perfect it gives the idea of continuance in, or being in the state of usurpation; l. 8, "*condeſcend*"=submit; l. 9, "*re obtain'd*"=re-obtained; st. 2, l. 2, "*Queene,*" &c.—one wonders how this was scanned by the author; l. 5, "*forſaken*"=God-forsaken; st. 3, l. 1—punctuate "*Naples, true-borne*"; st. 4, l. 2, "*Progenie*"=birth (by descent) or pedigree—similarly used in 1 *Henry VI*, iii, 3, l. 61; *Coriol*, i, 8, l. 12—not offspring as now; l. 5, "*Which Truth can never burne,*" &c.—Truth is not here the burner or person who would burn their fames, but a truth which can never burn, &c.; l. 7 (p. 41) "*memorie*"=memorial.

,, 41, st. 2, l. 7, "*States*"=people of state; "*brooke*"=bear but *rithmi gratia.*

Here followeth the Birth, Life, &c.

,, 43, l. 3, "*no ſuch mā euer to be liuing*"=to have lived; l. 6, "*more beholding to the French, the Romane, the Scot, the Italian,*" &c. See our Introduction on this and other books, &c., referred to. l. 8, "*who*"—refers not to countrymen, but to the previous

substantives; l. 13, "*Gallie*"= Galliæ; l. 19, "*renowmed*"= renowned. Nearer its French source *renommé* than our spelling. l. 25, "*turned from French proſe into Engliſh meeter*"—see our Introduction, as before; st., l. 4, "*Memorie*"= memorials, as before.

Page 44, *The ſtrange Birth, &c.*, st. 1, l. 5, "*high minded*" = high-minded; st. 2, l. 2, "*wittie*"= wise; l. 4, "*allies*"—not as now used, but = the verb "ally," *i.e.*, the feudatory princes of next stanza; st. 3, l. 2, "*hot bred*"=hot-bred; st. 4, l. 1, "*paſſing*"= surpassing; l. 3, "*ſupprize*"= suppress, *causa metri*; l. 5 (p. 45), "*vnequall*"= unequalled—probably a printer's error.

,, 45, st. 2, l. 2, "*fond*"= foolish; l. 3, "*not penetrable*"= not [being] able to penetrate; l. 4, "*could not inſiſt*"—licentiously for could not keep [it] in, &c., *i.e.*, how it sped with her; st. 3, l. 2, "*darke duſkie mantle*"—so the analagous phrase in Shakespeare "Night's black mantle," not only in *Romeo and Juliet*, but also in 3 *Henry VI*, act iv, sc. 2; l. 4, "*inuade*"= cause to invade or make invade any one; ll. 5–6—the inverted commas may or may not indicate a quotation; for the practice was loose. They seem to have been used to direct attention to what the writer would hold as a noticeable saying or golden sentence, much as we use *italics*.

,, 46, st. 1, l. 1, punctuate comma after "Muſicke," certainly; l. 2, "*ſound*" = sounding, *i.e.*, striking or touching; l. 5, "*immelodious*"—better than our unmelodious; st. 2, l. 4, "*blacke gloom'd*"= black-gloom'd; st. 5, l. 2, "*ſecret folly*"= done in secret; but it was the king's folly, not her's; besides, she had told her husband. See p. 45, st. 2, l. 5, "*Bet ſtraight*," &c.

,, 47, st. 1, l. 3, "*vitailes*" = victuals; st. 2, l. 2, "*out*" = giving egress; st. 4, l. 4, "*his warres lowd Alarums ouercame*," &c. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 700; Taming of a Shrew, i, 1. No doubt a phrase of the day, an 'alarum' being, from its nature, peculiarly loud.

,, 48, st. 1, l. 2, "*diſeaſe*"= uneasiness, trouble; st. 2, l. 4, "*Moderator*" = mediator? In Presbyterian Church-order, the president or chairman, ruler or guider of the Session of a Congregation, of a Presbytery, of a Synod, of a General Assembly, is still called the 'Moderator'; see "Synod" at p. 9, st. 1, l. 3. It was also used in same way in English Universities later. Cf. Cleveland's *Vindiciæ*, 1677, p. 214. l. 5, "*vnſeene*"= experience, such as never in other has been 'seen'; st. 3, l. 3, "*thwarted*" = crossed—an odd adaptive use of the word; l. 5, "*baſeneſſe*"= lowliness, humility; l. 5, "*Alas*"= interjection merely, not meaning as now, something to be lamented; st. 5, l. 1, "*heſt*"= behest.

Page 49, st. 1, l. 2, "*amaine*" = suddenly or forcefully; st. 2, l. 2, "*vncompre'nded*" = uncomprehended; l. 3, "*embracements met*" = [he] met.

" 50, st. 1, l. 4, punctuate rather "intent." (period); l. 5, "done." (period); for "That . . . . done" is the king's reply; st. 2, l. 6, "*poſſeſſe her Huſbands ſweetneſſe*," *i.e.*, the 'sweetnesse' she gives to her husband — as frequently in Shakespeare; st. 3, l. 5, "*diſeaſed*" = uneasy, troubled, as before; st. 4, l. 4, period, not comma, after 'ieſt'; but in our author the comma serves for every other punctuation-mark; l. 6, "*ſweet'ſt got*" = sweet'st-got.

" 51, st. 1, l. 1 — rather subtill lust-directed; l. 2, "*new found*" = new-found; l. 6, "*Caiſter*" [= Caÿster] *Swannes*. Cf. p. 43, l. 7 [Greekes]; l. 6, verb singular to plural nominative again; st. 2, l. 5, "*vnrecalled time*" = time past, time already spent, *i.e.*, as other — ed forms — time that is in a state not to be recalled; st. 3, l. 4, "*craokt*" = croaked — it may have been accidental, but "craokt" is the more imitative word; st. 4, l. 1, "*lawne-like Hand*" = white as 'lawne' — taken with next line, it seems like a poor remembrance of *Venus and Adonis*, l. 590, and *Lucrece*, ll. 258–9; l. 2, "*diſſembling Huſband*" = passing himself off as her husband; cf. p. 30, st. 3, l. 7, for the word. = [She] Being, &c.

" 52, st. 1, l. 1, "*late betrayed*" = late-betrayed; l. 4, "*amaine*" — from Saxon *a* and *meegn* = to do a thing forcibly or with one main object, and therefore also quickly, suddenly. Here it means much or plentifully. St. 2, l. 2 = the injuries done to her life 'unspotted' hitherto in intent. Cf. p. 53, st. 1, l. 4. St. 3, l. 3, "*where*" = whereas, since; st. 4, l. 2, "*luſtie ſtomacke youthfull*" = lustie-stomacke youthfull.

" 53, st. 1, l. 3 = to anſwer [as to] . . . . st. 2, l. 6, "*late did bleſſe*" = late in the day; st. 3, l. 4, "*well-diſpoſed*" = well-disposed; st. 4, l. 2, "*paſſing true*" = surpassing true; or it may be "passing-true" in the sense of Goldsmith's humble Vicar, "passing rich on forty pounds a year."

" 54, st. 2, l. 1 — punctuate comma after "child," and also after "Poſterne" (l. 5); st. 3, l. 2, "*rich bearing Burthen*" = rich, bearing-Burthen.

" 55, st. 4, l. 2 — punctuate comma after "Saxons."

" 56, st. 4, l. 1, "*Regiment*" = government, rule, as before. Every one remembers John Knox's "Monstrous *Regiment* of Women": st. 4, somewhat jumbled.

" 57, *The Coronation of King Arthur*, &c., st. 1, l. 3, "*high ſtates*" = people of high state, as before: st. 3, l. 4, "*him*" = himself, as frequently at that time; l. 6 (p. 58) "*dignified*" = crowned.

" 58, st. 1, l. 5, "*Being the Metropoliticall in nobilitie*" — hexameter?; st. 2,

l. 3—a syllable wanting and apparently before "Kings"—qu. ['stoute'] "Kings": st. 3, ll. 4, 5—such that Envy is unable to tear the nobility or trueness of their hearts from their breasts; st. 4, l. 5 (p. 59), "*neare*" = ne'er.

Page 59, *The Epiſtle*, &c. Be it noted that we have here and onward blank verse: l. 11, "*or' proud*" = over-proud.

,, 60, l. 7, "*Emperie*" = empire, and so p. 61, l. 5, and p. 64, l. 13; l. 8—punctuate comma after "that"; l. 21, "*re demaund*" = re-demaund; l. 29, "*arbitrement*" = arbitrament.

,, 61, *Cador the Duke*, &c. l. 1, "*Renowmed*" = renowned, as before. See p. 43, l. 19: *ibid.* "*Britaine*" = Briton, *i.e.* Arthur: or qu. = Britons, *i.e.* Britaine[s] to rhyme with 'veines'; l. 6—bad comma after 'continuall'—perhaps I ought to have in this instance deleted it and noted the fact here: qu.—"long-continuall" = long-continued?; l. 13, "*But buried in obliuions loathſome caue*"—cf. "Envy in her loathsome cave," 2 *Henry VI.*, iii, 2; l. 15, "*pale-fac'd cowardize*"—cf. "pale-faced coward," *Venus and Adonis*, l. 569.

,, 62, l. 1, "*our armour from our backes*"—cf. "armour on our back," 2 *Henry VI*, v, 2; l. 8, "*dull edg'd*" = dull-edged.

,, 63, l. 6, "*braves*" = bravadoes; l. 13, "*garboiles*" = Garbouille, *Fr.*, tumults: l. 15—"*this*"—put comma after "this"; or qu.—misprint for 'his'?; l. 2 (from bottom), "*ſometimes*" = aforetimes (*not* 'aforetime') it being notorious that there were several subjections of Britain after Julius Cæsar.

,, 64, l. 8, "*Market place*" = Market-place; l. 12, "*inthroniz'd*" = enthroned. See *Nares*, *s.v.*, for interesting examples; l. 15, "*their*" = the Roman; and so l. 17.

,, 65, *The Anſwer*, &c., l. 1, "*experiment*" = experience; l. 4, "*poſt expedition*" = post-expedition; l. 5, "*voyage*" = journey (not necessarily as now by sea); l. 8, "*Victoria*" = victory; l. 13, "*Which*" [read] . . . with; l. 12, parenthetical; l. 17, "*for to*" and see p. 66, ll. 14, 15, 17; p. 73, st. 3, l. 4; p. 74, st. 2, l. 2, and st. 3, l. 3; p. 76, l. 2; p. 80, st. 3, l. 2; in Spenser, but rarely in Shakespeare; l. 20, "*Not violating*," &c.—this line is obscure. Its *intention* is to express, probably, that the so doing violates no laws of arms, or is not a course without justification according to the established laws which regulate the employment of arms in defence of one's rights; but it fails in giving expression to such a thought. The laws of the duello, *i.e.*, the causes which would justify such an appeal, were in that age rigidly laid down. Query—should we read "Not violating *lawe* and hostile Armes"? This comes a little nearer to the above-given meaning; l. 30, "*true hearted*" = true-hearted.

,, 66, l. 9, "*gaue the Armes*"—The 'armes' that Constantine was supposed

to bear was a representation of the miraculously-appearing cross—a white cross (I think) in an azure field. It is the "Roman empire" Chester refers to; but there may have been a sub-reference, and a Protestant argument that the 'armies' of Rome did not come from St. Peter; the first Pope according to the Roman Catholic myth. *Anguſell King*, &c., l. 2, "*ful fraught*"= full-fraught, *i.e.*, freighted well or fully.

Page 67, l. 6, "*hautie*"= haughty, and cf. p. 68, st. 2, l. 1. "*hawtie*"; see also p. 74, st. 1, l. 4, "*hautie* courage"; p. 75, st. 4, l, 2, "*hautie* mind"; p. 81, st. 4, l. 3, "*hautie* hearts"; l. 12, "*but meet*"—a not uncommon form of phrase at the time, and equivalent to our now only colloquial and vulgar "let me *only* meet you, that's all"; l. 13, "*thriſt*"= thirst — so in Spenser, *Fairie Queen*, ii, vi, 17; *ib.* "*ſweet revenge.*" Cf. "sweet as my revenge" (*Coriolanus*, v, 3). So too (*Titus Andronicus*), "O sweet Revenge, now do I come" (v, 2), and "sweet revenge grows harsh" (*Othello*, act v, sc. 2); l. 22, "*meacocke*"= tame, or cowardly or milk-sop; so *Taming of Shrew* (ii, 1) "a meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew." Cf. Euphries M, l. 6; l. 23, "*fond*"= foolish.

„ 68, st. 1, l. 3, "*Martialiſt*"= soldier. So William Browne — "A brave heroick, worthy martialist" (*Brit. Past.*, i, 5); st. 2, l. 4, "*new-decayed*"= only lately decaying; st. 3, l. 2, "*loud winded*"= loud-winded; *ib.* "*checke the aire.*" Cf. st. 4, l. 5, "*Cuffing the ayre*"; st. 4, l. 4, "*well read*"= well-read; l. 6, "*gaudineſſe*"— The reference is to the well-appointed and fine and, as it were, holiday-appearance of King Arthur's joyfulness. Cf. p. 79, st. 1, ll. 3-4 — there is a sub-reference to 'joyfulness' as an attendant meaning; st. 5, l. 4 (p. 69), "*de Or*"= of gold or golden.

„ 69, st. 1, l. 1, "*aſſumpted*"= assumed, taken up; l. 5, "*Vert*"= green (in heraldry); st. 3, l. 2, "*bad deſeruing*"= bad-deseruing; l. 4, "*full refind*"= full-refined; st. 4, l. 3, "*vnpure*"= impure; l. 6, "*by this Signe*" = in baptism, *i.e.*, the sign of the cross as used by Roman Catholics and Church of England in baptism.

„ 70, st. 1, l. 4, "*Apoſtatas*"= apostate in its transition-form. It occurs thus in the well-known Optick Glasse of Humours (1639), applied to Julian and elsewhere; st. 3, l. 1, punctuate with a comma (,) after 'Charles'; l. 3, "*early riſing*"= early-riſing.

„ 71, st. 3, l. 3, "*three Toades*".— The nickname for a Frenchman to this day or for a Jerseyite is Johnny Crapaud = Johnny (the) toad. The line is parenthetical; for the only "pourtraiture of commendation by honor" belonging to the English Kings were the 3 fleurs de lis or *lilia*, st. 2, l. 6; st, 4, l. 1, "*barbed*"—as in Shakespere (*Richard II*, act iii, sc. 3) "*barbed* steeds to stables," and

(*Richard III*, act i, sc. 1) "mounted *barbed* steeds"= barbed by corruption from barde or barred = armed; st. 4, ll. 5-6, wrong grammar 'their' and 'conqueror.'

Page 72, st. 1, l. 3, "*Who*" . . . . no antecedent to this "Who"— Who (= Time) with their guilded shews in opposition to those whose armour is strongly made (l. 1)—the combined nominative to "are"; st. 2, l. 1, "*Calis*"= Calais; l. 3, "*regiment*"= rule, government; l. 4, "*conuince*"= conquer — so too p. 85, l. 9; l. 5, "*Roane*"= Rouen; st. 3, l. 5, "*Iſland*"= Iceland — a very mythical conquest of Arthur, if he be meant. Query — is "Iſland" a misprint for "Ireland"? Singularly enough the same question has to be put on the use of the word by Raleigh, *e.g.*, "If my fleet go for Ilande, and that your Lordshipp," &c. The Editor annotates, "So in *MS.*" (Edwards' *Ralegh*, vol. ii, p. 121.)

,, 73, st. 1, l. 6, "*loſt*"—perhaps the Author intended "lose"; st. 2, l. 2— a third example of a parenthetical line; l. 3, "*ſo ineſtimable*"= [was] so inestimable — understood from l. 1; st. 4, ll. 2 and 4— Lucius and Tiberius of course the same man; st. 5, l. 1, "*retraite*"= retreat; l. 5, "*Who*" (p. 74) — another example of "Who" with an odd antecedent "Who foraged about" meaning they [the British], but the only expressed ante-cedent is the "British name" and only becomes "Britains" in next stanza.

,, 74, st. 2, l. 1, "*Mirmedons*," *i.e.*, myrmidons=Primarily a people on the borders of Thessaly who went with Achilles to the Trojan war. Hence it came to designate unscrupulous followers.

,, 75, st. 4, l. 2, "*Couſin*," *i.e.*, for relationship generally. He was uncle. Such is royal style still.

,, 76, st. 1, l. 1, "*Haggard*"= a wild hawk, *i.e.*, a hawk un-mannered or un-reclaimed, *agrius*, *unmansuetus*; st. 2, l. 4, "*fond*"=foolish; Mordreds smart, *i.e.*, the smart caused by Mordred. The "who" (l. 5) is "Arthur," as shown by next line, though the ill-chosen word "unnatural" (like the "intemperate" of l. 3) seems to make against this; st. 4, l. 6, "*landing*"= a landing (*ib.*)

,, 77, st. 1, l. 5, "*withſtand*"= stand against him with or withstand him with; st. 4, l. 2, "*mappe of Honor.*" Cf. *Richard II*, act v, sc. 1, "Thou map of honor," and so 2 *Henry VI*, act iii, sc. 1. l. 4, "*life Liege*"= life-Liege; st. 5, l, 3, "*ſcan*"— punctuate with; and , after 'memorie' in next line—'ſcan' is used, as so often, *rythmi causa*.

,, 78, st. 1, l. 4, "*aunceſtrie*"— odd use of the word; l. 6, "*looſe*"= lose; st. 2, l. 2, "*Anguſel*" . . . . He was king of Scotland and brought 10,000 horse-men to assist Arthur; l. 5, "*was*" = verb singular after nominative plural ('bones'= body); st. 3, l. 6, "*quaild*"= quelled — so spelled to rhyme with 'sail'd.'

Page 79, st. 2, l. 3, "*proud-gather'd*": st. 3, l. 2, "*fame-acthieuing*"= fame-atchieving or achieving; l. 4, "*Pridwin*"= Arthur's shield. Drayton has celebrated it (along with his sword) — "With Pridwin his great shield, and what the proof could bear." (*Polyolb.* song iv.) Chester calls it his 'sword' (erroneously.) st. 3, l. 5, "*vnſeene immortalitie*" — mere "words, words, words," *rythmi causa*; st. 4, l. 3, "*loſed*"= loosed; l. 4, "*amaz'd*"— frequently used contemporaneously for 'amated' or disheartened or disturbed — also in the sense of our own 'maze,' signifying to be in a maze, or as one in a maze — the latter in the text.

„ 80, st. 1, l. 3, "*deſeru's*"— perhaps 'deseru'd' was intended by the Author; st. 2, l. 5, "*gaue*"— again, and like the use of 'funerall' in line before, *rythmi causa*; st. 3, l. 3, "*Bardth*"—*sic*; *ibid.*, "*diuiſion*"= Welsh (divided into) verse, or music. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii, sc. 5, "The lark makes sweet division"; l. 5, "*foreſaid*"=fore-said; st. 4, l. 6, "*inſcripted*"=inscribed, as 'assumpted' before (p. 69, st. 1, l. 1.)

„ 81, st. 1, l. 2, "*vitall*"= actes when vitall; st. 2, l. 6, "*enter*"= inter; st. 3, l. 4, "*out cries*"= out-cries; l. 6, "*controule*"= haue power over, *metri causa*: st. 4, l. 3=high-proud or high-proud-hautie.

„ 82, st. 1, l. 4, "*Memorie*"= memorial, as before; l. 6, put hyphen (-) thus certainly — "*well-ſet . . . . bigge-lim'd*"; st. 3, ll. 5–6 — a typical instance of Chester's extremely unskilful use of language sometimes. Line 4 and ll. 3–4 must be accounted parenthetical, and then we obtain this — But that [one] was greater than the rest; had it been 'lesser' [,] Britain would have been blessed, *i.e.*, Arthur had not died.

„ 83. *Iohannis Leylandij*, &c. l. 12, the "*que*" has got somehow disjoined from "Ætherij." The comma after 'petit' is an error of the original.

„ 84, l. 5, "*Vertues sole intent*" — curious translation of or rather substitute for "*virtutis alumnus.*"

„ 85, *The true Pedigree*, &c. The 'curious reader' of ll. 3–4 must refer to the Chronicles. The matter does not seem worth an Editor's labour. l. 1, "*borne*"= boren in pronunciation, *i.e.*, dissyllabic — also [fair] is needed before "*Igrene*"; l. 4, "*end*"= close or conclude, *v.g.*; l. 7, "*ſometimes*"= sometime, as before: l. 9, cf. with l. 10, where "*Melianus*" is trisyllabic; "*conuince*"= conquer, as before (p. 72, st. 2, l. 4); l. 16 — qu. — did he intend this to be scanned as an hexameter or pentameter line? Probably as the latter; l. 17, "*ſoueragnize*" — frequent verb form with Chester, and later.

THE POEM-PROPER RESUMED.

„ 86, st. 1, l. 1, "*Troynouant*"= new Troy — the mythic name of 'Lon-

don'; l. 5, "*raiſd*"—qu. 'raiſe'? st. 2, l. 1—punctuate comma after 'when'; *ibid.*, "*more nearer*"—reduplicated comparative; l. 3, "*famous builded*"= famous-builded; l. 7, "*neare*"= ne'er; *ibid.*, "*tam'd*"—a quaint etymology for 'Thames' certes; st. 3, l. 2, "*raiſ'd*"=praised; l. 3, "*Councel chamber*" = Councel-chamber; l. 4, "*Experiment*" = experience. *Here Nature*, &c.

Page 87, l. 2—What's Cupid but a boy? (of Poem continued)—ought doubtless to have had 'Phœnix' in the margin.

,, 88, st. 2, l. 2, "*farre remoted*" = farre-remoted, *i.e.*, removed; Poem continued—st. 2, l. 3, *ſweete ſmoothd*"= sweete-smoothd; l. 4, "*Loue*"=Loue's, the 's' being in "*ſelfe*"; st. 3, l. 3, "*ſhallow witted*"=shallow-witted; l. 4, "*force materiall*"=a forced phrase for the gew-gaws and wanton toys of which Nature had said Loue [in shallow-minds] was fond; st. 4, l. 2, "*parted*"= departed; *ibid.* l. 3 (p. 89), "*this Wagon*"—printer's error for 'his Waggon' the 'th' being caught from previous 'with'. Chester has here lapsed; they are in Phœbus' chariot—see p. 17, st. 3. But now Nature says that Phœbus has 'parted' from their sight and mounted in[to] the sky with his Waggon, thus giving passage to the 'gloomie night'; l. 7, "*bottome plaines*"= bottome-plaines.

,, 89, st. 1, l. 3, "*taſte*"= feel. So Chapman (Odyss xxi), "He now began to *taste* the bow." St. 2, "*Looke*," &c. Here again, 'Nature' should be in the margin; l. 2, "*meadow plots*"=meadow-plats; l. 3, "*amaine*"=forcefully; l. 4, "*ſound*"=in a quasi-nautical sense, *v.c.*; st. 3, l. 4, "*extenuate*"= extend—a curious use of the word, *rythmi causa*; ll. 6 7, "*Of plants*," &c.=the glories of, &c. (l. 3)—ll. 4–5, as so frequent in Chester are of a parenthetical character.

,, 90, st. 1, l. 1, "*Mandrake*"—I found it still believed in, as here, on and in the villages at the foot of, Carmel in Palestine. It abounds near Nazareth; st. 2, l. 1, "*Yellow Crowbels*"—said to be peculiar to Wilts (Aubrey) = Crowbells—Tent lily, asphodil, daffodil,—Narcissus Pseudonacissus. So Prior; but in text we have Daphedill immediately following; l. 2, "*Good Harry*"—in full, Good-King-Harry, *i.e.*, Allgood, English Mercury, goose-foot, Chenopodium Bonus Henricus L.; *ibid.*, "*herbe Robert*"= stork-bill, *i.e.*, Geranium Robertianum L.—its derivation is differently accounted for; *ibid.*, "*white Cotula*"= Mayweed, fœtid, and otherwise, Matricaria Chamomilla, L. and Pyrethium Parthenium, L.; l. 3, "*Adders graſſe*"—according to Gerarde *cynosorchis*; probably = adder's tongue—for this is called in old *MSS.* nedderis gres (grass) as well as nedderis tonge, Serpentaria, Ophioglossum vulgatum, L.; *ibid.*,

"*Aphodill*"=asphodil, *i.e.*, a species of daffodil; l. 4, "*Agnus Caſtus*" = the chaste tree; *ibid.*, "*Acatia*" = acacia, an American Robinia — Rob. Pseudocacia; l. 5, "*Blacke Arke-Angell*"= the dead, deaf or blind nettle — colours white, red and yellow, not 'black' Lamium alb, purpur. L. and Galeobdolon Cr. — the name was also applied to the umbelliferous plant Angelica, archangelica L.; *ibid.*, "*Coloquintida*"— still well known = colocynth; l. 6, "*Sinkefoile*" = Cinquefoil = five-leaved grass, Potentilla, L.; *ibid.*, "*Boies Mercurie*" qu. — Child's or Childing Mercury, of which Parkinson gives a drawing and calls it Phyllum manficum and feminificum; l. 7, "*Gooſefoot*" — Chenopodium L. See l. 2, under "Good Harry"; *ibid.*, "*Goldſnap*"— qu. golden cudweed? or a form of 'gold-knappe' = gold or butter-cup = King or Gilt cup, ranunculus, L.; *ibid.*, "*Gratia Dei*"=Gratiola, Hedge Hyssop, Scutellaria minor, L.; st. 3, l. 1, "*Moſſe of the Sea*" = sea-moss, coraline; *ibid.*, "*Succorie*"— still so called = wild endive, Cichorium Intybus; l. 2, "*Weedwind*" = Withwind, convolvulus arvensis, L.; l. 3, "*Muskmealons*" — or 'musk-million,' a species of sweet melon in opposition to the water-melon; *ibid.*, "*Mouſtaile*" = little stone-crop = a species of the house-leek — said by Prior to be Myosurus minimus; *ibid.*, "*Mercurie*"=as before, st. 2, l. 7, but the French M. seems to be called the 'Mercury' Mercur. annua, L.; l. 4, "*Arkangell*" —as before, st. 2, l. 5; l. 5, "*Souldiers perrow*"—qu. soldiers' yarrow, millefoil, achillæa millefolium, L.? *ibid.*, "*Southerne-wood*" = Southern wormwood, Artemisia Abrotanum, L. — I found this covering acres on the gentler slopes of Sinai; l. 6, "*Stone hearts tongue*"— Abrotanum, L.; *ibid.*, "*Bleſſed thiſtle*"= sacred — the emblem of Scotland, *i.e.*, Carduus benedictus; *ibid.*, "*Sea Triſoly*" — can find none with epithet 'Sea'; l. 7, "*Ladies cuſhion*" = Thrift? Sea Gilliflower, Cushion Pink, Armeria Vulgaris, W.; *ibid.*, "*Spaines Pellitorie*"— called in Latin Pyrethrum, L., "by reason of his hot and fiery taste," Gerarde, *Anacyclus Pyrethrum*, De Candole; st. 4, l. 1, "*where as*" = whereat; l. 3, "*aches*" — disyllabic as in Shakespeare; l. 7. "*Agnus Caſtus*"—as before, st. 2, l. 4 — a fitting request by the '*Virgin*-queen.'

Page 91, st. 1, l. 4, "*that bends*" = the hot inflamed spirite 'that bends' to Luxury is 'allaid' by Agnus Castus; st. 2, l. 1, "*Burn me*' — this way of speaking, not uncommon in Shakespeare, was also not uncommon in the colloquial speech of the time and later, and even now is not; *ibid.*, "*ſtraw*" = strow; l. 2, "*Whereas*" = whereat, as before; l. 5, "*auaunt*" = begone — note again that as descriptive of Paphos Ile =

Ireland—all this is peculiarly appropriate; st. 3, l. 1, "*Clary or Cleare-eie*" = Oc. Christi, God's eye, Seebright, from M. Lat. sclarea, Salvia sclarea, L.; l. 2, "*Calues ſnout*" = Lion's Snap, Snap-dragon, Antiirrhinum Majus, L., but in old works given to ragged robin, Lychnis flos cuculi, L.; *ibid.*, "*Cukoe flowers*" = wilde water cresses, *cardamine* (Gerarde); *ibid.*, "*Cuckoes meate*" = C. Bread or Gowks Meat — blossoms at the season that the cuckoo is heard — Oxalis acetosella, L. Wood sorrell; l. 3, "*Calathian Violets*" = Autumn bells, Sing flower, Gentiana Pneumonanthe, L.; *ibid.*, "*Dewberrie*" = Rubus chamæmorus; l. 4, "*Leopards foote*" — can't find; l. 5, "*Indian Sunne*" — *ibid.*; l. 6, "*Valerian*" = capon's tail and ('improperly,' Parkinson) Setwal, Valeriana Officinalis, L.; *ibid.*, "*Withie wind*" = A.S. Wiδ, about, same as bindweed, Convolvulus arvensis, L., also 'Weedwind,' p. 90, st. 2; l. 7, *Woodbind*" — given by Parkinson as the honeysuckle: but it must have been also used for a different plant. Cf. *Mids. N. D.*, iv, 1. Prior says it may be the bitter sweet, Solanum Dulcamara; also he gives it to the Lonicera Periclymenum, L. The 'honey-suckle' was not ague-curing. It is simply impossible that Shakespeare meant that the honeysuckle enwreathed the honeysuckle and called it by two different names. There is, however, no reason why the 'withwind' or 'bind-weed' (*i.e.*, convolvulus) should not have been called in Warwickshire or elsewhere the woodbine, the derivation being not a 'bine' found in woods, but a 'bine' that clings to a tree or other shrub; st. 4, l. 1, "*Coliander*" = Coriander C. Sativum, L; l. 2, "*Galingal*" = aromatic root of the rush *cyperus longus*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Goldcups*" = meadow ranunculus = butter cups; *ibid.*, "*Bupreſtis*" — Buprestis Theophrasti referred by Parkinson to the hares-eares, genus Bupleurum, L.; l. 3, "*ſmall honeſties*" = Pinckes (pinks) in Parkinson; *ibid.*, "*Eye-bright*" = Ocul. Christi, *q.v.*; *ibid.*, "*Coculus Panter*" — can find nothing but Coculus Indus or Indi; l. 4, "*Double tongue*" = the plant horse-tongue; *ibid.*, "*Moly*" = Homer's plant—called by Parkinson Hungarian or Saracen's Garlic; *ibid.*, "*Anthillis*" = sea chickweed and sea ground pine according to Parkinson; but it seems to be a name of Dioscorides, on which no definite conclusion could be come to: p. 281 and at p. 569, he speaks of the ground pine as called by some Anthyllis; l. 5, "*Clauer*" = clover, also called Mellilot; *ibid.*, "*Æthiopis*" = an Æthiopian plant which Parkinson first classed among the Mulleins (the Verbascas, L.) but afterwards put with the Clarys (the Salvias, L.); l. 6, "*Floramore*" = fleur d' amour, Fr., from a mistaken etymology of

Amaranthus, Am. tricolor, L.; *ibid.*, "*Euphorbium*" = see on st. 3, l. 1; *ibid.*, "*Eſula*" = some of the Tithimailes or Spurges (Euphorbia) (Parkinson, *s.v.*); l. 7, "*Caſſia fiſtula*" = an Indian plant producing a pulp still used medicinally. It has preserved its name to this day.

Page 92, st. 1, "*By the way*" — note this now familiar phrase; l. 2, "*Moly*" — as before; l. 5, "*loden*" = ladened; st. 3, l. 1, "*Mug-wort*" — said by Prior to be a form of Mothwort, also called Mothenwort Artemisia Vulgaris, L.; *ibid.*, "*Sena*" = senna, the well known drug; *ibid.*, "*Tithimailes*" = "Herbe à laict, Spurge, Tithimal, Milkweed (Milkwort, Parkinson), Wolves Milk." Cotgrave; l. 2, "*Oke of Ieruſalem*" = (leaf supposed to resemble oak leaf) — Oak of Cappadocia Chenopodium Ambrosioides, L.; *ibid.*, "*Lyryconfaucie or Liriconfancy*" = corruption of lilium convallium, or lily of the valley, Convallaria majalis, L.; l. 3, "*Larkes ſpurre*"—so known at present, L. heel — toe or claw, Knights spurs Delphinium, L.; *ibid.*, "*Larkes claw*" — I find no such word, but Prior gives it as a synonym for Lark's spur, and Chester is no authority; l. 4, "*Garden Nigella*" = a Fennel flower, Nigella damascena, L.; *ibid.*, "*Mill*" — I can't find; *ibid.*, "*Pionie*" = peony; l. 5, "*Sentorie*" — centaury; l. 6, "*Sowbread*" — its tuber eaten by swine, Cyclamen europœum, L.; *ibid.*, "*Goates oregan*," or goat's organy, or goat's marjoram; l. 7, "*Pelemeum*" — I can't find; *ibid.*, "*Oſmond the Waterman*" = Osmund Fern, Os. royal, St. Christopher's Herb = Osmunda regalis, L.; st. 4, l. 1 — punctuate , after "*Mugwort*" — see before, p. 92, st. 3, l. 1.

" 93, st. 2, l. 3, "*Melampus*," l. 4, "*Proetus*" — see Myth. Dict., *s.v.*, the first mortal endued with prophetic powers and medical skill undertook to cure Proetus' daughters, king of Argos, and got two-thirds of kingdom and married one daughter (one account); st. 3, l. 1, "*Centrie*" — see p. 92, st. 1, l. 5; l. 6, "*aches*"— disyllabic, as before noted.

" 94, st. 1, l. 7, "*hath*" — another of the author's curious change of tenses; st. 2, l. 1, "*Oſmond balepate*" — I know not unless is = Osm. the Waterman, that being "singular for wounds, bruises and the like"—see p. 92, st. 3, l. 7; *ibid.*, "*Plebane*" — I can't find — might be error for Fleabane = Inula Pulicaria, L.; *ibid.*, "*Oculus Chriſti*" = Wild clary, God's eye, See-bright, Salvia Sclarea, L.; l. 2, "*Salomons ſeale*" = Solomon's, *i.e.*, Ladder to heaven, Convallaria Polygonatum, L., root stock cut across, being marked like two triangles reversed; *ibid.*, "*Sampire*" = samphire—every one knows Shakespeare's reference to it — "one that gathers *samphire*" (*Lear*, act iv, sc. 6); *Fr.* St.

Pierre, and so Sampire from its growing on sea cliffs; l. 3' "*Sage of Ieruſalem*" = cowslips of Jerusalem, Lingwort, Bugloss cowslip, spotted Comfrey, Pulmonaria officinalis, L.; l. 4, "*Great Piloſella*" = Mouseear, Hieracium Pilosella, L.; *ibid.*, "*Sengreene*" — see note under 'Water Sengreene,' p. 96, st. 4, l. 2; *ibid.*, "*Alexander*" = horse-parsley, Smyrnium Olus atrum, L.; l. 5, "*Knights Milfoile*" — qu., the hooded Milfoil, Bladder-wort, Utricularia vulgaris, L.; *ibid.*, "*Maſticke*" = Masticke, gum from Pistacia Lentiscus, from Scio; *ibid.*, "*Stocke gillofer*" = Our present 'stock,' Matthiola incana, L.; l. 6, "*herbe twopence*" = moneywort from its pairs of round leaves, Lysimachia Nummularia, L.; *ibid.*, "*Hermodactill*" = roots sold as medicine in Parkinson's time, but the plant unknown — '*Redflower Pimpernell*' Anagallis arvensis, L.; st. 4, l. 1, "*imperious*" — punctuate with , after; l. 2, "*crie diſdaining* = crie-disdaining; l. 6, "*lower*" = lowered; l. 7, "*neare*" = ne'er.

Page 95, st. 1, l. 6, "*Hard hearted*" = hard-hearted; st. 2, l. 2, "*morne excelling*" = morne-excelling; st. 1-2 — profoundly suggestive of the radiant, impulsive, passionate Essex. See our Introduction; st. 3, l. 5, "*refine*" —odd yet noticeable use of 'refine'; st. 4, l. 1, "*Carrets*" — see p. 96, st. 1; *ibid.*, "*Cheruile*" = Chærophyllum sylvestre, L., χαιρεφυλλον, χαιρω, I rejoice, φυλλον, leaf; *ibid.*, l. 2, "*Red Patiens*" = Patience or Monks rhubarb, dock, Rumex Patientia, L.; "*Purſlane*" — see p. 96, st. 3; *ibid.*, "*Gingidium*" -- Parkinson calls it strange chevrill, and says that all the varieties come from Syria, except one from Spain; l. 3, "*Oxe eie*" = the great daisy, from Lat. buphthalmus, Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum, L.; "*Penygraſſes*" — The sheep-killing p-g. is = penny-rot, the white-rot — marsh pennywort, Hydrocotyle vulgaris, L. Cotgrave gives, "Herbe qui tue les brebis, Moneywort, herb two-penny, two-penny grass," and Parkinson the same; but these names seem to have been given rather confusedly to Hydrocotyle vulg., Pinguicula vulg., and Lysimachia Nummularia, L.; l. 4, "*Cuckoe pintell*" = *arum maculatum*, L. See wake-robin, p. 96; *ibid.*, "*Ladies ſeale*" = Sigill. S. Mariæ = *Bryonia nigra*. Prior, following some of our old herbalists, says that it and Solomon's seal are the same, *i.e.*, Convallaria Polygonatum, L.; but Parkinson differs and makes the S. S. Mariæ, black bryony, Tamus communis, L; *ibid.*, "*Saga pinum*" = Sagapenum, a gum like Galbanum from Media; l. 5, "*Theophraſtus violet*" = (old names) white violet or wallflower; *ibid.*, "*Vincetoxicum*" — Parkinson calls it *Gentianella minor verna*; l. 6, "*Saint Peters wort*" = cowslip, from resembling a bunch of keys, Primula veris, L.; *ibid.*,

"*Venus haire*"=Maiden hair fern, Adiantum, L.; l. 6, "*Squilla*" = squills. I saw huge shrub-like plants of it in Palestine.

Page 96, st. 1, l. 6, "*Sad dreaming*" = Sad-dreaming; l. 7, "*honie working*"= honie-working; l. 5, "*But*" — They would sell, &c., rather than not view or experience thy sweete, &c.; st. 2, l. 2, "*rauiſhed*" = ravished infernal Pluto; st. 3, l. 1, "*Purſlane*" — *Portulaca oleracea*, L., as before, p. 95, st. 3, l. 2; st. 4, l. 1, "*Rocket*" — corruption of diminutive of eruca, Eruca sativa Lam.; *ibid.*, "*Iack by the hedge*" = more properly 'Jakes,' from its offensive garlicky smell, Sauce alone, Alliaria officinalis, L.; *ibid.* "*Loue in idleneſſe*"= [small] pansy: Viola Tricolor, L.; l. 2, "*Knights water Sengreene*" — Sengreene is the houseleek, sin (Sax.) ever, also aigreen, Jupiter's eye, Bullock's eye, Jupiter's beard, Sempervivum Tectorum, L. Parkinson speaks of an Egyptian water plant looking like a houseleek which was called Stratiotes, and this or the Stratiotes Aizoides he calls in his Index Water Sengreen; l. 3, "*Paris Nauews*" — query, Herb Paris or Truelove, its four leaves resembling a truelove knot — but 'Navews' are rapes, turnips, and sometimes it would seem radishes; *ibid.*, "*Torneſol*" = (sun-flower?) Wartwort, Euphorbia helioscopia, L.; l. 4, "*Starre thiſle*"—so called from its spiny involucre, Centaurea Solstitialis, L.; l. 5, "*Seia*" — I can't find this; l. 6, "*Wake-robbins*" = Cuckoo-Pint, Wake-Pintle, Arum maculatum, L., one among several repetitions, shewing that Chester repeated without knowledge: cf. 'Cuckoe Pintle,' p. 95, st. 1, l. 4, *et alibi*; *ibid.*, "*Hartichocke*" = artichoke.

,, 97, st. 1, l. 1, "*Hyacinthus.*" See *Apollod.*, i, 3, § 3, for the ancient myth. l. 5, "*ſprinckled*"—a trisyllable here; l. 7, "*red white mingled*" = red-white mingled, or red-white-mingled; *ib.*, "*Gilli-flower*" = carnation. But Shakespeare distinguished between the carnation and gilliflower, *e.g.*

> "The fairest flowers of the season,
> Are our Carnations and streaked Gillyflowers"
>
> *Winter's Tale*, iv, 3.

which is kindred with Spenser's distinction between 'Carnations' ('Coronations' as he rightly spells — from coronæ = garlands) and Sops-in-wine, which, nevertheless, are only two of the numerous names of this one beautiful plant. I met with it wild on the plain of Esdraelon, at the foot of the mountains of Gilboa in Palestine — white, streaked with pale red. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act. ii, sc. 2, for an exquisite descriptive *bit*. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson — to whom, as throughout, I am extremely indebted for most painstaking researches on

Chester's flowers, &c.— thus writes me hereon: "The carnation and gilliflower seem to have been different species (or at least varieties) of the same genus. Parkinson (Paradisus Ter., p. 314) says, 'Most of our later writers call them by one generall name, *Caryophyllum sativum* and *flos Caryophylleus*, adding thereunto *maximus*, when wee mean carnations, and *maior* when we would express gilloflowers, which name is taken from cloves, in that the sent of the ordinary red gilloflower (*quasi* July flower) especially doth resemble them.' I give this to clear up the difficulty that has always existed as to Shakespeare's and Spenser's lines. Even now I find a distinction made between carnations and pinks and gilloflowers, and I am much inclined from this to believe in the derivation from *carnis* and not from *coronæ* — the 'popular carnation' being, as I understand it, of a red colour with the barest mingling of a reddish white." St. 2 — this and other contextual stanzas are to be read between the lines. 'Nature' is pleading with the 'Phœnix' (Elizabeth) for the 'Turtle dove' (Essex). St. 3, l. 2, "*ſiluer coloured Lillie*" = silver-coloured. Cf. p. 21, heading of 'A Prayer'—'a *silver coloured* Dove'; l. 6, "Αἰ αἰ" = the exclamation of woe by Apollo for the mortally wounded Hyacinthus or the letter Υ of Ὑάκινθος; st. 4, l. 1, "*ſhift*" = trick; l. 4, "*Treauants*" = truants; l. 5, "*deepe reade*" = deepe-reade.

Page 98, st. 1, l. 1, "*Rocket*" —see on p. 96, st. 4, l. 1; l. 2, "*in your Maiſters brow*" = frowns indicative of displeasure? l. 7, "*That what is ſeene without comes not within*," *i.e.*, I suppose, the 'wheals' are there but no 'blood' drawn or pain caused; st. 2, l. 4, "*Artichocks*"— see p. 96, st. 4, l. 6; *ib.*, '*who*'— note this for which; l. 5, "*Sod*" = sodden or steeped; st. 3, ll. 1 & 3, put hyphen in 'Sommer-time and Winter-time'; st. 4, l. 1, "*Sow-bread*'— see p. 99, sts. 1–3, and note p. 92, st. 3, l. 6— Cyclamen Europœum, L.; *ib.*, "*Stanwort*"— qu. stonecrop? or as we have had stonecrop, qu. error for Stab-wort, Oxalis acet., L., or Star-wort, Aster Tripolium, L.? *ib.* "*Starre of Hieruſalem*"— qu. Star of Bethlehem? Prior makes the Star of Bethlehem to be Ornithogaldum umbellatum, L., and the Star of Jerusalem or girasole, Tragopogon porrifolium; but Parkinson in his Index makes them the same, and gives as synonyms Goats-beard, Go-to-bed-at-noon, Joseph's flower, also a Tragopogon (pratense), L.; l. 2, "*Veruine*" = vervain or vervine — anciently used in sacred rites and ceremonies — also called holy herb, pigeon's grass, Juno's tears, &c., Verbena officinalis, L.; *ib.*, "*Tanſie*"— a yellow ill-savoured wild plant, still so-named — Tanacetum vulgare; Fr., tanaise —

'tansy' from Athanasia Gr. from a misinterpretation of Lucian (*Dial. of Gods*, iv); l. 3, "*Go to bed at noone*"—see 'Starre Hierusalem,' l. 1; *ib.*, "*Titimalem*"—see note on p. 92, st. 2, l. 1; l. 4, "*Hundred headed thiſtle*"—I imagine the reference is to the abundant 'thistle-down' that bears the seed in a 'hundred' directions; *ib.*, "*Iuie*"—see p. 98, st. 4. Shakespeare says—

> "The female Ivy so
> Enrings the barky fingers of the elm."
>
> *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act. iv, sc. 1.

One rarely or never sees it round the (traditional) 'vine.' Pliny tells us (*s.v.*) that the yellow berries of ivy drunk secure one from drunkenness, and Cato and Varro that there is such antipathy between the ivy and wine that if wine and water be put into an ivy cup, the water remains but the wine soaks through. Hence the appropriation of both to Bacchus might have arisen from the ivy being thought a preservative from all but the good effects of the grape. Milton sings of "the ivy never sear." l. 5, "*Storks bill*"—an herb still so named; *ib.*, "*Stonecrop*"=the *Sedum acre* of Linnæus; *ib.*, "*Canary*"=canary-seed—so known still; l. 6, "*Dwarfe gentian*"—see p. 100, st. 3; *ib.*, "*Snakeweed*"=adder's wort or bistort, Polygonum Bistorta; *ib.*, "*Sauory.*" This plant gets its name from the Latin *Satureia* through the Italian *Savoreggia*. *Winter's Tale*, act. iv, sc. 3 (Ellacombe). l. 8, "*Bell rags*"=a kind of water-cress? *ib.*, "*prickly Boxe*"=either our buck-thorn rhamnus catharticus, L., "the buck being a misrendering of Germ. buxdorn =box-thorn πυξακανθα" Prior; or another plant called by Parkinson box-thorn (p. 1009) Lycium sive Pyxacantha, he having spoken of buck-thorn in the previous chapter; *ib.*, "*Raſpis of Couentry*"—the 'raspberry.' Gerarde describes it by the name of 'Rubus idæus, the *raspis* bush, or hind-berry. He has this notice of it:—"The *raspis* is planted in gardens: it groweth not wilde that I know of, except in a field by a village in Lancashire, called Harwood, not far from Blackburn" (p. 1273). As resident in Blackburn I may state that the 'raspberry' abounds in the woods all around us. See Nares's *s.v.* for a full note.

Page 99, st. 1, l. 5, "*Vnleſſe too much,*" &c., *i.e.*, unless they wish abortion or miscarriage; st. 2, l. 5, "*When Mother Lullabie with ioy ſhould ſing*" = Mother sing *Lullabie* with ioy; l. 6, "*Yet wanton ſcaping Maides,*" &c. Cf. st. 1, l. 5, and relative note; also the next stanza here. St. 4, l. 4, "*the maiden Ciſſus*" = κισσος ivy. There seems at p. 100, st. 1, ll. 1–5, a reminiscence of the story of Ariadne and Dionysus.

Page 100, st. 1, l. 3, "*inſnared*" = drawn thither; but by stress of rhyme, and so too in l. 5. St. 3, l. 2, "*hot ſhining*" = hot-shining; l. 5, "*not ſhunne*" = not [otherwise]; st. 4, l. 1, "*Carduus benedictus . . . . . Bleſſed thiſtle.* So Shakespeare—

Margaret. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a Thistle.

Beatrice. Benedictus! Why Benedictus? You have some moral in this Benedictus.

Margaret. Moral! No by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant plain Holy Thistle."

(*Much Ado About Nothing*, ac. iii, sc. 4.)

The 'Holy Thistle' or 'Blessed Thistle' was long held to be a heal-all. See Steevens' Shakespeare *in loco*; l. 2, "*Neſwort*," see p. 101, st. 1 — Parkinson calls it White Hellebore. Prior, under sneeze-wort, says = Achillæa Ptarmica; *ibid.*, "*Peniroyall*"— (so called still) Latin puleium regium and L. Mentha pulegium — supposed to destroy fleas — also called pudding grass, because used in 'stuffings'; *ibid.*, "*Aſtrolochia*"— cannot find anywhere; l. 3, "*Yellow Wolfs-bane*" = aconite — usually blue, but one kind has pale yellow flowers; *ibid.*, "*Bramble.*" See a most interesting note on this familiar plant (or shrub) in Ellacombe's *Plant-Lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare* (1878), *s.v.* l. 4, "*Our Ladies Bedſtraw*" = the plant *Galium*; *ib.*, "*Brookelime*" = water-pimpernell, Vormica Beccabringa, L.; *ibid.*, "*Lunaria*"— see p. 101, st. 4; l. 5, "*Cinque foile*" = five-leaved grass, but Prior makes them different — Typha latifolia and Phleum pratense L.; *ib.*, "*Cats taile*" = the plant horse-tail? Potentilla, L.; *ib.*, "*Creſſe Sciatica*"—so-called (I suppose) as good for alleviating sciatic and rheumatic pains—a kind of candytuft, Ihoris amara, L; l. 6, "*Hollihockes*" = holly-hock — still well-known and admired; *ib.*, "*Mouſeare*" = Latin, myosotis, Hieracium Pilosella, L. — appearance of chickweed, but the flower larger and the fruit ox-horn shape, open at the top and full of small round seeds. There is a mouse ear chickweed and a mouse ear scorpion grass, but they are both different. Holland's Pliny, however, gives as a synonym for mouse ear (Myosotis) chickweed. Prior gives mouse ear chickweed, stellaria media; *ib.*, "*Pety Morrell*" = garden night-shade, *i.e.*, *solanum nigra*; l. 7, "*Sage*"— see p. 101, sts. 2–3; *ib.*, "*Scorpiades*" = scorpion-grass or caterpillers, though the word ought to be Scorpioides. It is the mouse ear scorpion grass, now called forget-me-not — Myosotis palustus, L., from its spike, says Prior, resembling a scorpion's

tail, it was supposed by the doctrine of signatures to be good against a scorpion's bite; *ib.*, "*garden ſorrell*" — the wild 'wood' sorell cultivated — a sallet.

Page 101, st. 1, l. 3, "*ſod*" = sodden or steeped. Cf. p. 98, st. 2, l. 5; st. 2, l. 3, "*Ætius*" = probably Aetius of Amida, a physician and writer on medicine? He refers to Egyptian medicine in his B 'Ιατρικὰ ἑκκαίδεκα; st. 4, l. 4, "*horſlocke*" = a horse's fetter to prevent anything but a gentle pace and straying — qu. — get twisted among the leaves and stems and so un-locked?

,, 102, st. 1, l. 1, "*Standergras*" — having double tubers, it was thought on the doctrine of signatures to have aphrodisiac powers, Prior, Orchis mascula, L. This and '*Hares ballockes*' and '*great Orchis*' are different names for one plant, as shown by description and name, and by the text 'provoketh' and 'procureth,' l. 2, and 'It,' ll. 3 and 5, *et seq.*; ll. 6-7 = only to be used fresh or newly pulled; st. 3, l. 1, "*Roſemarie*" — See Ellacombe, as before, for a full note on this once wonderfully popular plant; *ib.*, "*iuſtifie*" = uphold or state or make just; l. 6, "*Conſerues . . . . . reſtores*" — plural nominative to verb singular; st. 4, l. 1, "*Dwale or Nightſhade*" — the latter explains the former name. The 'Dwale-Bluth' of young Oliver Madox-Brown has revived the older name unforgetably; l. 4, "*coile*" = disturbance, tumult; l. 6, "*Almaine*" = Germany; l. 7, "*nought*" = naught, naughty, bad.

As this ends our Author's rapid naming and description of plants and flowers, I must semi-apologize for my attempt to give each its scientific name. I have ventured to do so (through Dr. Nicholson's ready aid) *first* from the tendency people then had to give the same name to different flowers, *second* that the then Botanists placed different species of different genera under under one generic name. I would now introduce here a hitherto unprinted poem from a *MS.* in the Chetham Library, Manchester, wherein the most popular flowers are daintily introduced, as follows:

MUSA AMATORIA.

1. In ſunny ſumers heatinge
Cloſſe in an arbour ſittinge
Under a mirtle ſhade;
For my kinde loue the faireſt
W^th^ flowers of the rareſt,
A Poſie thus I made.

2. The firſt of maidens fancie
W^th^ purple coloured panſy,
The goold that ſhutt at night;

And then I platt a maidens bluſh,
A Tulupp and Narciſſus,
W^th^ Campions red and white.

3. The violett and the Eglantine,
W^th^ Cowſlips ſweet and ſops in wine,
Sweete marjoram and ox eye;
The flowers of muſke millions,
Come blowe me downe, ſweet Williams,
Wall-flowers and ſavorye.

4. The cheifeſt flowers for poſes,
Are pinks, gilliflowers and roſes;
I pluckt them in their prime.
The Larkheele and the Lillie,
The fragrant Daffa-dillie,
W^th^ Lauender and tyme.

5. The cheifeſt flowers for taſtinge,
The flower euerlaſtinge
I puld it from the baye;
The blew and coloured collobine,
The Daſie and the woodbine,
And next, the flower of Maye.

6. Theſe flowers beinge culled
And from their branches pulled
They yield a fragrant ſent;
And I obſerud their places
And had them in bride-Laces,
And to my Loue I went.

7. Where I perceiud her ſportinge
With other maides reſortinge,
Nigh by a riuer ſtode;
When ſhe had well peruſed
My poſie not refuſed
Upon her arme ſhe tyed.

8. With modeſt kind behauior
She thankes me for my fauor,
And weares it for my ſake;
And with ten thouſand kiſſes
The reſt remayne in wiſhes
Her Loveinge leaue ſhe takes. Finis.
(8010 Chetham Library, 8055 Farmer's Catal.)

Page 103, st. 1, l. 1, "*Oke of Ieruſalem*" or *of Cappadocia*, Chenopodium Ambrosioides, L. — leaf supposed to resemble that of the oak;

St. 2, l. 2, "*Times increaſe.*" So Shakespeare 'earth's increase' (*Tempest*, act. iv, sc. 1 (Song) and 2 *Henry VI*, act iii, sc. 2) and 'womb's increase' (*Coriol*, act i, sc. 1); l. 5, "*their*"= there, as *frequenter* contemporaneously; l. 6, "*ſweete ſpread*"= ſweete-ſpread; st. 3, l. 6, "*nominate*"=name, *r.g.*; st. 4, l. 3, "*loftie bearing*"= loftie-bearing; l. 5, "*Chriſts-thorne*"= Spina Christi—I found it in enormous growth near Jericho; l. 6, "*Tamariſke*"—tamaris, Fr. and Sp.: tamarisco, It.: tamariscus, Latin—wood and fruit medicinal; st. 5, l. 1, "*moſt chaſt tree, that Chaſtneſſe doth betoken*"—no opportunity is 'let slip' of pleasing the '*Virgin*-queen,' as she rejoiced to be called, by such references; l. 2, "*Hollyholme*"= a holm holly; l. 3, "*Corke*"—Gerarde and Parkinson describe this tree, though it was not planted in England until the latter part of the seventeenth century; *ib.*, "*Gooſeberrie.*" It may be noted that Dr. Prior has shewn that this word is a corruption of 'Cross-berry,' and so has nothing to do with the 'goose'; l. 3 (page 104) "*ſhooken*"= shaken, *r.g.*; l. 4, "Philbert"= filbert; *ib.*, "*Barberie*" or Berberry = the pipperidge-bush—a prickly shrub, bearing a long red tart 'berry'; l. 5, "*Maſticke*"—lentisk tree—I saw it plentiful in Cyprus and Scio = gum from it.

Page 104, st. 1, l. 1, "*Iudas tree*"—resembles the apricot—grows in hedges of Italy and Spain, but in England it was the *elder* of Shakespeare; st. 2, l. 1, "*Aſh-tree.*" See Ellacombe, as before, *s.v.*; *ib.*, "*Maple*"—a fine naturalized English tree, with odd-shaped winged seeds that when I was a boy used to be called 'cocks and hens'; *ib.*, "*Sycamore*"—Acer pseudoplatanus, L., of the maple genus; l. 2, "*Pomegranate*"= the kernelled apple (*pomum granatum*)—delicious in Palestine as I proved at Shunem, &c.; *ib.*, "*Apricockes.*" See Ellacombe, as before, for a full note (*s.v.*) hereon; *ib.*, "*Iunipere*"—Latin, *juniperus*—the well known tree or shrub. It grows very large in the Sinaitic peninsula; l. 3, "*Turpentine*"—resinous clear gum from the pine, juniper, &c.; *ib.*, "*deplore*"= weep or pour out; *ib.*, "*Peare-tree*"—poire, French: pyrum, Latin—innumerable varieties; *ib.*, "*Medlar*"—*mespilum*, Latin—like the laurel; l. 5, "*Orenge.*" See Ellacombe for a matterful note, *s.v.*; *ib.*, "*Lemmon*"; *Ibid.*, l. 6, "*Nutmeg*"—see Gerarde, *s.v.*, but it was not introduced into England for two centuries later; *ib.*, "*Plum-tree.*" See Ellacombe, as before, *s.v.*; st. 3, l. 1, "*Mirtle*"—"Holy Writ," and the classical myths have immortalized it. See Ellacombe, as before, *s.v.*; l. 2, "*gods*"—misprint for '*goddess*'; l. 3, "*Merſin.*" Is this mythological story of Mersin a classical one? Or is it coined by Chester? I do not remember it, nor can I find it. Moreover, the 'myrtle' was

sacred to Aphrodite or Venus (Murcia or Murtea), and not to Athené or Pallas. I incline also to think it Chester's because he has made rather a mess of the name, μυρσινη being a myrtle branch, and μυρτος the myrtle tree" (Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, to me). l. 4, the colon (:) certainly ought to have been deleted here; st. 4, l. 3, "*gouernement*" = of set rule.

Page 105, st. 1, l. 1, "*fore paſſed*"= fore-passed; l. 5, "*vanquiſher*," *i.e.*, the vanquished — a probable misprint; st. 3, l. 1, "*greene remaining*"= greene-remaining; *ib.*, "*Bay.*" See Ellacombe, as before, for a full note, *s.v.*; ll. 5–6. See note on p. 97, st. 2; st. 5 (p. 106), l. 3, "*to his hearts delight*" = for the delight of his own heart.

„ 106, st. 1, l. 1, "*opinion*"= good repute in knowledge; ll. 5–6 = Apollo as god of the sun. Cf. the preceding context; st. 2, l. 1, "*Moſe-tree*"— see on ll. 5–6; l. 4, "*Herboriſts*" = "one skilled in herbs" (Ash., *s.v.*) It occurs in its more correct form of Herbarist in Philemon Holland's *Pliny*, either in this sense, or as one who gathers herbs for medical purposes. ll. 5–6, unintelligible to the editor. It can't possibly mean that near or in Niniveh or the 'Aleph' (= first or foremost — as being the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet) citie some merchant-ship trading from 'Venetia' found this 'Moſe-tree' there. The next stanza only deepens the obscurity; st. 4, l. 4, "*Tellus glorie*"—Tellus' glorie; l. 5 (p. 107), put hyphen in "*white siluer'd*" and "*rich reſembling.*"

„ 107, st. 3, l. 1, "*Prawne*"— a small crustaceous fish, like a shrimp, but larger; *ib.*, "*Pickerell*"= young pike; l. 3, "*Puffin*"= a kind of sea water-fowl then called 'feathered fish' (Rider, *s.v.*, 1640); *ib.*, "*Sole*" — the well-known flat marine fish, of the genus Pleuronectes, P. solea of Linnæus — so called probably from its keeping on or near the bottom ('sole') of the sea; *ib.*, "*Sommer louing*"= Sommer-louing; st. 4, l. 3, "*brimme*"= edge.

„ 108, st. 1, l. 1, "*Ray*"— a genus of cartilaginous plagiostomous fishes, *e.g.*, sting ray, spotted torpedo, thornback, skate, &c.; *ib.*, "*Sea-calfe*" — the common seal, a species of phoca — phoca vitulina of Linnæus; *ib.*, "*Porpoiſe*"— from porco, a hog and pesce — a fish (Italian), hence called hog-fish and sea-hog — in zoology cetaceous mammals of the genus Delphinus of Linnæus; l. 3, "*Sea-horſe*"— the morse, a species of Trichechus or walrus, the T. rosmarus; *ib.*, "*Sea-hound.*" Cotgrave gives, 'Hound fish'= Fr., sorrat, Ash, 'name of a fish.' Rider gives, 'Hound fish'= Galerus; and under 'Galerum,' a Dogge-fish, also a Sea-Calfe. *Ib.*, "*Plaice*"= flat fish of the 'sole' species; l. 4, "*Spitchcoke*"— was not as now, an eel broiled, &c., but 'a great

eel,' *Anguilla decumana* (Rider, and so Kersey)—possibly the conger. So 'stocke-fish' was not a salted fish as now, but was used as the name of the live fish (Rider). *Ib.*, "*Pilcher*"=pilchard; l. 6, "*Aches*"—disyllabic as ususal; st. 2, l. 1, "*Spitfiſh*"=sea-pike. Cf. for further description Cotgrave, *s.v.*, Spet. *Ib.*, "*Spurling*"=sparling or sperling? l. 2, "*Thornebacke*"—a kind of 'ray,' as before; l, 3, "*Twine*"—Rider has "A fish called a *twin* before it be a year old. Pelamys—and pelamys is a thunny or tunny. *Ib.*, "*Scallop*"—a fish in hollow and pectinated shell; l. 4, "*pretie Wrincle*"=a welke; st. 3, l. 1, "*Cuttle*"=cuttle-fish; *ib.*, "*Stocke-fiſh*"—already named *supra* (st. 1, l. 4); l. 4, "*Ruffe*"—a small fish, a species of Perca, *Perch*, *cernua*, native of England; *ib.*, "*Piper*"=pipe-fish—or Horn-back, or Horn or Gorn-fish—of the genus *Syngnathus*, so called from the length and slenderness of its body, which in its thickest part is only equal to a swan's quill; l. 5, "*Barbell*"—of the genus Cyprinus, of the order of Abdominals; st. 4, l. 5, "*ſtubborne necked*"=stubborne-necked; st. 5, l. 3—remove comma (,) certainly after "*vnſeene.*"

Page 109, st. 1, l. 1, "*Amatiſt*"=amethyst—see p. 110, st. 2; *ib.*, "*Abeſtone*'=asbestos? but see *infra*; l. 2, "*Turches*"=turquoise; l. 3, "*Adamant*"—see p. 109, st. 4; l. 3, "*Dioniſe*"=Dionisias—Batman (xvi, 35) calls it Dionyso, a stone, black or brown, having red spots. See Batman, as *supra*, and Isidore for more on it. *Ib.*, "*Calcedon*"=calcedony; l. 4, "*Elutropia*"—qu. heliatrope? l. 5, "*Aſterites*"—a gem shining within like a star, mentioned by Isidore; l. 6, "*Argirites*"—a silver-like gem mentioned also by Isidore; l. 4, "*Berill*"—see p. 110, st. 5; l. 5, "*Saphire*"—see p. 114, st. 2–3; l. 6, "*Iacinth*"—see p. 113, st. 2; st. 2, l. 1, "*Smaragd*"—see p. 114, st. 4; *ib.*, "*Alablaſter*"—so spelled contemporaneously, and onward. So too the Poet—Spenser's friend—had his name spelled; *ib.*, "*Cruſopaſſe*"=chrysoprase; l. 3, "*ſparkling Diamond*"—see p. 111, st. 2–3. The most exquisite thing I ever have met with on the diamond was in a most unlikely place, viz., in James Arbuckle's poem of "Snuff." He describes the tapered, pink-nailed finger of Beauty, whereon "The diamond *spills* its drop of light." l. 4, "*Margarite*"=pearl; *ib.*, "*bright-ey'd Chryſtall.*" This recalls Sir John Davies' splendid description of the sea, looking up with his 'great crystal eye' to the moon; l. 5, "*Ligurius*"=a species of carbuncle or the lynx stone, or jacinth, or amber; *ib.*, "*Onix*"=onyx; *ib.*, "*Gagates*"—see p. 112, st. 4—Minsheu and Cotgrave give it=agate, but Rider and Lovell as 'jeat' or agath stone, and so Pliny, xxxvi,

19; l. 6, "*Abſiſtos*"— Batman gives Abeston for Asbestus, but Absciso from Isidore as a precious stone, "black heavie and ſtreaked with redde veines," &c.; *ib.*, "*Amatites*"— see p. 110, st. 4; *ib.*, "*Achates*"— see p. 110, st. 3; st. 3, l. 5, "*Lipparia*"= Liparium or rock alum; l. 6, "*Enidros*"— see p. 112, st. 3. This gem, enhydros = ἔννδρος, is now unknown. Pliny 37, 11, 73; Solin. 37, 67; st. 4, l. 1, "*Adamant*"= lode-stone.

Page 110, st. 1, l. 1, "*liuely*" = living. Cf. "lively oracles" (Acts vii, 38), "lively hope" (1 Peter i, 3), "lively stones" (1 Peter ii, 5); st. 2, l. 1, "*purple coloured*"=purple-coloured; *ib.*, "*Amatiſt*" = amethyst — see p. 109, st. 1, l. 1; st. 4, l. 5, "*fiers light*" = in the fire, *r.g.*

,, 111, st. 1, l. 5, "*the houſe*" = life; st. 2–3. Cf. note p. 109, st. 2, l. 3, and note the feminine there as here; st. 4, l. 6, "*whereas*"= whereat.

,, 112, st. 1, l. 1, "*Achites*"— qu. = cf. description p. 112, st. 1, l. 1, and p. 110, st. 3, l. 1. Minsheu gives as = Gagates; but Lovell, making Gagates or Agath one of the sulphurs = a black stony earth full of bitumen, gives Achates among the stones or jewels most precious, as like the jasper. Doubtless Chester meant the 'agate.' l. 6, "*reſt*" = ease from pain; st. 2, l. 4, "*her humours is releaſing*" — *sic*, and so another example of verb singular following a nominative plural; l. 6, "*forſake his meate*"= lose his appetite; st. 3, l. 1, "*Enidros*"— see p. 109, st. 3, l. 6; after st. 3, "*Perpetui,*" &c., from Marbodæi Carmen de Gen. §47: Franzias, Lips. 1791 — Chester slightly different; st. 4, l. 1, "*Gagates*"— see p. 109, st. 2, l. 5; l. 2, "*whereas*" = whereat, as before; st. 5 (p. 113), l. 3, "*ſome men neuer thinke*"= will not believe.

,, 113, st. 1, l. 1, "*Iacinth.*" Cf. Batman upon Barthol., B xvi, c. 57. Our Poet has drawn on one or other; l. 3, "*cle*" — the original's misprint for 'clere' or 'cleare' through length of the line; l. 6, "*the m*"—not misprint for 'them' but for 'to the m[inde]' — as revealed by the rhyme and scansion; st. 4, l. 1, "*Meade ſtone*"— see Batman upon Barthol. B xvi, c 67 Medo — whence this is fetched; l. 4, "*Mingled,*" &c., *i.e.*, mingled with the milk of a woman having a male infant (not a female one).

,, 114, st. 1, l. 1, "*Orites*" — see Batman, as before, B. xvi, c. 74; st. 2, l. 1, "*Skie colour'd*" = Skie-colour'd; *ib.*, "*Saphire*" — see Batman, as before, B xvi, c 87; l. 2, "*iudging*" = judicial, well-judging; st. 3, ll. 5–6. Whence this 'consecration' of the sapphire to Apollo? Batman, lxvi, c. 87, gives the story of the spider and says he has oft seen it proved. St. 4, l. 1, read — 'fresh-greene-colour'd' or 'fresh grene-colour'd'; *ib.*, "*Smaragd*" — see Batman, as before, B. xvi, c 88.

Page 115, st, 1, l. 1, "*valiant Cæsar*," viz., Nero; l. 2, Σμαρονς, *sic*, but = Σμαραγδος, doubtless written contractedly by Chester Σμαραγσς, *r.g.* See Batman, xvi. 88, from Isidore; l. 4, "*wards*" = acts of guard or guarding, fences; st. 2, l. 5, "*keepes*"—disyllabic; st. 3, l. 1, "*Turches*"= turquois. Mentioned in Batman, but no virtues given it nor in Pliny. I gathered a handful myself in the ancient turquois mines of the Sinaitic peninsula.

„ 116, st. 1, l. 3, "*Bugle*"= Bugill or Buffell, Latin, Bubalus, *i.e.*, the buffalo; l. 4, "*Onocentaure*"—a mythical animal compounded of ass (ονος) and man, as the hippocentaur was of horse and man. Even Batman has his doubts of its existence; l. 5, "*Dromidary*," *i.e.*, standing for itself and the 'camel'; but see st. 3; l. 6, "*Bore*"=boar, see p. 115, st. 1; *ib.* "*Dragon*" = mythical serpent; st. 2, l. 1, "*ſtrong neck'd*" = ſtrong-neck'd; l. 4, "*Goatbucke*"= he-goat? Batman speaks of the he-goat as 'goat-bucke' (B xviij, c. 89); but in his index gives 'of the goat bucke' c. 101, where he treats of the hircocervus or tragelephus, but never calls it goat-bucke, contrariwise in explaining tragelephus calls tragos a goat-bucke. From p. 119 (st. 1, l. 1) it is quite clear that Chester intended the he-goat; l. 5, "*Cameleoapard*"—a fabulous Æthiopian beast, *not* the animal now so named; l. 6, "*Deare*"= deer; st. 3, ll. 3-4—a common and classical belief (*e.g.*, *Juvenal*, xii, 3, 4)—he knowing himself to be hunted for them as being greatly esteemed in various diseases. It was similarly said of the 'hunted' elephant that he clashed and broke his tusks, knowing that was why he was hunted (Batman, xviij, 44); Richard Barnfield (Poems, p. 28, st. xliii—my edition for the Roxburghe Club), and Hump. Gifford (*Posie* (1580)—my edition) have the same myth; ll. 5-6, "*Stellio, Camelion, Vnicorne.*" Either Chester has borrowed from Batman (or Bartholomew Glantville from whom he translated) or both have taken from a common source. Batman mentions under 'camelion' the 'stellio, a lizard' said by some to be one with the 'camelion.' Philemon Holland's Pliny, calls it the star-lizard stellion, and Holyoke's Rider, gives 'stellio' a beast like a lizzard having spots on his neck, like stars. "*Vnicorne*," &c. Sir Thomas Browne, *s.v.*, will interest and amuse with his quaint lore and as quaint credulity and incredulity (Works by Wilkin, 4 vols., 8vo., 1835.) The old Preachers abound in illustrations fetched from the 'unicorn' whereby to exalt our Lord; st. 4, "*Beare.*" See Batman, B. xviii, c. 112, where he quotes Avicenna for this. The virtue of bear's grease dates from Batman's days (1582) at least.

Page 117, Latin line — from Isidore; *lib.* xii, cap, ii, but 'Sic' for 'Hic,' and 'cum' for 'quem'; st. 1, "*Bore*" = boar; l. 2, "*Tuſhes*" = tusks — still in use for the tusks of boar and elephant, and in the nursery for infant's teeth — see also p. 118, st. 3, l. 1; l. 5, "*Marioram and Organie*" = marjoram and penny-royal — see Ellacombe, as before; st. 2, "*Bugle*" — see p. 116, st. 1, l. 3, and relative note; l. 6, "*thy*" — *sic* = they; st. 3, "*Camell,*" st. 3-4. No one who has travelled on camel-back across a desert will refuse praise to the camel's long patience and liquid ever-onward-looking eye. Times over I have seen the camel go without water for more than the 'four days' here named. He has faults of temper and otherwise, and it is a kind of martyrdom to use him at all for one's self; yet with every deduction he is an admirable and extraordinary creature; st. 5, l. 1, "*Dragon,*" &c. The mythical 'dragon' was supposed to love the elephant's blood (Batman); (p. 118); ll. 5-6 — the slayer is timely slain, says Batman.

,, 118, st. 1, l. 1, "*bunch-backt*" — hunch-backed, or with protuberance; st. 2, "*Dogge*" — Baroness Coutts has raised a monument (combining a 'fountain') to a little Scotch terrier that broke its heart over its dead master, scraping its way down to the coffin-lid and there dying. It is one of the sights of Edinburgh; st. 3, l. 6, "*ſau'd his life*" = his life sav'd; st. 4, l. 1, "*ſeene*" = skilled, knowing.

119, st. 1, l. 1, "*Gote-bucke*" = he-goat, as before; st. 2, l. 1, "*quicke*" = lively; l. 3, "*incontinent*" = instantly; l. 6, "*by kind*" = of his nature; l. 4, "*Ligarius*" — rather Ligurius. See Batman, as before, B xvi, 60 and B xviii, c. 69, and Pliny Lyncurium viii, 38. Cf. p. 111.

,, 120, st. 4, l. 1, "*Onocentaur.*" See relative note, p. 116, st. 1, l. 4 st. 5, l. 1, "*Stellio.*" See *ib.*, p. 116, st. 3, ll. 5-6.

,, 121, st. 1, ll. 5-6 — the 'Ile' being Ireland, as before; read l. 6, with hyphen, 'ſweete-ſmelling'; st. 2, l. 2, "*mooriſh plot*" = one of the bogs for which Ireland was and is celebrated, and in which still, spite of St. Patrick, frogs if not serpents are found. Be it noted this held only of "a little corner" (l. 1); l. 6, "*poiſonous ayre*" = two disyllables; st. 3, l. 2, "*Rinatrix.*" See page 123, st. 3; l. 3, *ib.*, "*Aſpis.*" See page 122, st. 1.

,, 122, st. 1, l. 3, "*neare*" = ne'er; st. 2, "*This is,*" &c. Chester would later read his friend Shakespeare's great celebration of it; st. 3, "*Lizard*" = anything prettier or more amusing than the swift-darting lizards of the desert (of Sinai) can scarcely be imagined. Their agility is very remarkable. Closely examined their jewel-like colouring is exquisite. In the loneliness of some of the Wadys it was a kind of living companionship

to have these interesting little creatures beside one. Some were very very large and hideous — as large as a good-sized kitten; st. 4, l. 1, "*Ant or Emote is a labouring thing.*" Sir John Lubbock imagines that he has disproved the 'wisdom' of the 'ant' by his sets of experiments and by observations. A greater delusion I can scarcely conceive. Why, the very dis-regard of the 'ants' for the near roads provided and the humanly-contrived plans for ingress and egress, and removal of difficulties, goes to confirm the little creature's quick 'wisdom.' If it could speak, it might retort on the great-eyed human monster stooping over and 'planning' for it, and say, 'I will take my own way— I will manage for myself — I don't know what of evil may be under all these nice arrangements.' Personally I have made scores of observations on the 'ant' both at home and in foreign countries, especially in the East; and all confirm its 'wisdom'— as in the text; l. 2, "*publike weale*," *i.e.*, commonweath; st. 5, l. 5 (p. 123) "*ciuill*"=living a common ordered and subordinate life, like ants and men.

Page 123, st. 4, l. 5, "*cald of ſome the flattering worme*" Batman (B xviij, c. 98) says, "This maner ſcorpion commeth of *Scorte* that is ſweet, and of *pogo, is*, that is to feine; for before [stinging] he feineth pleaſaunce."

,, 124, st. 2, l. 4, "*Oliues*"= ol-i-ues — a trisyllable to rhyme with 'trees'— note 'some' verb singular (ll. 2–4), and in l. 7 with verb plural; st. 4, l. 1, "*Caddes*" = cadesse, *i.e.*, jackdaw (Wright, *s.v.*)— from its place among birds cannot be the caddes, or caddis, or cadworme (Ash, Kersey, and Bailey); st. 5, l. 3, put hyphen thus, "*big-neck'd*"; l. 5 (p. 125) "*Griffon*" = mythical bird; l. 6, "*Puttocke*" = greale, *i.e.*, kite.

125, st. 1, l. 4, "*Hercin*"— "Hircania is a province in *Aſia* . . . . it is ſharpe of woodes . . . . There breedeth birdes that are called *Hircanie;* their feathers shine by night, and such birdes are founde in Germany, as Isidore sayeth" (Batman, B xv, c. 74). I presume = the Hercinian forest, Germany; *ib.*, put hyphen, "*ſwift-winged*"; l. 5, "*Caladrius.*" See next stanza — Batman (B xii, c. 22) speaks of Kaladrius in the same terms, and says it "hath no parte of blackneſſe." If the man is to die he turns his face from him. His only authority is "as the Philosopher faith"; st. 2, l. 2, "*proſperitie*" — qu. propertie or propensitie? line is unscannable; st. 3, "*Crane*"— curious old-fashioned lore, found everywhere.

,, 126, st. 1, l. 1, "*The Winters enuious blaſt ſhe neuer taſteth.*" Michael Bruce in that Ode to the Cuckoo, which John Logan so treacherously sought to rob him of, has very daintily put this :—

"Sweet bird! thy bow'r is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year."
(my edition, p. 124, 1865).

l. 4, "for to"—so also st. 5, l. 2—rare in Shakespeare.

Page 126, st. 2, l. 3, "*Croſſe*" = ill-fate or luck; st. 4, l. 4, "*runne*" = ranne, *r.g.*

,, 127, st. 1, l. 1, "*Griffon*"—fabulous bird, as before; st. 2, l. 2, "*Hircinie*"—see on p. 125, st. 1, l. 4.

,, 128, st. 1, l. 1, "*Memnodides*"—the original's misprint for 'Memnonides'; st. 2, l. 3, "*Hunts-vp.*" Mr. J. Payne Collier has printed a curious song, from which it appears that 'hunts vp' was known as early as 28 Henry VIII. Cf. Barnfield in his "Affectionate Shepheard":

"And euery Morne by dawning of the day,
When *Phœbus* riseth with a blushing face,
Siluanus Chappel-Clarks shall chaunt a Lay,
And play thee hunts-up in thy resting.place."
(My edition of his complete Poems for the Roxburghe Club, p. 12, st. xix.)

l. 3, "*doth delight her*," *i.e.*, his mate—for it is the male which alone sings. This Chester knew and so likens the male-bird to a 'Bridegroome' (l. 5); ll. 5–6—unskilful verse; but the meaning is that Greeks and Romans trained the 'nightingale'; st. 4, l. 2, "*Steſichorus*" = the Greek poet of Himera in Sicily. For the fable see Christod. Ecphr. ap. Jacobs, *Anth. Græc.* i, p. 42: Pliny, H. N., x, 29; ll. 5–6, the well-known legend; st. 5, l. 1, "*daſtard Owle*"—much too strong a word for this timid but not at all 'cowardly' bird.

,, 129. Latin couplet—from Ovid, Met. v, 549, 550. l. 7, "*ſluggiſh*"—because he 'sleeps' all day, possibly; st. 2, l. 1, "*ill bedooming*" = ill-bedooming, *i.e.*, adjudging or pre-judging ill or evil; Cf. 3 *Henry VI*, v, 6, "cried, aboding luckless time"; st. 3, l. 5, "*They haue bene known to giue great Emperors wine*"—some now forgotten anecdote of trained parrots; st. 4, ll. 5–6. The old Puritans are never weary of pointing 'a moral' from the 'base blacke Feete' of the peacock, swan, &c., &c., in contrast with their plumage; and so too the elder Poets; st. 5 (p. 130), l. 4, "*In Indie ſpies a Peacocke*," &c., one of the many myths about this bird.

,, 130, st. 1, "*The Pellican*"—this myth is met with in all the Fathers, &c. The pressure of the huge bill on its crop or pouch wherein is store of food, doubtless originated it. This mention of the 'Pellican' calls for special note of the curious and remarkable turn given to the fable, in that the 'Turtle dove' dies first, and

then the Phœnix. Also, be it observed, that the 'Turtle dove' — "chearfully did die," &c., while the Phœnix "with a pale heavy countenance grieved for to see him first possesse the place." Only as of Essex and Elizabeth is this appropriate or explicable. I take the opportunity here to supplement preceding notes on the same lines as all this. 'Applied' (p. 9) appears to mean that 'The Complaint of Rosalin' is put into the mouth of Dame Nature; for Dame Nature's Complaint is a complaint in behalf of Rosalin or the Phœnix, or in other words Rosalin's own 'Complaint.' Again, at p. 21, the explanation is that like Raleigh he had spoken before of Elizabeth as 'the silver-coloured dove' as he calls her in st. 4 (and in 5, 6, 7). But as he is now speaking of her as the 'Phœnix' in his 'Love's Martyr,' he applies it (really to the same person) to her as to the 'Phœnix'. This is surely reduplicated proof that the 'silver-coloured Dove' (= sacred, holy) and the 'Phœnix' are one, and that both are Elizabeth. Note finally here, that in the 'Prayer' she is 'the' and 'thy' silver-coloured dove, but in the title 'a,' because he would avoid the very obvious absurdity that she was both *the* silver-coloured dove and *the* phœnix. She could be the 'Phœnix' and '*a*' silver-coloured dove, *i.e.*, the 'Phœnix' with the properties of such a dove, though not the bird the dove itself; st. 2, "*vnſatiate Sparrow.*" Dean Donne has quaintly celebrated the 'vnſatiate' amorousness of this bird in his *Metempsychosis*; l. 4, "*animaduertion*" = perception. In this sense Glanville also uses it, and, spite of the Dictionary-makers, it is correct; ll. 5-6, "*A flight of Sparrowes,*"— the old myth and superstition; st. 3, l. 1, read rather, 'The artificiall-nest-composing'; l. 6, "*His*" — caught doubtless from previous line, should be 'He'; *ib.*, "*Calcedonies*"— is this a mistake of a gem for a flower ('herb')? st. 4, l. 1, "*Cecinna*" = Cæcina; *ib.*, "*Volateran*" = Cæcina of Volaterræ — Etruscan remains still extant preserve this once great family-name. Qu.— Has Chester confounded Cæcina and L. Cinna? l. 3, "*Sent letters,*" &c. Carrier-pigeons have been long so used and still are (*e.g.*, in the recent Germano-Franco war), but it is doubtful if the 'swallow' ever has been similarly trained).

Page 131, st. 1, l. 1, "*ſweete recording*" = sweete-recording, *i.e*, sweet-singing. Cf. *Two Gent. of Ver.*, act v, sc. 3. One is utterly at a loss to account for the everywhere-found notion of the swan's 'singing,' especially on the approach of death. As for the 'footed verse,' l. 3, it is of course mere credulity. Latin couplet—from Isidore, Hisp. Episcop. Origines, lib. xii, cap. vii, in Gothofredi Auctores Linguæ Latinæ 1622, who quotes it from an old

Poet Œmilius. Chester inadvertently prints 'Hoc' for 'Hanc' and 'undis' for 'undas.' st. 2, l. 5, "*mowt*" = moult; l. 6, put hyphen, "*hart-pining*"; st. 3, l. 1, "*the carefull* [= full-of-care] *bird the Turtle Doue,*" be it noted, is designated by 'Phœnix' in preceding stanza "*drooping foule,*" and again in st. 4, l. 5, ; ll. 3–4, "*And thus he wanders seeking of his loue.*" This goes right to the mark for Essex.

Page 132, st. 1, l. 1, "*lookes me in the face.*" Another touch in Elizabeth for Essex; l. 4, "*gate*" = gait; l. 4, "*he eyes vs more and more*" —as in l. 1; l. 5, "*O shall I welcome him.*" The oft-put question of the woman against the queen and of the queen against the woman in Essex's case. The context has no sense unless you bring to it the story of Elizabeth's love-passion — the passion, if not the love in its deepest and tenderest sense— for Essex, from her first sight of him in his young bloom onward; st. 3, l. 4, "*halfe pin'd*" = halfe-pin'd; st. 4 — The placing of 'Turtle' in the margin seems at first a mistake; but the 'Turtle' is addressing itself (*i.e.*, himself) in gazing on the 'eye-dazling Sunne' of the 'Phœnix's' 'excelling beauty.' This was the *mode*, to the last, of speaking of and to Elizabeth. See our Introduction for quotation from Coke. With all her brain-force, Elizabeth had not courage to refuse the idle flattery of her 'beauty,' or to recognise that she really was growing old and haggard. I know not that the following very striking *bit* in Nichols *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, from an *Harleian MS.* (contemporary) 6207, has been noticed— "Afterward, in the melancholy of her sickness, she desired to see *a true looking glass, which in twenty years she had not sene, but of such a one as was made of purpose to deceiue her sight*: which glasse being brought her, she fell presently into exclayming against [those] which had so much commended her; and took it so offensively, that some which before had flattered her, dourst not come into her sight" (vol ii, pp. 25–30— end of the volume). Surely anything more tragical than the *italicized* words is inconceivable; l. 5, "*rariety*" = rarity. Cf. former note on this; l. 6, "*For wit,*" &c., the bird is forgotten and the queen-woman remembered.

„ 133, st. 1, l. 1, "*Tur.*" seems wrongly placed here, being intended for the left margin in the words 'Haile map of forrow' (see p. 124, st. 1, ll. 5–6); whilst 'Phœnix' in the right margin begins 'Welcome,' &c. st. 2, l. 4, "*presumptions foule offence.*" Essex, on his departure for Portugal and elsewhere later, was again and again brought to his knees for his 'presumption' and kindred impulsive faults, as facts and letters superabundantly prove. See Devereux' *Lives*, &c. Meanwhile it is all-important

to note that the 'wooing' is dated by circumstances in Essex's early time — not later when he had married and when Elizabeth was old; st. 3, l. 1, "*Turtle*" = mate; l. 2, "*her want*" = her loss; l. 3, "*the ſoule that's fled,*" &c. How natural all this was in the mouth of Essex on the death of his noble young brother who fell so miserably at Rouen. See Devereux, as before. st. 4, l. 3, "*for to,*" as before, common contemporaneously, rare in Shakespeare: see p. 132, l. 4: p. 133, l. 12; st. 4, l. 4, "*aduance*" = lift up 'our fiery altar.' So Shakespeare, "the fringed curtains of thine eye advance" (*Tempest*, act i, sc. 2); l. 6, "*Solamen,*" &c. The origin of this has long been sought for in vain. It is in most collections of Common-places; and was enquired about in *Notes and Queries*, iv, x, but not traced back to its source; st. 5, Elizabeth actually thus comforted Essex for his brother when he 'came over' at the queen's imperious summons. See Devereux, as before.

Page 134, st. 2, punctuate l. 4 with semi-colon or period after 'labour,' and again, period after 'paine'; but except in misleading cases I shall not note the singular punctuation of the original. My part is to reproduce it. St. 3, punctuate period or semi-colon after 'leave' (l. 1); l. 6, "*fond*" = foolish, as *frequenter*.

,, 135, st. 1, l. 4, "*emperizing*" — verb-form, as before; st. 3, l. 1, "*ſhalt not be no more*" — a double negative for emphasis; st. 3, Elizabeth's autograph letters fully warrant more than this; st. 4, l. 2, "*thy ſeruant*" — Essex's constant asseveration in his letters to Elizabeth; st. 5, Historically, it is a common-place that Elizabeth exercised a mother's watchfulness over Essex.

,, 136, st. 1, l. 4, "*ſpright incarnate*" = Impurity (as in preceding stanza); l. 5, "*whight*" = white; st. 2, l. 6, put hyphen, 'earth-parching.' st. 3, l. 1, "*doome*" = sentence or judgment; l. 5, '*licorice*' — the sugar-cane perchance meant; l. 6, "*Sweete Iuniper*" — not the happiest adjective applied to 'Iuniper'; *ib.*, "*ſhaw*" = shew; st. 4, l. 3, "*nominate*" = name, as before; l. 4, "*wot*" = wit or know.

,, 137, st. 3, l. 4, "*liuely*" = living; st. 4, l. 4, "*ſecrecly*" — should be 'secretly.'

,, 138, st. 4, l. 2, "*Dido mones*" — see 'To the Reader.' This reminds me to note on l. 4 of 'To the Reader' that Lucan was probably in Chester's mind on 'Cæsars victories.'

,, 139, st. 1, l. 4, put hyphen, "*faire-fac'd*"; st. 3, l. 6, "*true ſtory.*" On all this symbolism veiling a real martyrdom, and so fulfilling the title, *Love's Martyr* — see our Introduction. *Pellican*: l. 5, "*He*" — note a man throughout.

,, 140, l. 6 (from bottom), put hyphen, "*loue-wandring.*"

Page 141, l. 7, "*fond*"= foolish; ll. 15–16, &c., *i.e.*, suggesting how Elizabeth sacrificed her 'true desire' to State-craft or expediency.

Concluſion. l. 1, put hyphen, "*true-meaning*"; l. 9, "*paine*"= painstaking.

,, 142, *Cantoes Alphabet-wiſe, &c.*, l. 2, the second 'will' no doubt a printer's mistake; l. 4, put comma after 'fauvour'; l. 6, put hyphen, "*lame-leg'd*"; ll. 9–18. See Introduction on these suggestive lines. James I. is evidently intended. He was the friend of all Essex's friends.

*** In the 'Cantoes Alphabet-wiſe' that follow, we must not look for ordinary construction or much sense. The self-imposed fetters hinder both.

,, 143, st. 1, l. 7, "*dares not giue to any.*" There lay the secret. It recurs and recurs. In l. 6, 'Blotted by things vnſeene' = secretly spoken of by some of no fame. Most clearly Elizabeth here again. St. 2, l. 1, "*Chaſtneſſe*"= virginity; *ib.*, "*the bed of Glorie*"= thoughts of the 'Queen' marrying a subject; st. 4, l. 1, "*Enuie* is baniſht." See Introduction on the 'Enuie' that beset Essex as recognized by other poets as well as Chester; l. 4, "*thing's*"= thing is.

,, 144, st. 1, l. 3—verb singular to plural nominative; l. 7, "*Fetcht from the ancient records of a Queene.*" Query—marrying a subject? St. 2, l. 5, "*map of beauty*"— Cf. p. 77, st. 4, l. 2, and relative note; st. 4, reflection of Elizabeth's would and would not.

,, 145, st. 1, l. 3, read 'greene-spred'; l. 5, "*when*" = whence; l. 7, "*dorter*" = dortour, *i.e.*, sleeping-place—here bed-room—audacious enough *certes*; but Essex knew to whom he was speaking, and Chester knew both. St. 2, l. 1, "*Aduotrix*"= advocate (feminine); st. 3, l. 1, "*nice Chaſtity*"= virginity, as before; l. 5, "*time is ouer ſpent*"—a perilous reminder to Elizabeth; l. 6, "*a kind of feare*"—admirable selection of words, revealing yet concealing; st. 4, l. 1, put hyphen, "*freſh-bloom'd*"; l. 2, "*Roſe*"—fitting symbol of England's Queen ('Rosalin') in this faint anticipation of Herrick's delicious 'Gather the rosebuds while ye may.'

,, 146, st. 1, l. 7, read, 'all-disgrace'; st. 3, l. 3, "*Quit*"= requite or quite; st. 4, l. 2, "*Ract*"= racked or rakt.

,, 147, st. 2, l. 2, "*womaniſh*"—not a mere 'Phœnix' bird; l. 7, put hyphen, "*new-fram'd*"; st. 4, l. 4 (p. 148), "*vale*"= veil.

,, 148, st. 1, l. 1, "*Xantha*"= Xanthe, one of the daughters of Oceanus; l. 3, 'more-milder'—double comparative; l. 5, "*diſeaſe*"= disturb, make ill-at-ease; st. 2, l. 4, "*ſelfe-will*"—again the mark is hit. Read with hyphens, 'selfe-will-anguish.'

Cantoes Verbally written.

*** The headings of these stanzas seem to be posies out of rings. Cf. *As You Like It*, act iii, sc. 2. Be it kept in mind that Chester is not speaking in his own person, but is interpreting the 'truth of love' between Elizabeth and Essex.

Page 149. 1. l. 4, "*Dies*" — used as causal; l. 6, "*woe*" = woo; 2. l. 5, punctuate ';' for comma; 3. l. 3, "*containing*" = contained.

,, 150. 4. st. 2, l. 2, put hyphen, "*true-ſworne*"; l. 6, "*Not in thy flowring youth*" — repeat 'do not smother' (in thought), and read [do] Not in thy flowring youth [smother] — else you turn a compliment into a jeer; 5. l. 1 (motto) 'u,' misprint for 'n'; l. 8, "*Knowne*" — to be read as 'knowen.'

,, 151. 5. l. 4, "*fulfill*" = fill full *r.g.*; 6. motto, "*idolatrize*" — verb-form, *frequenter* in Chester; l. 3, put hyphen, "Heart-comfortable' — qu. comfortable? l. 7, "*ſurphet*" = surfeit; 7. st. 2, l. 3, "*rarietie*" = rarity, as before.

,, 152. 8. l. 1, "*What*" = whatever, and put hyphen, "*thunder-ſtormes*"; l. 4, "*inexorable*" = unchangeable; l. 6, 'dayes,' disyllabic unless 'the' have been omitted, at [the] or [at] midnight; 9. l. 6, put hyphen, "*true-ſworne*," as before; st. 2, l. 5, "*Of holy loue, Loue's Temple to aſpire*" = the Church and marriage therein; st. 3, l. 4, delete comma after 'desire.'

,, 153. Motto. This third repetition of this couplet shews skilful flattery of the kind that most pleased Elizabeth; 11. 2, punctuate ';' after will; l. 7, "*denayes*" = denials.

,, 154. Motto, l. 2, "*empiring*" = over-queenly, stately — see st. 2, l. 3; l. 4, read 'happie-bleſt'; l. 9 — metre faulty — some word left out.

,, 155. 14. l. 2, "*diſgraſiue*" = disgracing; l. 4, "*our*" — misprint for 'or'; 15. l. 1, "*For*" = through; l. 5, punctuate ';' after 'pride.'

,, 156. 18. l. 4, put hyphen, "*night-waking*"; l. 5, read "*Hart-ſore*"; 19. l. 1, "*O tongue*," &c., viz., by talking of her 'bright brow *wrinckled* with disdaine' — the wrinkles, not the 'disdaine,' being the ground of offence; l. 8 — qu. 'Dear [I give] that to thee [to whom] I offered wrong.'

,, 157. 21. l. 6, "*the*" = thee; 22. l. 3, "*aduotrix*" — see p. 145, st. 2, l. 1; 23. ll. 5–6 — certainly at most a comma for ';' in l. 5, or, 'hower I may,' &c.

,, 158. 25. l. 2, "*ſelfe-will*" = self-will or foolishnesse sprung of self-will — a constant word between Elizabeth and Essex in their Letters; 26. l. 3, put hyphen, "*harueſt-labores*"; l. 4, put ';' after 'ſeene,' and delete comma in next line; l. 6, "*Should I be welcome ere thy beautie fade*" — another perilous reminder, but just the bold kind of speech fitting from Essex to Elizabeth — as witness their letters. See Devereux, as before.

Page 159. 27. Motto, and l. 8, "*Nar*"= near; 28. l. 5, "*Cauſe*"= [Thou are] cause, and ';' for comma and comma after 'best,' l. 6; 29. st. 2, l. 1, "*Affections*"— qu. 'Affection'— cf. l. 2, 'her'; l. 3, "*foule bondage*"= slavery of 'selfe-will.'

,, 160. 29. l. 1 — put (.) after 'courteſie'— required by change of person in next line ('Thou'); 31. l. 6, put hyphen, "*dwelling-place.*"

,, 161. 32. l. 6, "*Niobes cup*"= of tears; l. 7, "*My dutie yet remembred*"— Essex's ever-recurring phrase in letters to Elizabeth; 34. This should have been numbered '33' in order, it will be noticed. From this the numbering ceases without explanation. l. 3, "*Not one*" = No one; l. 4, punctuate ';' after cruelty; *Thoughts*, &c., l. 2, "*faining*"= fanning — but with a double sense; l. 3 (p. 162), "*fond*"= foolish, as before; l. 4, "*further*" = cast further or off.

,, 162, st. 1, l. 4, "*Selfe-will*"—*the* thing in Elizabeth that needed overcoming; ll. 6–7 suggestive of Essex's conciousness of his royal Mistress's favour (to say the least); l. 6, "*tels*"— qu. 'tel'? st. 3 — the very things wherein Elizabeth was pre-eminently praised, and the very strain followed by all who essayed to recount her virtues and greatness.

,, 163, l. 1, "*cureleſſe ſmart*"— so Shakespeare, 'cureless ruin' (*Merchant of Venice*, act iv, sc. 1); st. 1 — a reflection again of Elizabeth's capricious favour and as capricious angers and withdrawals; st. 2, l. 3, "*nominate*"= name, as before, qu.— punctuate ';'? st. 3, l. 2, put hyphen, "*ſharpe-conceited*"; *ib.*, "*nere*" = e'er — double negative otherwise; l. 4, "*ignoble*"— courage of the author: specially note "*imperiall crowne*"—again no sense unless to Elizabeth or of Elizabeth; st. 4, Motto. Essex's letters to Elizabeth are full of the word and thing 'friendship.' See Devereux, as before. l. 2, "*Ebone*"= ebony or black?

,, 164, l. 2, "*regreet*" = salute; st. 3, l. 5, "*I*"= aye; l. 6, read "*true-approued.*"

,, 165, st. 1, l. 1, "*Seene in all learned arts is my beloued*"— true as simple matter-of-fact of Elizabeth, who was of rare and unquestionable accomplishments as well as of natural intellectual capacity after the type of her prodigious father, 'King Hal.' 'Seene' = skilled, as in *Taming of the Shrew*, "It's a schoolmaster well *seen* in music" (act i, sc. ii); l. 4, "*Eye for eye*" — the first 'Eye' so spelt on account of the marginal 'eie,' is really the old 'I'= yea, *i.e.*, she not only moves the stony savage, but her eye indeed tempts chastity itself; ll. 5-6 — this is a very frequent contemporary tribute to Elizabeth. I have been surprized at the universality of belief in her poetical gifts; and I have a suspicion that much of her verse has perished; st. 2, l. 1, "*ſeeke*"— used as sometimes in that age without an objective

= try to find and does not — query semicolon (;) after 'seeke' and colon (:) after 'thee'; st. 3, l. 4, "*amazing*" = confused wonderment, as elsewhere; *ib.*, punctuate comma (,) after 'not' and nothing after 'amazing,' or at most a comma (,); l. 5, "*To*" — infinitive form used as in that age. We should write 'Do or [continue] to'; st. 4, motto—reflection of Essex's suspense and mingled hope and despair, expectation and weariness, as expressed in his poems and letters to Elizabeth; ll. 5–6 — In this rather oddly-constructed sentence, the subject to 'In all things gracious' is his unnamed Mistress, *i.e.*, Elizabeth. For throughout these 'Cantoes,' as in *Love's Martyr*, Chester is interpreting *his* conception—based on close personal knowledge — of the 'feeling' between Elizabeth and Essex. All the known facts make it simply impossible that he could have been speaking for himself. Besides, in "The author's request to the Phœnix" he avows his purpose. There his pleading is —

> "Accept MY home-writ praiſes of THY LOUE
> And kind acceptance of THY TURTLE-DOUE (p. 5).

l. 5, "*gracious*" — he means [thou art] gracious.

Page 166, st. 1, l. 2, "*faireſt faire*" — not objective after 'maintained,' but = O fairest faire; l. 5, "*Turtle-Doue*" = mate of himself *the* Turtle Doue. See note on st. 1, ll. 5–6, *supra*; st. 2, l. 1, "*Great Miſtris*" — clearly applicable (and in those times most especially) to Elizabeth, and to no subject; st. 3, l. 4, "*Loue*" — being emphatic is counted as one foot, 'Loue | that eaſ | eth minds | oppreſt | with neede | ; l. 6 = only to be relieved by thee that [always] yeeld'st relief. Again words only at that time to be applied to Elizabeth; st. 4, l. 5, "*yea ſo they ſay*" — is supposed to be her answer, and therefore her "*owne confeſſion*"; st. 5, l. 2, "*for to*" — as before. See also p. 168, st. 4, l. 2; l. 4 (p. 167) — Of whom in the Court of Elizabeth could this be said but of Elizabeth? ll. 5–6 — not intelligible to me; but qu. — faith-denying?

,, 167, st. 1, l. 4, "*thee moſt admirable*" = O most admirable [one]; st. 2, l. 3, "*Me ſometimes,*" &c. — this line is made rather mysterious by the necessity of finding a rhyme to "*afraid*" = yet sometimes terrifying me that I am nevertheless given up to him, '*unless*,' &c.; st. 3, l. 1, "*Remorce . . . . . triumphantly*" = (as frequently at that time) pitifulness, albeit here tacitly implying penitence for past delays and cruelty. So in Shakespeare and in Parry, quoted in our Introduction. st. 4, l. 4 (p. 168, l. 1), "*not named*" = not [to be] named, unnameable.

,, 168, st. 2, l. 1, "*Thine euer vnremou'd and still kept word*" — most notice-

able as between Elizabeth and Essex. It seems to me more than ordinarily remarkable that Chester does throughout with such triumphant audacity give expression to the popular belief of Elizabeth's real sentiment toward Essex. The way in which he works into his pleadings personal traits seems to me declarative of dramatic ability of no mean type. I have no idea that Elizabeth herself ever made revelation of her 'love' for Essex to Chester. One can only guess whether Essex exchanged confidence with him. But *certes* from first to last our Poet shows perfect skill in his giving shape and colouring to what was in the air concerning the 'Phœnix' and her 'Turtle-doue.' These 'Cantoes,' with Posies for ground-work that perchance were known in society as circulating in the Court, equally with *Love's Martyr*, bring Chester before us as consecrating all his gifts and knowledge and sympathy to celebrating this story, '*ſhadowing the truth of Loue*' between Elizabeth and Essex when the latter burst upon her in her still susceptible and passionate mid-age in all the brilliance and fascination of his young prime. I would also here notice what follows in the title-page (of 1601) "*in the constant fate of the Phœnix and Turtle*," *i.e.*, 'fate to be constant' to each other. Chester evidently believed that the 'love' awakened in Elizabeth for Essex lived on uneradicated even by his marriage and her advancing age. Save Sidney's and Stella's 'love' so tragically re-discovered when it was 'too late,' I know nothing more truly a 'Love martyrdom' than that of Elizabeth and Essex. The great Queen's closing melancholy and bursts of weeping with the name of Essex on her lips, and slow-drawn-out dying, reveal Chester's prescience of insight.

Page 169, st. 1, l. 1, "*from*"—qu.—error for 'for.' The latter yields sense, the former scarcely; l. 6, "*By thy faire*," &c.—again only applicable to Elizabeth in her Court. See Churchyard's Poems given in our Introduction; motto, l. 3, "*I*"= aye; st. 2, l. 3, "*he*," as in the margin and as required by the sense should be "*ſhe*."

,, 170, st. 2, l. 6, "*mountaine top of will aſpires*"= ambition. In the Song (in *italics*) it is to be noted that the 2nd and 4th lines of each stanza (the alternate lines) are answers to the question or remark in 1st and 3rd. In st. 1, l. 2, the first 'loue' should be 'Loue' and have comma (,) after it.

,, 171, st. 2, l. 4, "*I*"= aye; st. 3, l. 4, "*awaies*" =alwaies; st. 4, l. 1, read 'foules Life' = his Mistress; l. 2, delete comma (,) after "*villaine*"; st. 4, l. 8 (p. 172, l. 2), "*deare*" delete comma (,) —it is—'deare' shall, or 'deare' is the nominative to 'shall.'

,, 172, st. 1, l. 4, read 'wind-oppressing.' I may as well note here that

there are so many compounded words in Chester not marked by hyphen, that I could only call attention to the more important; others the reader will fill in or not at his discretion; st. 2, l. 8, "*by my*"—qu.—"*by thy*"—true Bird as I = true Bird as I [am]—see ll. 1–3, for these interpretations; st. 3, l. 1, "*Till that leane fleſhles cripple, pale-fac'd Death*"—so in *Old Fortunatus* "There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors."

Page 173, l. 3, read 'spring[s], *i.e.*, whence springs all these my 'passions'; punctuate in l. 6, ; after 'sonne'; "*Moſt deuine*," &c., l. 6, "*I*"= aye; l. 8, put hyphen, "*neuer-ceaſing*." The want, &c., l. 2, "*want*"—verb—its nominative 'day and night.'

„ 174, st. 3, l. 1, "*my affection*" = [by the object of] my affection; st. 3, l. 2, punctuate ';' after 'disgrace.'

„ 175, st. 2, l. 1, "*Where two harts*," &c.—a final impassioned appeal to Elizabeth to let 'Loue' be 'Soueraigne'—quite in accord with the style she was addressed to the end, as though she never could be other than 'young,' and with possibilities or impossibilities of result at her command; l. 5, "*dignified*" = given dignity.

„ 177, Title-page— The Latin motto is from Horace, Od. iv, 8, 28. In the original is a rude wood-cut of an anchor.

„ 179, l. 6, "*Bromius*"—one of the varying names of Bacchus; l. 9, "*Ingles his cheeke*"= treats his cheek as one does one's ingle or delight, or loved youth playfully pinches or strokes it; l. 12, "*ſuſtend*" = our present 'subtend'; l. 14, "*honorable friend*," viz., Sir John Salisburie, as on title-page; l. 15, "*illuſtrate*"—used as = illustrious or giving lustre, and by Ben Jonson on p. 182, last st. but one; l. 19, "*profuſe*" = pour forth. In olden days each did not as now drink the health from his own glass, but a large bowl being filled, it was passed to each successively, thus going the 'round.' (l. 21)

„ 180, Heading—Sir Iohn Salisburie. See our Introduction on this 'worthily honor'd Knight'; l. 4, "*exhauſt*" = drawn out; l. 14, "*Reſponſible*" = answering. These 'Vatum Chorus' pieces are in good sooth poor enough. They have touches like Chapman at his worst.

„ 181, l. 5, "*But one ſicke Phœbe*"—an unmistakeable allusion to Elizabeth as 'sick'—such indeed as it was impossible to apply to any other at the time; *ibid.*, "*fever-ſhaking Light.*" "The influence of the moon on disease was so prevalent an opinion that this may have meant = 'causing fever-shaking'; but it might also refer to the shaking glimmering light of the moon likened to the shivering in a fever. Possibly both meanings were intended to be understood by the reader." So Dr. Brinsley Nicholson to me; but qu.—is not the latter half of the line an

ep-exegesis of the former, *i.e.*, 'one ſicke *Phœbe*'='Light feuer-shaking' by its sickness the nation? Men spoke even recently of England as in a '*feverish* state of excitement and suspense' during the illness of the Prince of Wales. Note likewise that Shakespeare in his 'Phœnix and Turtle' introduces the 'feuer' —p. 182, st. 2, 'Augour of the *feuers end.*' Notice also that the '*vrne*' of "The Burning" (l. 7) reappears in 'Threnos,' st. 3, l. 1, 'To this *vrne*'—see on ll. 15-16; l. 6, "*the world one Phœnix*'—once more who would have then dared to sing of any save Elizabeth as the 'one Phœnix' of 'the world'? ll. 15–16, —these are purposely enigmatical—the words, "*Her rare-dead aſhes, ſill a rare-liue vrne,*" evidently point at the fact that the Phœnix or Elizabeth was really living, although as 'Love's *Martyr*,' dead. The last line is obscure; l. 17, "*Ignoto.*"—This was Raleigh's signature; but it is also contemporaneously found attached to pieces certainly not his. Everything forbids our regarding these Lines as by him.

Page 182, st. 1, l. 1, "*bird of lowdeſt lay*"—Because the 'Phœnix' is *the* bird associated with the 'Turtle' in *Love's Martyr*, and throughout, it has been assumed, by apparently all the commentators on Shakespeare, that it is intended here. Surely this is a gross mistake, inasmuch as (1) It is the 'Phœnix's' death ('shadowing' Elizabeth) that the poem celebrates; and it were absurd to imagine it could be called on to 'sing' its own death. See 'Threnos' and st. 6 of this poem. (2) Nowhere—even supposing the 'Phœnix' possible—is this legendary bird represented as gifted with 'song.' I think it was left intentionally indefinite. I would suggest the 'Nightingale'; others may think of another. l. 2, "*On the ſole Arabian tree.*" Malone has excellently adduced a parallel passage in *The Tempest*:

> "Now I will believe
> That there are unicorns; that in *Arabia*
> There is *one tree*, the phœnix' throne: one phœnix
> At this hour reigning there" (act iii, sc. 3, p. 23).

He remarks: "This singular coincidence, likewise, serves to authenticate the present poem" (Variorum Shakespeare, vol. xx, p. 421, edition 1821). By the 'sole Arabian tree' the Palm is meant. In Greek *phoinix*, and meaning both phœnix and palm-tree (Dr. Cobham Brewer's *Dictionary*, *s.v.*) l. 3, "*trumpet.*" Steevens addresses King John—

> "Be thou the *trumpet* of our wrath
> And *sullen presage* of your own decay" (i, 1).

Variorum Shakespeare, as before; l. 4, "*chaſte wings obey*". I have, myself, often watched the lifting and tremulous motion

of the 'singing' Nightingale's wings, and *chaste* was *the* exquisitely chosen word to describe the nightingale, in reminiscence of the classical story; st. 2. l. 1, "*ſhriking harbinger*"= shreek or scritch-owl; l. 2, "*precurrer*" = fore-runner — scarcely 'procurer.' Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

> "Now the wasted brands do glow,
> While the scritch-owl, scritching loud;
> Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
> In remembrance of a shroud" (act v, sc. 2).

Steevens, as before; l. 3, "*Augour*"= augur, fore-teller; *ib.*, "*fever's end*"= death (by fever); l. 4, "*To this troupe come thou not neere.*" Steevens, as before, recalls another *bit* in *Midsummer Night's Dream*—"Ye spotted snakes, &c. . . . come not near our fairy queen." St. 3, l. 3—punctuate "feather'd King"—"So in Gray's Ode on the Progresses of Poetry:

> ——"thy magick lulls *the feather'd King*
> With ruffled plumes and flagging wing"
> (Steevens, as before).

St. 4, l. 2, "*defunctiue Muſicke can*"—"That understands funereal musick. To *can*, in Saxon, signifies to *know*" (Malone' as before). But query—Is it here used from the Latin 'cano'? (Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, to me.) St. 5, punctuate and read—

> "And thou treble-dated Crow,—
> That thy ſable gender mak'ſt
> With the breath thou giu'ſt and tak'ſt;
> Mong'ſt our mourners ſhalt thou goe."

Steevens, as before, on l. 1, 'treble dated Crow' aptly quotes *Lucretius* [5, 1053]:

> ——"cornicum ut secla vetusta.
> Ter tres ætates humanas garrula vincit
> Cornix."

l. 2, "*that thy ſable gender mak'ſt*," &c. It is a 'Vulgar Error' still, that the 'Crow' can change its 'gender' at will. My friend Mr. E. W. Gosse puts it—'thou Crow that makest [change in] thy sable gender, with the mere exhalation and inhalation of thy breath' (letter to me). l. 3, "*With the breath,*" &c.—query, Is there a sub-reference to the (mythical) belief that the crow re-clothes its aged parents with feathers and feeds them? As being 'sable' it is well fitted to be a 'mourner.' It is so introduced in our child-hood favorite of the 'Death and Burial of Cock Robin.' Cf. Batman upon Barth., B 12, C 9.

Sir Thomas Browne has a note on 'White Crows' (=the aged). St. 6, This, as *supra*, makes it impossible that the 'bird of lowdest lay' could be the 'phœnix'; st. 7, ll. 1–2. Query—punctuate comma (,) after 'loued,' and delete comma (,) after 'twaine'? It is to be remembered that the compositor of *Love's Martyr* was especially fond of a comma at the end of a verse line. We have an exactly similar instance in p. 183, st. 1, as *infra*.

Page 183, st. 1, l. 1, punctuate comma for (;); l. 2, punctuate comma after 'Distance' and delete it after 'feene,' as *supra*; l. 4, "*But* in them it were a wonder"= Except—another Elizabeth sign; for only of the 'Queene' as placing no 'distance and no space' betwixt herself and 'this *Turtle*,' could it have been said 'it were a wonder'; *ib.*, punctuate comma after 'them'; st. 2, l. 2, "*his right*," &c.—It is merely a variant mode of expressing seeing love-babies (or one's self imaged) in the other's eyes. This gives the true sense to the 'mine' of l. 4; st. 3, l. 1, "*Property was thus appall'd*," &c.= great proprietors, or the nobility. I imagine there is an enigmatical hitting at the jealousy of Essex among the nobility of England, in the possibility of marriage between him and Elizabeth. Malone, *in loco*, muddles the matter (*meo judicio*); l. 2—qu.—delete comma after 'together,' and put comma after 'themselues'—making the whole from 'saw' to 'themselues' one clause; l. 4, "*simple*," &c.= were so well compounded into a simple, *i.e.*, into one. Punctuate comma for period; st. 5—as in *Loves Martyr*, I detect here, and throughout, Shakespeare's feeling, that Elizabeth's and Essex's relations meant infinitely more than 'friendship'; st. 6, l. 1, "*Whereupon*," &c. 'This *funeral song*.' So in Kendal's poems, 1577:

> "Of verses, *threnes* and epitaphs,
> Full fraught with tears of *teene*."

A book entitled David's *Threanes*, by J. Heywood, was published in 1620. Two years afterwards, it was reprinted under the title of David's *Tears*; the former title probably was discarded as obsolete. For this information I am indebted to Dr. Farmer (Malone, as before).

,, 184—*Thenos*—st. 2, l. 3, "*reft*." Punctuate with comma; st. 3, l. 1, punctuate ; or : for comma.

On the significance of these Poems by Shakespeare, in relation to Elizabeth and Essex, see our Introduction.

,, 185, l. 9, "*Dians tier*"= Dian's tyre; l. 3 (from bottom)—read 'all'[,] and delete comma after 'thoughts' in next line. Perhaps comma should also be deleted after 'Woman' in l. 3 (from bottom).

☞ Note, that though in the heading it is out of the 'ashes' of both, the 'wondrous creature' arises, in the poem (l. 17) he only speaks of what arises from 'the Turtle's aſhes'—all this natural, for Essex really was dead, but the 'Phœnix,' or Elizabeth, only allegorically so. And so is it throughout, the real peeps through the 'allegorical,' and the 'allegorical' loses itself in the actual.

ll. 23–4, That whilſt my labouring thoughts [do] sing witn, &c., of this, &c. [nor] God [nor] Man, nor, &c.

Page 186, l. 2 — qu.— delete comma after 'preſume,' the sense being 'Preſume [to] define,' *rithmi causa*; l. 4 = vouchsafe that my Muse may greet; l. 7, "*ſlighteſt*," *i.e.*, [the] slightest [of the perfections] that adorn'd, &c. Query — lightest, *i.e.*, most light, the 's' being caught from 'was'?; l. 10, "*Perfection had no meane*"= was limitless; l. 12, "*inſtructed*"— which 'even instructed vertue, clothed ['inuested'] and therefore substantial; l. 17, remove comma after 'Hyperbolicall'; st. 4, l. 1, "*meane*"= was limitless or had no equal; st. 5, l. 1, "*deck'd and ſtained*" = decked and adorned, or were lively coloured as an adornment.

,, 187, st. 1, l. 3, "*Maskes*"— verb singular, nominative plural, through intervention of 'that,' as *frequenter*. Punctuate 'Maskes [,] ſo choicely ſheltred'; st. 2, l. 2, "*wanted*"—used as neuter= were or have been wanting; l. 10, "*penny-ſhowes*," *i.e.*, made-up shows, as at penny shows at a fair. Perfectioni Hymnus, l. 3, "*feature*"= making, or thing made; used also in the following verses by Ben Jonson: Cf. p. 193, l. 22, and p. 194, l. 14; and also, some think, by Touchstone to Audrey in the sense of 'the verses he has made.' Punctuate 'excellence, ... confin'd.' This excellence, [that is] confined within all that is best; l. 7, "*I*" = Aye; l. 10, "*nomination*" = naming; *ib.*, "*ſtraight*" = narrow; l. 12, "*giue*"— may be = 'giues' delete period and supply comma.

,, 188, l. 1, punctuate comma after "*Suberbes*"; l. 2, "*Has*"= as, with the unlucky 'H'; the signature "*Iohn Marſton*" includes Perfectioni Hymni and preceding poems from p. 183; "*Periſteros*," &c., l. 4, "*Sights*" = eyes, or mode of view; l. 8 = 'ſtaid Iudgemēts blow Loues fires, but humorous Paſſions only blow falſe fires whose Loues, &c., and quench,' &c.; l. 11, "*contend*"— in Latinate sense=aim at or stretch forward to; l. 18, "*alluded*"—another Latinate word = had reference to, with perhaps a sub-reference to 'favoured'; l. 19, "*Exceſſe*," &c. It would be a little more intelligible if we read Exceſſe[d]; but all is in Chapman's most forced manner; l. 23, "*Exceſſe of all things*" = [He that was], &c.; l. 24, "*But*"= except; l. 25,

"*change me from*" = [her] that is. Specially note the change to 'me,' showing that the Phœnix is not only a living person but a present person So that albeit *Love's Martyr* necessitated an 'allegorical' death, the 'Phœnix' really was alive while the 'Turtle Doue' was dead. All this has no motif, much less significance, unless Elizabeth were meant. See our Introduction. Last line, "*forme*" seems to be a word in vogue (probably from the philosophy of the day) and = pattern, mould, or ideal thought on which I act. Cf. p. 192, l. 10.

Page 189, "*Præludium.*" As noticed in our Introduction, Gifford—to put it mildly—prints this most corruptly. He deliberately changes all the we's to I's, and our's to my's; l. 6, "*Let's*"—in Gifford, 'I'l'; st. 5, l. 1, "*Mankind*" = masculine; st. 6, l. 1—construction is, Light Venus go cramp, &c.; l. 2, "*Tribade*"—one may hope he used this word as = artful only. See Latin Dictionary and Martial; st. 7, l. 2, "*old Boy*," *i.e.*, Let Cupid turn to lie, &c., alluding to the custom exemplified by Moth in *Love's Labour Lost.*

,, 190, st. 1, l. 1, "*cannot*"—'shall not' in Gifford; l. 3, "*Petaſus*"=broad-leaved hat or cap; st. 3, l. 3—note the words 'deep eares'; last line, "*taſte*"= discover.

,, 191, l. 8, "*ſhal*"—'should' in Gifford; l. 20, "*their*"—'the' in Gifford; l. 3 (from bottom) "*gentile*"—Latinate, whence 'genteel" = one of good or honourable family. In Gifford, 'far more gentle, fine.'

,, 192, l. 22, "*Luxurie*"= lasciviousness or lust; l. 5 (from bottom), "*our ſelfe*'—in Gifford 'ourselves.'

,, 193, l. 1, "*or*," in Gifford 'and'; l. 22, "*Feature*" = making. So in 'The Phœnix Analyſde,' st. 2, l. 3. In connection with this word it is to be noted that Shakespeare uses it curiously in verb form, *e.g.*, "a glass that *feated* them" (*Cymbeline*, act i, sc. 1) = featured; '*Defeat* thy favour with an usurped beard' (*Othello*, act i. sc. 3) = defeature or disfeature.

,, 194, l. 5, "*Man may ſecurely ſinne. but ſafely neuer.*" Note the distinction between 'securely' and 'safely'; note the spelling 'Iohnſon' always used by 'rare Ben' prior to 1604. *The Phœnix Analyſde.* St. 2, l. 1, "our *Turtles* Augure"=Robert Chester's augury; l. 3, "*Feature*" = making, as before. Ode 'ενθουσιαστικὴ, l. 3, "illustrate'—illustrious in Gifford.

A. B. G.

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THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.

(*THE FOUNDER'S PROSPECTUS OF NOV.* 1873 *REVISD.*)

To do honour to SHAKSPERE[1], to make out the succession of his plays, and thereby the growth of his mind and art; to promote the intelligent study of him, and to print Texts illustrating his works and his times, this *New Shakspere Society* was founded in the autumn of 1873.

It was then a disgrace to England, that while Germany could boast of a Shakspere Society which had gatherd into itself all its country's choicest scholars, England was then, and had for 20 years been, without such a Society. It was a disgrace, again, to England that even then, 257 years after SHAKSPERE's death, the study of him had been so narrow, and the criticism, however good, so devoted to the mere text and its illustration, and to studies of single plays, that no book by an Englishman existed which dealt in any worthy manner with SHAKSPERE as a whole, which trackt the rise and growth of his genius from the boyish romanticism or the sharp youngmanishness of his early plays, to the magnificence, the splendour, the divine intuition, which mark his ablest works. The profound and generous "Commentaries" of Gervinus[2]—an honour to a German to have written, a pleasure to an Englishman to read—was then the only book known to me that came near the true treatment and the dignity of its subject, or could be put into the hands of the student who wanted to know the mind of SHAKSPERE. (But this is so no longer. Thanks to the work of our new Society and some of its Members, we have at last, by English men, works dealing worthily with the development of our great English poet's art and mind.) I was from the first convinced that the unsatisfactory result of the long and painful study of SHAKSPERE by so many prior English scholars — several, men of great power and acuteness — arose mainly from a neglect of the only sound method of beginning that study, the chronological one.[3] And this was why I founded the new Society on the basis of Shakspere's chronology. Unless a man's works are studied in the order in which he wrote them, you *cannot* get at a right understanding of his mind, you cannot follow the growth of it. This had been specially brought home to me by my work at Chaucer. Until I saw that his *Pity* was his first original work, the key of his life was undiscoverd; but that found, it at once opend his treasure-chest, the rest of the jewels he has left us were at once disclosd in their right array, the early pathetic time of his life made clear, its contrast with the later humorous one shown, and, for the first time these 470 years, the dear old man stood out as he was known in Wycliffe's time. Something of this kind must take place in the mind of every one who will carefully and reverently follow SHAKSPERE's steps on his way up to the throne of Literature, where he, our English poet, sits, the glory not of our land alone, but of the world.

Dramatic poet though SHAKSPERE is, bound to lose himself in his wondrous and manifold creations; taciturn "as the secrets of Nature" though he be; yet in this Victorian time, when our geniuses of Science are so wresting her secrets from Nature as to make our days memorable for ever, the faithful student of SHAKSPERE need not fear that he will be unable to pierce through the crowds of forms that exhibit SHAKSPERE's mind, to the mind itself, the man himself, and see him as he was; while in the effort, in the enjoyment of his new gain, the worker will find his own great reward.

Fortunately for us, SHAKSPERE has himself left us the most satisfactory—because undesignd—evidence of the growth in the mechanism of his art, in the gradual changes in his versification during his life, changes that must strike every intelligent reader, and which I cannot at all understand the past neglect of. To cite only one such change, that from the sparing use of the unstopt

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[1] This spelling of our great Poet's name is taken from the only unquestionably genuine signatures of his that we possess, the three on his will, and the two on his Blackfriars conveyance and mortgage. None of these signatures have an *e* after the *k*; four have no *a* after the first *e*; the fifth I read *-eere*. The *e* and *a* had their French sounds, which explain the forms 'Shaxper', &c. Though it has hitherto been too much to ask people to suppose that SHAKSPERE knew how to spell his own name, I hope the demand may not prove too great for the imagination of the Members of the New Society.

[2] Miss Bunnett's translation, with an Introduction by myself, is publisht by Smith and Elder, 12*s*. Mr H. N. Hudson's 'Shakespeare: his Life, Art, and Character' (Sampson Low and Co.), with comments on twenty-five of his best Plays, is one of the best original commentaries of its kind in English that I know. It is of course much indebted to German criticism. Mrs Jamieson's *Characteristics of Women* (5*s*., Routledge) has some most subtle and beautiful studies of Shakspere's chief woman-creations. See too Prof. Dowden's able and interesting *Mind and Art of Shakspere* (C. K. Paul and Co., 12*s*.); his even more valuable *Shakspere Primer* (Macmillan, 1*s*.) Mr H. P. Stokes's Prize-Essay on the Chronology of Shakspere's Plays will soon be publisht by Macmillans. My own views of Shakspere's four Periods, and the Groups of, and Links between, his Plays, are given in my Introduction to the *Leopold Shakspere*, Cassell and Co., 10*s*. 6*d*.

[3] The ordinary editions put the Plays higgledy-piggledy; often, like the Folio, beginning with Shakspere's almost-last play, the *Tempest*, and then putting his third or fourth, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, next it. No wonder readers are all in a maze.

line to the frequent use of it[1]:—a test which, when applied to three of SHAKSPERE's unripest, and three of his ripest (though not best) plays, gives the following result,—

Earliest Plays.	Proportion of unstopt lines to stopt ones.	Latest Plays.	Proportion of unstopt lines to stopt ones.
Loues Labour's Lost	1 in 18·14	The Tempest	1 in 3·02
The Comedy of Errours	1 in 10·7	Cymbeline King of Britaine	1 in 2·52
The two Gent. of Verona	1 in 10·	The Winter's Tale	1 in 2·12

surely shows its exceeding value at a glance, though of course it alone is not conclusive. Working with this and other mechanical tests—such as Mr Spedding's, of the pause, of double endings (or redundant final syllables), of the weak ending in *as*, *in*, &c. (including light endings), the use of rymes, Alexandrines, &c.—we can (I said in 1873), without much trouble, get our great Poet's Plays into an order to which we can then apply the higher tests of conception, characterization, knowledge of life, music of line, dramatic development, and imagination, and see in how far the results of these tests coincide with, or differ from, those of the former ones; whether the conscious growth of power agrees or not with the unconscious change of verse.

Having settled this, we can then mark out the great Periods of SHAKSPERE's work—whether with Gervinus and Delius we make Three, or, guided by the verse-test, with Bathurst, we make Four, or with other critics Five, and define the Characteristics of each Period.[2] We can then put forth a Student's Handbook to SHAKSPERE, and help learners to know him. But before this, we can lay hand on SHAKSPERE's text, though here, probably, there will not be much to do, thanks to the labours of the many distinguisht scholars who have so long and so faithfully workt at it. Still, as students, we should follow their method. First, discuss the documents: print in parallel columns the Quarto and Folio copies of such plays as have both, and determine whether any Quarto of each Play, or the Folio, should be the basis of its text,[3] with special reference to *Richard III.* Secondly, discuss all the best conjectural readings, seeking for contemporary confirmations of them; and perhaps drawing up a Black List of the thousands of stupid or ingeniously fallacious absurdities that so-called emenders have devised. Thirdly, led by Mr Alexander J. Ellis, discuss the pronunciation of SHAKSPERE and his period, and the spelling that ought to be adopted in a scholars'-edition of his Plays, whether that of the Quartos or Folio,[3] or any of SHAKSPERE's contemporaries. It is surely time that the patent absurdity should cease, of printing 16th- and 17th-century plays, for English scholars, in 19th-century spelling. Assuredly the Folio spelling must be nearer SHAKSPERE's than that; and nothing perpetuates the absurdity (I imagine) but publishers' thinking the old spelling would make the book sell less. Lastly, we could (unless we then found it needless) nominate a Committee of three, two, or one, to edit SHAKSPERE's *Works*, with or without a second to write his *Life*.

[1] Here are two extreme instances. The early one has a stop at the end of every one of its first 16 lines. The late one has only 4 end-stopt lines. (See the late C. Bathurst's 'Differences of Shakspere's Versification at different Periods of his Life,' 1857.)

(Early) *Loues Labour's lost*, iv. 3 (p. 135, col. 1, Booth's reprint)

Ber. O 'tis more then neede.
Haue at you then, affections men at armes;
Consider what you first did sweare vnto:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman:
Flat treason against the kingly state of youth.
Say, Can you fast? your stomacks are too young:
And abstinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you haue vow'd to studie (Lords),
In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.
Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke?
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
Haue found the ground of studies excellence,
Without the beauty of a womans face?
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue:
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,
From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire.

(Late) *The Tragedie of Cymbeline*, iv. 2 (p. 388, col. 2, Booth's reprint)

Bel. No single soule
Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason
He must haue some Attendants. Though his H[um]or
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie, Not
absolute madnesse could so far haue rau'd
To bring him heere alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as wee
Caue heere, hunt heere, are Owt-lawes, and in time
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might breake out, and sweare
Heel'd fetch vs in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so vndertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this Body hath a taile
More perillous then the head.

[2] The doubtful Plays like Hen. VI, Titus Andronicus, Pericles (of which Mr Tennyson has convinced me that Shakspere wrote at least the parts in which Pericles loses and finds his wife and daughter: see a print of them in the *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, Part 1), The Two Noble Kinsmen (see *West. Rev.*, April, 1847, and the second Paper in the Appendix to the *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, 1874, Part 1), &c., could be discusst here. The Plays just mentiond will be edited for the Society. The Sonnets and Minor Poems will be discusst in their chronological order with the Plays.

[3] In the first Trial-editions of the Plays in Quarto for the Society, the spelling of the text adopted as the basis of the edition, whether Quarto or Folio, will be followd.

The above, the main work of the Society, will be done as in ordinary Literary and Scientific Societies, by Meetings, Papers, and Discussions; the Papers being shorter, and the Discussions much fuller, than in other bodies. The Society's first Meeting was held on Friday, March 13, 1874, at 8 P.M., at University College, Gower Street, London, W.C., as the Committee of the Council of the College have been good enough to grant the use of the College rooms to the *New Shakspere Society* at a nominal charge, to cover the cost of gas and firing. Offers of Papers to be read at the Society's Meetings are wisht for, and should be made to the Director. The Papers read will be issued as the Society's *Transactions*, and will form *Series* **1** of the Society's Publications.

The second part of the *New Shakspere Society's* work will be the publication of—**2.** A Series of SHAKSPERE'S Plays, beginning with the best or most instructive Quartos, both singly, and in parallel Texts with other sketch-Quartos or the Folio, when the Play exists in both forms; and when not, from the Folio only. This Series will include *a.* Reprints of the Quartos and first Folio; *b.* trial-editions of the whole of *Shakspere's Plays* in the spelling of the Quarto or Folio that is taken as the basis of the Text. **3.** A Series of the *Originals and Analogues of Shakspere's Plays*, including extracts from North's Plutarch, Holinshed, and other works used by him; **4.** A short Series of *Shakspere-Allusion Books*, contemporary tracts, ballads, and documents alluding-to or mentioning SHAKSPERE or his works; **5.** A Selection from the *Contemporary Drama*, from Garrick's Collection, &c.; **6.** *Works on Shakspere's England*, such as Harrison's celebrated *Description of England*, W. Stafford's *Complaint*, &c.; **7.** A chronological Series of English *Mysteries*, *Miracle-Plays*, *Interludes*, *Masks*, *Comedies*, &c., up to Shakspere's time; **8.** *Miscellanies*, including (at Mr Tennyson's suggestion) some facsimiles of Elizabethan and Jacobite handwritings, to show what letters would be most easily mistaken by printers; and (at Mrs G. H. Lewes's suggestion) reprints of last-century criticisms on SHAKSPERE, to show the curious variations in the history of opinion concerning him; besides other occasional works.

The Society's *Transactions* will be in 8vo; its *Texts* will be issued in a handsome quarto, the quarto for Members only; but as the Society's work is essentially one of popularisation, of stirring-up the intelligent study of SHAKSPERE among all classes in England and abroad, all such publications of the Society as the Committee think fit, will be printed in a cheap form, for general circulation.

The Presidency of the Society will be left vacant till one of our greatest living poets sees that his duty is to take it. A long list of Vice-Presidents is desired, men eminent in Literature, Art, Science, Statesmanship or rank, as well to do honour to SHAKSPERE, as to further the work of the Society on him. I hope for a thousand members—many from our Colonies, the United States, and Germany; so that the Society may be a fresh bond of union between the three great Teutonic nations of the world. I hope our *New Shakspere Society* will last as long as SHAKSPERE is studied. I hope also that every Member of the Society will do his best to form Shakspere Reading-parties, to read the Plays chronologically, and discuss each after its reading, in every set of people, Club or Institute, that he belongs to: there are few better ways of spending three hours of a winter evening indoors, or a summer afternoon on the grass. Branch Societies, or independent ones in union with us, should also be formd to promote these Readings, and the general study of SHAKSPERE, in their respective localities. To such Societies as wish it, proofs of the Papers to be read in London will be sent in advance, so that each such Society can, if it pleases, read at each of its Meetings the same Paper that is read at the Parent Society on the same night.

The Society will be managd by a Committee of Workers, with power to add to their number. The first Director will be myself, the Founder of the Society. Its Treasurer is H. Courthope Bowen, Esq., Grocers' Company's Schools, Hackney Downs, London, E.; its Honorary Secretary, Arthur G. Snelgrove, Esq., London Hospital, London, E.; its Bank, the Alliance Bank, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C.; its printers, Messrs Clay and Taylor, Bungay, Suffolk; and its publishers, Messrs Trübner and Co., 57 and 59, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

The subscription (which constitutes Membership, without election or payment of entrance-fee) is a Guinea a year, payable on every first of January to the *Honorary Secretary*, Arthur G. Snelgrove, Esq., London Hospital, London, E., by cheque, or Money Order payable at the Chief Office, E.C. The first year's subscription is now due. No publications can be supplied to Members before payment of their Subscriptions.

United States Members who wish their books posted to them, pay $6.50 a year (to Mr Snelgrove, or) to Prof. F. J. Child, Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, the Society's *Honorary Secretary* for the United States of America.

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL,

November, 1873. 3, *St George's Square, Primrose Hill, London, N.W.*

SOCIETIES IN UNION:

MANCHESTER (meeting at the Literary Club Rooms), *Hon. Sec.*, J. H. NODAL, Esq., The Grange, Heaton Moor, near Stockport. *Treasurer:* GEORGE MILNER, Esq., 59A, Mosley Street, Manchester (to whom subscriptions of Members in and near Manchester may be paid).

THE OWEN'S COLLEGE, MANCHESTER, Hon. Sec., C. H. HERFORD, Esq.

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LONDON: The Sunday Shakspere Society. *President:* F. J. FURNIVALL, Esq., M.A.
Treas.: Mr W. STAFFORD. *Hon. Sec.:* Mr SOUTER, 83, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.

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LEEDS, Prof. F. S. PULLING, Yorkshire College, Leeds.

Hon. Sec. for the United States: Prof. F. J. CHILD, Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts (to whom Subscriptions—$6.50 a year, including postage—may be paid).

LIST OF PAPERS

TO BE READ AT THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY'S MEETINGS, AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, GOWER ST, W.C., ON THE SECOND FRIDAY OF EVERY MONTH, FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1878, AT 8 P. M.

(39th Meeting.) January 11, 1878. "On the first Quarto of *Romeo and Juliet:* is there any evidence of a second Hand in it?" by T. ALFRED SPALDING, Esq., LL.B.

(40.) February 8, 1878. "On Shakspere's Use of old Ballads;" by the Rev. J. W. EBSWORTH, M.A.

(41.) March 8, 1878. "On the Play of *As You Like It;*" by H. COURTHOPE BOWEN, Esq., M.A.

(42.) April 12, 1878. A Paper by FRANK MARSHALL, Esq., perhaps on the Character of Richard III.

(43.) May 10, 1878. "On the Devils in Shakspere;" by T. ALFRED SPALDING, Esq., LL.B.

(44.) June 14, 1878. "On Caliban;" by FREDERICK WEDMORE, Esq.

Offers of other Papers, and of Scraps, are desired, and should be made to the Director, Mr FURNIVALL, 3, St George's Square, Primrose Hill, London, N.W. The Committee can appoint the 4th Friday of any month for the reading of any extra Paper that they approve.

The following Publications of the *New Shakspere Society* have been issued

For 1874:

Series I. *Transactions.* 1. The New Shakspere Society's Transactions, Part I, with prints of the genuine Parts of *Timon* and *Pericles;* Mr Spedding and Mr Hickson on the several shares of SHAKSPERE and FLETCHER in *Henry VIII* and the *Two Noble Kinsmen.*

Series II. *Plays.* 1. A Parallel-Text Edition of the first two Quartos of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597 and 1599, arranged so as to show their Differences, and with Collations of all the Quartos and Folios, edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq. *Presented by H. R. H. Prince Leopold, Vice-President.*
2, 3. The First two Quartos of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597 and 1599: simple Reprints, edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq.

Series IV. *Shakspere Allusion-Books.* 1. Part I. *a.* Greenes Groatesworth of Wit [written in 1592], 1596; *b.* Henry Chettle's 'Kind-Harts Dreame' [written in 1593]; *c.* 'Englandes Mourning Garment' [1603]; *d.* A Mourneful Dittie, entituled Elizabeths Losse, together with A Welcome for King James [1603]; with extracts from Willobie his Avisa, Marston, Carew, Gabriel Harvey, Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, &c. &c.; edited by Dr Ingleby.

Copies of Dr Ingleby's Still Lion, *and Mr Furnivall's* Introduction to Gervinus's Commentaries *were presented to every Member.*

For **1875**:

Series I. *Transactions*, 2, 3. 1874, Part II; 1875-6, Part I, Containing Papers by Messrs Hales, Fleay, Simpson, and Spedding, and Prof. Ingram and Delius, with Reports of the Discussions on them.

Series II. *Plays.* 4. A revisd Edition of the second, or 1599, Quarto of *Romeo and Juliet*, collated with the other Quartos and the Folios; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq., with Notes, &c.

5, 6. *Henry V: a.* Facsimile Reprints of the Quarto, 1600, and First Folio, 1623, edited by Brinsley Nicholson, M.D.

Series III. *Originals and Analogues.* 1. Part I. *a.* The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian by Bandell, and nowe in Englishe by Ar[thur] Br[ooke], 1562; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq. *b.* The goodly hystory of the true and constant loue between Rhomeo and Julietta; from Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq.

Mr Halliwell presented to every Member a copy of Mr A. H. Paget's "Shakespeare's Plays: a Chapter of Stage History."

For **1876**:

Series II. *Plays.* 7, 8. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspere and Fletcher; *a.* A Reprint of the Quarto of 1634; *b.* a revisd Edition, with Notes, by Harold Littledale, Esq., Trinity College, Dublin. (*The latter presented by Richard Johnson, Esq.*)

Series VI. 2. *a. Tell-Trothes New-yeares Gift*, 1593, with *The passionate Morrice. b.* John Lane's *Tom Tel-Troths message, and his Pens Complaint*, 1600. *c.* Thomas Powell's *Tom of all Trades, or the Plaine Pathway to Preferment*, 1631. *d. The Glasse of Godly Loue*, [1569]. (*Presented by* 3 *Members of the Society.*) Edited by F. J. Furnivall, M.A.

3. William Stafford's *Compendious or briefe Examination of certeyne ordinary Complaints of divers of our Countreymen, in these our Days*, 1581; with an Introduction by F. D. Matthew, Esq.; edited by F. J. Furnivall, M.A. (*Presented by the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby.*)

4. Phillip Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1 May, 1583; with extracts from his Life of his Wife, 1591; ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A. Part I.

Series VIII. *Miscellanies.* 1. The late Prof. W. Spalding's Letter on the Authorship of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, on the Characteristics of SHAKSPERE's style, and the secret of his Supremacy (1833). A new ed. with a Memoir of Prof. Spalding by John Hill Burton, LL.D.

For **1877**:

Series I. *Transactions.* 4. Part II. for 1875-6, containing Papers by Prof. Delius, Miss J. Lee, &c., Time-Analyses of the *Merchant of Venice, Othello*, &c., the source of Brutus's and Antony's speeches over Cæsar's corpse, in the Englisht *Appian's Chronicle*, &c.

Series II. *Plays.* 9. *Henry V*, Parallel-Texts of the First Quarto (1600) and First Folio (1623) editions, edited by Brinsley Nicholson, M.D., with an Introduction by P. A. Daniel, Esq.

Series VI. *Shakspere's England.* 1. William Harrison's *Description of England*, 1577, 1587, edited from its two versions by Fredk. J. Furnivall, M.A. Part I, with an enlargd copy of Norden's Map of London by van den Keere, 1593, and Notes on it by H. B. Wheatley, Esq.

The following Publications will be issued for **1878**:

Series I. *Transactions.* 5. Part I. for 1877-9 containing Papers by Mr Spedding, Mr Rose, Mr T. Alfred Spalding, &c. (*Ready in February.*)

Series II. *Plays. The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspere and Fletcher; *c.* An Introduction, and Glossarial Index of all the words, distinguishing Shakspere's from Fletcher's, by Harold Littledale, Esq., B.A., Trinity College, Dublin. (*Presented by Richard Johnson, Esq.*)

Series IV. *Allusion-Books.* 2. *Shakspere's Centurie of Praise*, the 2nd edition, by C. M. Ingleby, LL.D. and Miss L. Toulmin Smith. (*Presented mainly by Dr Ingleby.*)

Series VI. *Shakspere's England.* 5. Harrison's *Description of England*, 1577, 1587, Part II.: ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A., with a Map of Shakspere's *Roads to London*, a large view of the North of *Cheapside* 22 years after Shakspere's death (the procession of the Mother of Charles I.'s Queen in 1638), and an Appendix by W. Rendle, Esq., on the Bankside, Southwark, fixing the site of the *Globe* Theatre, now included in Barclay's Brewery. (*Ready in February.*)

Series VIII. *Miscellanies.* 2. Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr*—from which Shakspere's lines to the 'Phœnix and Turtle' were first publisht—edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart. (*Presented partly by the Editor.*)

The following Publications of the *New Shakspere Society* are in the Press:

Series II. *Plays. Henry V: c.* a revisd edition of the Play, by Walter D. Stone, Esq.
Cymbeline: a. A Reprint of the Folio of 1623; *b.* a revisd Edition with Introduction and Notes, by Prof. W. J. Craig, M.A., University College, Aberystwith, Wales.

Series VI. *Shakspere's England.* 6. Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses*, Part II.: ed. F. J. Furnivall.
7. Harrison's *Description of England*, 1577-87, Part III.; ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A.

Series VII. *Mysteries, &c. Three 15th-century Mysteries, with a Morality*, from the Digby MS. 133, re-edited from the unique MS. by F. J. Furnivall, M.A.

The following works are in preparation for the Society :—

Series II. *Plays.* Reprints and Parallel-Texts of the First Quarto and Folio of *Richard III*, edited by T. Alfred Spalding, Esq., LL.B. Reprints and Parallel-Texts of the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*, and 2 and 3 *Henry VI*, edited by Miss Jane Lee. Reprints and Parallel-Texts of the two earliest Quartos of *Midsummer Nights Dream*, by the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, M.A.

Series III. *Originals and Analogues.* A Shakspere *Holinshed:* the Chronicle and the Historical Plays compar'd: by Walter D. Stone, Esq.

Series V. *Contemporary Drama. Edward III, a.* a Reprint of the first Quarto, 1596, with a collation of the 2nd Quarto, 1599; *b.* a revisd edition, with Introduction and Notes; *c.* the Sources of the Play, from Froissart, and Painter's *Palace of Pleasure;* edited by Walter D. Stone, Esq., and F. J. Furnivall, M.A.

Series VI. *Shakspere's England.* Wills of the Actors and Authors of Elizabeth's and James I's times, edited, with Notes, by Colonel J. Lemuel Chester.

The following works have been suggested for publication:—

Series II. *Plays.* 1. Parallel Texts of the imperfect sketches of *b.* Hamlet, and its Quarto 2 (with the Folio and a revisd Text); *c.* Merry Wives of Windsor, and Folio 1.
2. Parallel Texts of the following Quarto Plays and their versions in the First Folio, with collations: 2 Henry IV, Q1; Troilus and Cressida, Q1; Lear, Q1: to show the relations of the Folio text to that of the previous editions. Of Othello, four Texts, Q1, Q2, F1, and a revisd Text.
3. Parallel Texts of the two earliest Quartos of the Merchant of Venice.
4. The First Quartos of Much Ado about Nothing; Loues Labour's Lost; Richard II; 1 Henry IV; from which the copies in the Folio were printed.
Reprints in Quarto of the remaining Folio Plays, with collations.

Series V. *The Contemporary Drama.* Works suggested by the late Mr Richard Simpson (see *The Academy*, Jan. 31, 1874, p. 120-1):—
a. The Works of Robert Greene, Thomas Nash (with a selection from Gabriel Harvey's), Thomas Lodge, and Henry Chettle.
b. The Martinist and Anti-Martinist Plays of 1589-91; and the Plays relating to the quarrel between Dekker and Jonson in 1600.
c. Lists of all the Companies of Actors in SHAKSPERE's time, their Directors, Players, Plays, and Poets.
d. Dr Wm. Gager's *Meleager*, a tragedy, printed Oct. 1592, with the correspondence relating to it (Univ. Coll. Oxf. MS. J. 18; and at Corpus), &c.
Richard II, and the other Plays in Egerton MS. 1994 (suggested by Mr J. O. Halliwell).
The Returne from Pernassus, 1606; to be edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart.

Series VI. Edward Hake's *Touchstone*, 1574; edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. Dekker's *Gulls Horn-Book*, with its original, *The Schoole of Slovenrie*, edited by the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, M.A.

Series VII. *Mysteries, &c. The Towneley Mysteries*, re-edited from the unique MS. by the Rev. Richard Morris, LL.D.

Series VIII. *Miscellaneous.* Autotypes of the parts of the Play of *Sir Thomas More* that may possibly be in young SHAKSPERE's handwriting, from the Harleian MS. 7368. Thomas Rymer's 'Tragedies of the last Age considered and examined', 1673, 1692; and his 'A short View of Tragedy of the last Age', 1693.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

JANUARY, 1878.

Abbott, Rev. Dr E. A., 32, Abbey Road, Regent's Park, N.W.
Acland, Rev. A. H. D., Military College, Cowley, Oxford.
Ainger, Rev. Alfred, 6, Spring St, Westbourne Terr., W.
Akroyd, Mrs W., 32, High Street, Evesham.
Alexandra College, Dublin, Shakspere Society (care of Miss Lee, 24, Merrion Square, South, Dublin).
Allen, B. R., Windsor Locks, Conn., U. S. A.
Allison, R. A., Scaleby Hall, Carlisle.
Andrews, George, 1, City Terrace, Tabernacle Sq., E.C.
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Ashurst, Rich. L., 1830, Spruce St, Philadelphia, U. S. A. (care of Mr A. R. Smith, 36, Soho Square).
Auchmuty, Rev. A. C., Lucton School, Kingsland, R. S. O., Herefordshire.
Austin, Stephen, Hertford.
Badger, T. W., High Street, Rotherham.
Bailey, Henry F., 4, Gt James St, Bedford Row, W.C.
Bailey, J. E., Messrs Ralli, Brothers, Peter Street, Manchester.
Bain, James, 1, Haymarket, S.W.
Balliol College, Oxford.
Ballon, Geo. Wm, 72, Devonshire St, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
Baring, Thomas, 101, Bedford St, Liverpool.
Barlow, Mark, Hooley Range, Heaton Chapel, Manchester.
Barnes, Joseph K., Ossory House, Brereton Rd, Bedford.
Barnett, John, Cotteswold, Leckhampton Hill, Cheltenham.
Barnett, J. Davies, 211, St Antoine St, Montreal.
Bartholomew, F. M., Clifton College, Bristol.
Bayne, Peter, 33, St Julian's Road, Kilburn, N.W.
Baynes, Prof. T. S., 19, Queen St, St Andrew's, N.B.
Bedford Shakespeare Society (*Hon. Sec.* Rowland Hill, Jun., Esq., 14, Adelaide Square, Bedford).
Bedford, The Literary and Scientific Institute.
Bedwell, Francis A., Fort Hall, Bridlington Quay.
Beggs, Thomas, Hazledene, Shortlands, Kent.
Bell, George, York Street, Covent Garden, W.C.
Bent, Edward, 143, Upper Parliament St, Liverpool.
Berlin, The Royal Library (care of Messrs Asher & Co., 13, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, W.C.).
Berry, Rev. T. M., Blunham Rectory, Sandy, Beds.
Best, William, 39, Lyddon Terrace, Leeds.
Bidder, Mrs G. P., 5, Cedars Road, Clapham, S.W.
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